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CARTHAGE AND TUNIS

VOL. I

Carthaginian vase
(*Delattre*).

Pinx. Benton Fletcher

BAY OF TUNIS, FROM CARTHAGE, SHOWING BOU-CORNEIN.

CARTHAGE AND TUNIS

THE OLD AND NEW GATES OF THE ORIENT

By DOUGLAS SLADEN

Author of "The Japs at Home," "Queer Things about Japan," "In Sicily," etc., etc.

WITH 6 MAPS AND 68 ILLUSTRATIONS
INCLUDING SIX COLOURED PLATES
By BENTON FLETCHER

Vol. I

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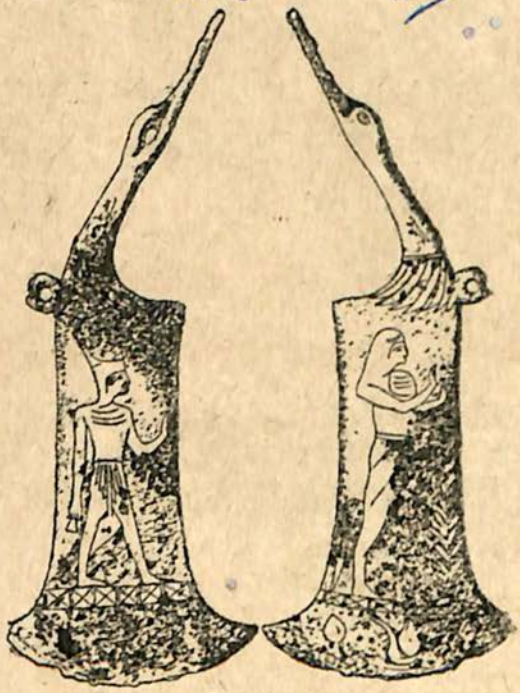


Carthaginian razors (*Delattre*).

00162686

Dedicated to

J. I. S. WHITAKER, F.Z.S., M.B.O.U.

OF MALFITANO, PALERMO

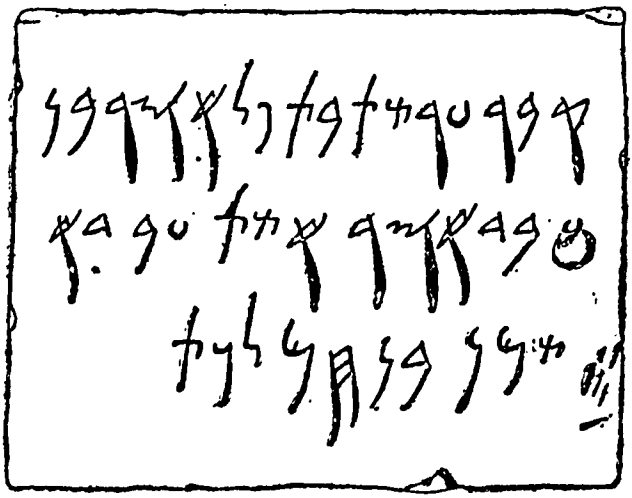
AUTHOR OF "THE BIRDS OF TUNISIA"

IN REMEMBRANCE

OF REPEATED KINDNESSES

EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF

TEN YEARS



Carthaginian writing (*Delattre*).

PREFACE

CARTHAGE and Tunis are the Gates of the Orient, old and new. The rich wares of the East found their way into the Mediterranean in the galleys of Carthage, the Venice of antiquity; and though her great seaport, the Lake of Tunis, is no longer seething with the commerce of the world, you have only to pass through Tunis's old sea-gate to find yourself surrounded by the people of the Bible, the *Arabian Nights*, and the Alhambra of the days of the Moors. Carthage was the gate of Eastern commerce, Tunis is the gate of Eastern life. Tunis is the most perfect Eastern city within easy reach of England. It is as Arab as Shanghai is Chinese. Both have a European city by the port, and both have a walled native city swarming with Orientals almost unconscious of the existence of Europe. Indeed, Tunis is the double-dyed Orient, for the Arab city is full of the architectural remains of ancient Carthage,

which lay but ten miles away. And Tunis is as safe for person and property, as clean and healthy as if it were an Exhibition instead of a fortified Oriental city, and as if it were really awakened from a Rip van Winkle sleep of a thousand years.

Most of the City of the Beys is under one roof —the far-famed Bazar of Tunis. No one sleeps in the Bazar. The rich Arabs, who are faithful to their national customs, live in the tall antique palaces of such streets as the Rue du Riche and the Rue des Andalous on its skirts; the poor Arabs live in the *rebats* like those which stretch from the Bab-Souika and Bab-Menara. In the cool Bazar you spend the heat of the day, watching Oriental life. The Arab cares little to sell and there is little you care to buy. All the touting and bargaining is done by Jews. All the real bargains are outside the Bazar. The fantastic, romantic, delightful pottery of the Bab-Souika fills more than one page in this book; the ancient brassware, as romantic, is sometimes sold for songs in the street-sales of the copper-workers' *souk*; Bedouin jewellery and charms and saddle-bags you buy in the Bazar when you have the good luck to meet their itinerant vendors.

Of all the Arab merchants in the Bazar, only the saddlers sell much to foreigners; their leather-work is so elegant and barbaric in its designs, so glowing in its colours, so modest in its prices. But

there are streets leading up to the Bazar full of cheap and charming Oriental jewellery.

Your day at Tunis may be summed up in a few words. You watch the Arab life, and when you are tired of it, go to a café, frequented by French society and enlivened by a good band. The restaurants, too, are cheap and excellent.

There are many excursions to be made from Tunis. Kairouan, after Mecca, is the most sacred city of the Mahometan world. Dougga is a kind of Tunisian Pompeii. Gafsa is an oasis in the desert. But the nearest and most interesting excursion is to Carthage. From London it is easier to go to Carthage than it is to go to Pompeii. Only two days need be spent in train and boat on the journey to Tunis, and you can be among the ruins of Carthage within three-quarters of an hour from leaving your hotel-door at Tunis; but it would be rash to expect to stand among the ruins of Pompeii in less than two hours after leaving your hotel at Naples.

From the point of view of classical ruins Carthage is poor beside Pompeii, though it abounds in Roman buildings. But to these must be added the extensive early Christian ruins, which possess a unique interest because, in framing the rules of Christianity, Carthage played a part more important than Rome itself. The authorities on the subject, from Milman onwards, are unanimous in declaring that the forms of Latin

Christianity were crystallised in the Church of North Africa.

But it is not for monuments in marble that you go to the hill of Carthage. You feel, though you may not profess, that the Japanese are right in their belief, that every spirit which is born into the earth stays on the earth in its native land. You go to Carthage to greet the ghosts of Hannibal and his father Hamilcar, who would have given the empire of the world to their native city if she could have risen to the conception of receiving it. You go there for the supreme object-lesson of immortality. The Romans rooted out the ruins of their arch-rival so unsparingly that hardly one stone of the Punic city remains above the soil. Literally they obeyed Cato when he cried, "Delenda est Carthago." But Carthage is there in the air, the Carthage of Hamilcar—not the mere bones of the city, like Pompeii's rows of roofless walls, but the phantom of the city in her pride like the reconstruction by M. Aucler, which its brilliant author and its publisher, M. Ch. Delagrave, have permitted me to reproduce on the folding plate in this volume. This reconstruction is based on the studies of Abbé Delattre and the other great French scholars who have made the excavation of Carthage their hobby, and, as a piece of scholarship, is far superior to anything of the kind achieved by the Germans in attempting to reproduce ancient Rome and ancient Pompeii.

And this is Carthage, whose name for two thousand years has thrilled all hearts like the sounding of a bugle.

As the author of *By the Waters of Carthage* truly observed, what you build down outlasts what you build up by many centuries. All you have left of Punic Carthage are the harbours for war and commerce, which the Carthaginians excavated in the midst of their city, and the tombs, which have yielded a museum not inferior to the museums of ancient Rome.

Those two linked harbours—the square for commerce in the day of battle, the round, with the island of the Admiral of Carthage, for her navy—as they glitter under the African sun, bring back ancient Carthage more forcibly than the descriptions of Appian, the historian of the final Punic war. For the empire of Carthage proceeded from those two docks cut off from the sea who shall say how many centuries ago? They were made when greatness was thrust upon those half-Jewish traders, when the change from emporium to empire forced them to fortify, with all the resources known to the ancients, their too accessible peninsula lying between the Mediterranean and the inexhaustible harbour provided for them by nature in the Lake of Tunis. It was the Lake of Tunis which made Carthage the emporium of the antique world; and as you stand on the citadel, usurped to-day by the Cathedral of St. Louis and the monastery of the

White Fathers of the Desert, you turn your eyes first to the round pool and the square, and then to the broad lake, pink with multitudinous flamingoes, bounded by the twin peaks of Bou-Cornein, which is as beautiful as Vesuvius before it was deformed by the recent eruption. The view from Carthage excels the view from Naples. Its Bedouin inhabitants give it a glamour of the past which is stripped from Athens and Rome.

Chapters I.-XII. of Vol. I. deal with the history and remains of historical Carthage in her days of empire. Chapter XVII. is devoted to the mythical Carthage of Dido. The rest of the first volume is given up to a Carthage curiously omitted by previous topographical writers—the Carthage of the Saints: martyrs like Perpetua and Cyprian, fathers of Christianity like Tertullian and Augustine, saints of sweet lives like Monica and Fulgentius—and, in the day when Carthage took its farewell of history, Louis IX. of France, a saint if he had never been canonised.

You feel as if you were walking in a seventeenth-century garden with borders of old-fashioned herbaceous flowers as you read of these saints in the pages of Alban Butler—such purity, such fragrance is borne in upon your senses by his beautiful old English and glad and simple piety.

And as you stand by the side of Carthage, whose prostrate form is covered with a rich robe of cornfields,

whether in the dreamy haze of noon or the transparent sheen of sunset, you feel that you are in an enchanted land, where the phantoms of Dido and Hannibal, St. Augustine and St. Louis are beckoning to you.

Virgil fails you at Carthage. He is only a coiner of pure-gold phrases. Dido talks fustian, Æneas cant. You dismiss them, and are absorbed in the figures of the two immortal warriors whose sublime achievements you have upon the testimony of their mortal enemies. And then, to soften the sickening you feel at the treacherous destruction of their country, you turn to the generous humanity of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine about his life at Carthage in the brilliant days of his youth.

I have given English versions of those portions of Virgil's *Æneid* and the work of the great Arabian geographer El Edrisi which relate to Carthage. El Edrisi visited the city in the twelfth century, when its amphitheatre was entire. But Virgil, though he devoted nearly half of his great epic to it, does not appear to have had any personal knowledge of the locality.

I have devoted a chapter to a consideration of Flaubert's *Salammbô*, because I have been asked so often how far it gives a true picture of ancient Carthage.

As in *More Queer Things about Japan* I reprinted from the papers of the Hakluyt Society the much quoted but never before published letters of Will Adams, so in this volume I print with explanatory

notes the famous *Periplus*, or account of his voyage round the West Coast of Africa, written by Hanno the Carthaginian, and deposited by him in the Temple of Saturn long before the days of Hamilcar and Hannibal. Hanno sailed through the Pillars of Hercules, as the Straits of Gibraltar were once called, and voyaged down the African coast as far as the Camëroons Mountain. Modern explorations have confirmed the substantial accuracy of his *Periplus*. It is of special interest as being not only the earliest travel-book on record, but as being the one work written by a Carthaginian in Punic times which has come down to us entire, though fragments of Mago's great treatise on agriculture, which the Romans recognised as their standard authority, have been preserved in various Roman works.

I have given also the famous account by Appian of the destruction of Carthage, in the stately seventeenth-century English of "J. D.," because the literature of all ages is permeated with allusions to it. Its leading incidents are household words, but few people know their source. From Appian, too, I have quoted the description of the city of Carthage at the height of its power, on which all subsequent descriptions are based.

The bulk of the book—like my other books of travel—is naturally taken up with my impressions. I have tried to convey to the reader as graphically as possible what there is for him or her to see in the Carthage and Tunis of to-day. But the Carthage

volume is not only topographical. It gives what will be found in no previous volume—a sketch, treated in a popular way, of the history of Carthage from first to last, beginning with Dido—goddess or woman—and ending with the brief and mischievous conquest of Tunisia by the Emperor Charles V., though I have not been able to gather much about Carthage under the Normans.

I make no claim to a knowledge of Carthage and Tunis such as I possess of Sicily. This book claims no more than to give my impressions of a supremely interesting and picturesque country, and a variety of information, practical and historical, which will, I hope, make it a useful book for the traveller to take with him to Tunis to supplement his inconveniently brief Baedeker and Joanne. Though not written in guide-book form, it contains the latest guide-book information, except on such fluctuating matters as cabs. It contains, for example, a more complete list of the Roman ruins in Tunisia than can be found elsewhere; a table of the various routes and fares for reaching Tunis from London; a key to the uniforms and other distinctions between the various French regiments stationed in Tunis; advice upon curio-buying and the choice of hotels; a chapter entitled "What there is to kodak in Tunis"; another on typical Arab entertainments, like snake-charming, stomach-dancing, and karagous; others on how the

Arabs and the Jews, whose wives are mountains of flesh, live; descriptions of harems and the tombs of the Beys, which can only be visited by women; and a list of the sights from which Mahometan jealousy excludes all infidels, female as well as male. Above all, the great bazar of Tunis, the epitome in the west of Oriental life, is shown, in all its varying moods, in a series of chapters which includes the hardly less interesting Arab streets outside the Bazar in the Bab-Souika, Halfaouine, and Bab-Menara quarters.

Many people will find the most valuable feature in the book in the admirable chapter on "Sport and Camp-life in Tunisia," by Mr. J. I. S. Whitaker, F.Z.S., author of the monumental work on *The Birds of Tunisia* (brought out by Porter last year), whose Natural History Museum in the grounds of his villa at Palermo (Malfitano) is the envy of all ornithologists. Mr. Whitaker has had ten years' experience of shooting-expeditions in Tunisia.

I have to thank Mrs. von Pernull for the chapter on Kairouan, which I was unable to visit, and Miss Ethel M. Stevens for the chapters on Arab superstitions, Bedouins, and "A Tunisian Harem and the Tombs of the Beys," and the chapter on the Museum at Carthage. For statistics and the like I have relied on the standard authorities, such as Professor Lapie and Mr. Bosworth Smith, and I have tried, as far

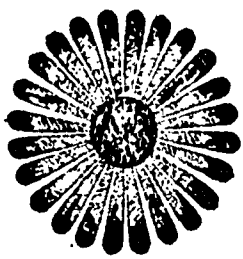
as could be done without clumsy footnotes, to introduce the name of the authority in each instance.

The coloured illustrations are from the water-colour sketches of Mr. Benton Fletcher, who painted the frontispieces of Miss Lorimer's *By the Waters of Carthage* and *On Etna*, and my *Sicily, the New Winter Resort.* The other pictures are reproduced from photographs by Garrigues, the chief photographer of Tunis, whose shop in the Avenue de France is the first point to which every visitor rushes after doing the Bazar; Mr. J. I. S. Whitaker; Mrs. von Pernull; Mr. Pearson; and myself. The emblems in the preliminary pages are reproduced from the reports of the White Fathers by kind permission of Abbé Delattre.

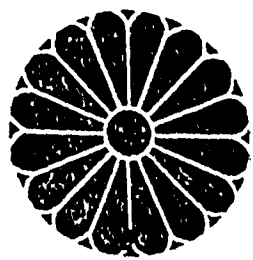
To ensure accuracy I have used the maps prepared by Baedeker for his guide-book; they were printed and supplied by him.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

CARTHAGE.
June, 1906.



Ancient Carthaginian rose (*Delattre*).



Japanese Government Mark.

Carthaginian device, exactly similar to that painted outside the house of a Tunisian Arab who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca (*Delattre*).

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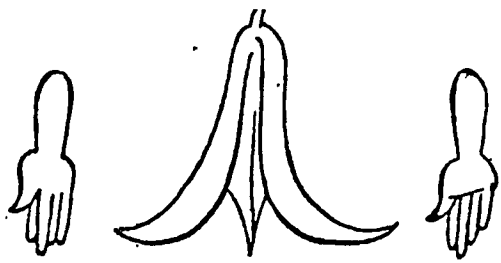

Carthaginian Hand of Tanit like the modern Tunisian Hand of Fatma (*Delattre*).

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RECONSTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS POWER (see key opposite)

EXPLANATION OF THE KEY

Sinus Carthaginiensis=Gulf of Carthage.

Mons hodie dictus Djebel-Bou-Kornein=the Vesuvius-like mountain so often referred to in the text as Bou-Cornein.

1, A.—*Aggressi sunt diversa portus parte quae medium in mare spectabat fodiendo aperire ostium aliud*=they began to excavate an entrance in a different part of the harbour whi h faced the open sea. (This refers to the new entrance to the harbour from the open sea cut by the Carthaginians when Scipio built his mole across the original entrance.)

1, B.—*Pars portus mercatorum*=part of the commercial harbour. *Armamentaria*=the arsenal. *Navalia exteriora*=the outer dock. *Curia*=the senate house.

1, C.—*Ostium*=the origin:l mouth of the harbour. *Præf.cti classis prætorium in insula*=the official residence of the admiral of the fleet on the island. *Navalia interiora*=the inner dock.

1, B.—*Portus militaris*=the war harbour. *Armamentaria*=arsenal. *Navalia exteriora*=the outer dock.

1, E.—*Agger*=the mole which Scipio built to block up the harbour.

1, E, F.—*Portus mercatorum*=the commercial harbour.

1, F.—*Locus hodie dictus Koudiat-el-Hobsia*=:he place to-day called Koudiat-el-Hobsia.

1, H.—*Tænia*=the suburb of Carthage which stood on the strip of land dividing the Lake of Tunis from the sea.

1, H.—*Lacus Tunetis*=the Lake of Tunis.

1, H.—*Murus urbis*=the wall of the city described by Appian.

2, A.—*Templum Apollinis* (*Baal-Ammon*)=the temple of Apollo.

2, A.—*Forum* (*Agora*)=the market-place.

2, B, C, D.—*Ad eam* (*Byrsam*) *tribus viis ascendebatur a foro, circa quas undique imminebant continuæ ædes sex tabulatorum*=to it (the Byrsa) there was an ascent by three streets from the Forum, overhung on both sides by houses of six stories all joined together.

2, F.—*Arx*=the citadel.

2, G.—*Muri arcis*=the walls of the citadel.

3, D, E, F.—*Mu i arcis*=the walls of the citadel.

3, E, F, G.—*Byrsa*=the Acropolis of Carthage, on which the citadel and principal temples were built.

3, H.—*Scala ad Templum Æsculapii* (*Eschmun*)=the steps up to the Temple of Æsculapius.

Book I

CARTHAGE

THE RUINS

CHAPTER I

THE DESCRIPTION OF CARTHAGE IN APPIAN'S "PUNIC WAR"

IN THE TRANSLATION OF A.D. 1679

"IT was situate in the great Gulf of Africa, encompassed by the sea, in form of a peninsula, the Neck of which, dividing it from the Continent, was about five-and-twenty Furlongs broad. Towards the West there stretched out a long Point of Land, about half a Furlong wide, which, advancing into the Sea, divided it from the Marish, and was inclosed on all sides with Rocks, and with a single Wall. Towards the South and the Continent, where stood the Citadel called Byrsa, it was inclosed with a triple Wall of thirty Cubits high, not accounting the height of the Parapets and Towers, which flanked it round in equal distances, of about two Acres[1] one from another. Their Foundations were about thirty Foot deep, and they were four Stories high, the Walls reaching only to the second: but they were vaulted, and that so vastly that underground there were

[1] Or about eighty fathoms, according to the Greek *acre*.

Stalls for three Hundred Elephants, with all things necessary for their sustenance, and above, Stables for four thousand Horse, and Lofts for their Provender; besides, there were Lodgings for twenty thousand Footmen and four thousand Horsemen; in short, all their ordinary preparations for War were lodging in their Walls only. There was but one place of the City where the Walls were low and weak. This was a neglected Angle, which began at the Point of Land we spoke of before, and reached to the Ports—for they had two Ports, disposed in such manner that a Ship might easily go from one to the other; and yet there was but one entrance, through a passage of about sixty-six Foot wide, secured with Chains. The first was for Merchants, where were many and divers sorts of Quarters for the Mariners; the other, which was the inner Port, was for the Men of War, in the midst of which stood an Island, encompassed about as well as the Port, with vast Keys, in which there were Places or Docks to put under covert two hundred and twenty Ships, and above Storehouses, where they wrought and made all things necessary for the Shipping. The front of each place were upheld by two Pillars of Marble of Ionick workmanship, so that the whole round, as well of the Port as the Island, represented on both sides two magnificent Gallies. Within this Island stood the Admiral's Palace, from whence the Trumpet gave the

Signal of his Orders; from whence he published his Ordinances, and from whence he overlooked all Things. The Island stood directly opposite to the mouth of the Port, extending itself a good way forward, so that from thence the Admiral could discern what passed at Sea a great distance off, but those at Sea could not perceive what passed within; nay, when the Merchants were entered into their Port, they could not see the Men of War, for their Port was separate from the inward Port by a double Wall, and for them there was an entrance from their Port by a Gate into the City, without passing into the other. Such was at this time the face of Carthage."

CHAPTER II

THE CARTHAGE OF TO-DAY

WHEN once I had arrived at Tunis and could see, across the bay, the hill marked by the white cathedral of St. Cyprian and St. Louis, which ought to have been left sacred to the memory of the men and women who died so gloriously to save the citadel of Carthage even one more day from the hated and treacherous Romans, I could not rest until I had stood on that hot hillside, looking seawards, like the youthful Hannibal.

The Carthaginians were not magnanimous to their subjects, or patriotic to their country. Had Rome gone on beating them in great battles like Zama and the Ægatian Islands, or worn them down by the stubbornness of her patriotism and her campaigning, they would have passed out of the brotherhood of the nations as unregretted as the kingdoms founded by the generals of Alexander. But Rome, acting on the advice of Cato, extirpated Carthage by the blackest piece of treachery in history, and thereby surrendered

Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

A MOUNTAINOUS JEWESS.

to these wanton Africans, for all time, the sympathy of all chivalrous hearts.

And this though the Romans had the writing of the history of their wars with Carthage, for the one piece of history which has come down to us from a Carthaginian is the log written by the Punic Admiral Hanno, about his voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar down to the Gold Coast, which was hung up in the temple of Saturn and copied by Greek journalists, who forgot to give the date of the voyage. Even the Roman poets were conscious of the indelible disgrace, when they sang of Carthage.

We know it was all for the best. Who of us believes that any race of antiquity could have wielded empire so magnificently as the Romans? But history never forgives, and, to the end of time, we shall shed tears over the fate of the betrayed city which could produce a Hannibal.

You can see Carthage plainly from any hill in Tunis. A good walker would think nothing of taking an early breakfast and visiting Carthage on foot. But since Carthage is hot in May, and the round of Carthage and Sidi-bou-Said is longer and more severe than any golf-links, we decided to go by train as far as La Malga, named after Melkarth, the Phœnician Hercules. You go from the pretentiously named Gare du Nord at the back of the

cathedral, and the local colour of the day begins from the moment you enter the station.

The Arab men, in their brilliant fancy dress, are fond of railway travel; but all classes of natives are inclined or encouraged to go third class, so you do not see anything of them on the train And in the station your attention is diverted from them by the placid helplessness of the mountainous Jewesses, who expect the special Providence which is devoted to the children of Israel to take their tickets and embark them before the train starts.

The French officials look upon them as cattle, equally helpless and difficult, and any one who has seen Frenchmen shipping cattle knows what that means. Confusion reigns as supreme, as it does in a Japanese railway station. The Jewesses run like Japs, who always run into a train—I mean into the carriages.

The very carriages are Oriental—low, cane-lined coaches with big windows and broad eaves, and an open-air gallery running down one side, to elude the searching heat of Africa. The train could not race a good electric tram, but it soon shakes itself clear of Tunis and winds round the sandy lands on the left-hand shore of the lake. There is a pretence of stations—one called after the Mahometan St. David; but practically the train does not stop till it gets to La Marsa, which is both a bit of Carthage and a bit of Tunis, for it stands within the triple wall of the

Punic city, and consists of the seaside villas of wealthy Tunisians; it also has trees, which is no mean boast at Tunis.

We know well what Megara looked like, from the description of Scipio's storming of Megara in Appian:

"But Scipio, perceiving this place of Megara was full of Gardens planted with Fruit Trees, and consisted of many little Inclosures of Mud-walls, Quick-set Hedges, Bushes, and some little Streams, fearing lest the Soldiers, among so many Turnings and Windings which they were unacquainted with, might pursue the enemy and so give them the opportunity of laying an ambush for them, caused the Retreat to be sounded."

One peculiarity of the pettifogging little line is that, no matter whether you go to La Marsa, La Malga, or La Goletta, you pay the same and go as you please. One idea, to use the lady essayist's prize word, obsesses you, and that is, that Carthage is bound to recover its ancient importance, because it has such good 'sites for hotels and such splendid ground for golf-links lying between it and Tunis. In a few years, if Providence is good to us, we shall be walking along the left-hand shore of that lake of Tunis with an Arab caddie using African golf terms at our heels, and our eyes fixed on an eighteenth hole by the amphitheatre just before one gets to the railway station.

For Carthage has a railway station, and a post-

office, from which I have more than once received a registered letter, besides its hotel and monasteries, its cathedral and museum. The station is, of course, full of guides, and outside it you can see a carriage and pair for hire, for four francs a day, which is willing to drive you anywhere from Cape Carthage to La Goletta—the extreme limits of the city—if you hesitate about taking it. Should you be just a reasonably good walker, give the man a franc to drive you to Cape Carthage. For the rest of the way you are better on foot. Cape Carthage is a lofty rock, still, as in the days when its city was the queen of the Mediterranean, crowned with a light-house, and there is not much to see till you get to Sidi-bou-Said, always excepting the cisterns of La Malga, the oldest thing in Carthage above ground; but these you can see on your return, as they are fairly near the station.

At this stage I anticipate a fierce onslaught from the antiquary. "Nothing to see on the road to Sidi-bou-Said?" he will exclaim, and enter into an unending catalogue of the Roman ruins which pave the way right and left. They are as the sands of the sea or the hairs on a Jew's head; but the ordinary intelligent visitor, even if he is an Oxford first-class man, a scholar, or a fellow of his college, enjoying his first visit to Carthage, is reminded of the saying of Justinian, whose general, Belisarius, had the glory of

reconquering Carthage for the Roman Empire, "De minimis non curat lex." We want to see Carthage as it stamped itself on land and sea and sky and time, so emphatically that we can feel it before us, though not one stone of the Punic city is standing on another.

Therefore, as we strode along—when we ought to have driven—from Carthage station to Sidi-bou-Said village, when we passed a shell of Roman masonry we cast an interested glance upon it, but hastened on to the white village on the bosky hillside which has grown up round the mosque and reputed tomb of that eminent Mahometan saint, King Louis IX. of France, better known to biographers as St. Louis.

The Mahometan has the faith which moves mountains, although Mahomet himself was obliged to go to the mountain because it would not come to him. He firmly believes that St. Louis, before he died, embraced the Mahometan religion; with equal firmness and equal lack of foundation he believes that the body of the saint lies here in the Mosque of Sidi-bou-Said, whereas it is perfectly well known that the body of St. Louis, minus the bowels, which were taken out by the embalmers, lies, or did lie, in the mausoleum of the French kings at St. Denis, while his bowels are exalted on a side altar in the Cathedral of the Golden Mosaics at Monreale, above Palermo; for his wicked brother, Charles of Anjou, was King of Sicily, and St. Louis' expedition

to Carthage was undertaken, though he might not have known it, not for the sake of Cyprian or Augustine, but to break the strong Saracen power which lay only eighty miles from his brother's dominions.

Sidi-bou-Said, the village of the saint, was undoubtedly called after the Mahometan St. Louis; but as at the time of his death he was surrounded by a victorious army of crusaders, we should have known the impossibility of this legend, even if the death-bed scene of St. Louis had not been handed down to us in a narrative of striking beauty which I quote later in my "Saints of Carthage."

Sidi-bou-Said is the most beautiful village near Tunis. Being a holy place, its houses are all Arab, from the palaces of princes to the cottages of the poor. The outline of white buildings amid the dark foliage of the hillside is broken here by an elegant Moorish loggia, there by an ancient tower, and everywhere by waving palm-trees. So sacred is it to Mahometans that Christians have only lately been permitted to sleep in the village. To us it had a double sanctity, for it is the only old town which stands on the site of ancient Carthage.

How far the boundaries of Carthage went must remain in the debatable ground of history. It is conceded that a great triple fortification ran across the isthmus, and that the whole peninsula from Cape Carthage to the lake of Tunis was fortified. But

many writers have advanced the theory that only the portion round the Byrsa and the ports was covered by the city. This is untenable. Carthage at the time of its destruction had seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and a city of that size would have needed the whole peninsula. Nor must we forget that the only lofty site on the peninsula is occupied by Sidi-bou-Said. It is the strongest and finest position, and, as such, must have been an important part of ancient Carthage.

The town of Sidi-bou-Said is all on the hill. Where the road from Carthage station enters it there is a low, picturesque Arab school and fountain combined, with an inscription and projecting gables. It is apparently a private school, for our Arab guide, whose name I suppress for a reason given below, said that the inscription informed the public that it was the house of a man qualified to teach the law to any one, which might be useful in places far from ancient Carthage. Sidi-bou-Said, when we saw it, was aglow with the brilliant blossoms of the prickly pear, which look like sea-anemones before you touch them.

The town in the hot morning was like a city of the dead. It was only when we approached the mosque of St. Louis, and the charming café with the stilted arch under a tall eucalyptus, built on a little hill across the street, that we began to see white-robed figures courting the shade. It is a beautiful little

mosque with a double colonnade of black and white arches in front of its court. You can see more of it than most mosques in Tunis.

We hurried from it too quickly, perhaps, tempted by a noble Arab mansion whose owner had vacated it, leaving it to a caretaker related to our guide. The exterior gave the promise of the interior, with its bold and lofty porch, whose stilted arches, raised on antique columns which have never left ancient Carthage, were crowned by an elegant Moorish window, shafted and filled with *mashrabeyah* work, below a beetling eave. A broad flight of steps led up to the hall, more Sicilian than Moorish in character. The interior, with its cool harem shining with old Persian tiles, I have described in the chapter on "How the Arabs live" in the other volume.

Right at the back of it is the lighthouse. I cannot say if the pharos which guided the fleet of sixty sail, that carried Hanno and his colonists through the Pillars of Hercules, stood just on this spot. Hard by it must have stood, for nature decides the point from which a light shall shine in the darkness on the great capes, which are the fingers of the sea. It is a poor little lighthouse; I do not know that anything about it was admirable except the Sicilian geranium, with a mauve flower and a lemon-scented leaf, which ran ten feet high up its keeper's house.

This and the view! We scrambled up a few stairs and stood in a little gallery like the muezzin-walk of a minaret. And thence we saw one of those panoramas which exhilarate the senses like champagne. It was Africa. Sun and sky were clear as crystal, and the north wind, that haunts Tunisia, crisped the air and sea. We almost expected to see Sicily. Who knows if Hannibal did not on rare days make out from here the dim slopes of Mount Eryx, famous in his father's victories. We do know, if Virgil has anything worthy of credence to tell us, that from this spot, and no other, Æneas must have looked across at the infant Carthage rising before Queen Dido.

Behind this rose the Cape of the Dead, Gamart, a hive of ancient cemeteries. At our feet, in the sea below Sidi-bou-Said, were fangs of ancient masonry almost gone back to rock. Were these the sea-wharves of Carthage? Was that the ruin of the sea-gate? Did the rash Mancinus land here, only to be rescued in his extremity by Scipio?

Here we had but to surmise. No one has for certain said that these points of ancient stone were ancient Carthage; but if they were, there is nothing more ancient left, except the shrunken harbours.

The lighthouse of Cape Carthage is the best point for judging Dr. Davis's contention, that the citadel of Carthage was not what we call the Byrsa, but the hill near the shore whose lower slopes are occupied

by the Turkish fort and the ruins supposed to be Roman baths. We could not see any plausibility in Dr. Davis's view. The only possible sites for a citadel in the eyes of the ancients would have been the hill now known as the Byrsa, or the hill of Sidi-bou-Said. I say this with no inconsiderable experience of Carthaginian and Greek cities in Sicily, and taking into comparison the site of the citadel of the neighbouring and slightly older city of Tunis.

But if there were no other obstacle to taking Dr. Davis's view, the account, with which most of us are familiar, of the last three days of Carthage, when the Romans were fighting their way yard by yard up those narrow winding streets which led from the ports to the citadel, would be fatal to it. There is no gradual climb from the ports to the site by the sea-shore where Dr. Davis located the citadel. The only place to which these streets could possibly run, taking into account the contour of the city, is the hill now known as the Byrsa.

As you look down from the lighthouse towards the entrance of the bay, you see, besides the convent of St. Monica, the Turkish fort, the Thermæ, and the Derméche palace of the Bey, at the beginning of the coast-line stretching straight from you. Further, enclosed in a sort of point, are the war harbour and the mercantile harbour, still preserving their general outlines. And not far beyond them begins the long

tongue of land terminating in the city of La Goletta, one of the heads of the bay of Tunis. On this tongue stood the Tænia suburb of ancient Carthage.

If you ask ten people when they return from Carthage what there is to see of the ancient city, nine of them will reply, "The harbours." Appian's description of these appears in Chapter I.

The general form is, as I have said, preserved. There is the long commercial harbour, separated by the mole, which Scipio built across its further end, from the open sea. Inside it, but no longer connected by a channel, is the circular naval harbour with the island in the centre. Both, even excavated as they have been, are shrunk to fractions of their former extent, or they could not possibly have held the fleets of Carthage. They look like shallow ponds; they are nothing like as large as the Serpentine, in Hyde Park. There is no trace of the channel cut from the naval harbour to the sea to liberate the fleet, after Scipio had built his mole. But it is quite easy to see how the naval harbour could have presented its ancient appearance, and the commercial harbour can even more readily be pictured by those who know the old harbour of Marseilles, which is the rectangular pool at the foot of the Cannebière.

What one does feel sure of is Mr. Bosworth Smith is right in assuming that the bulk of the shipping of Carthage must have harboured in the lake of Tunis.

Carthage was notoriously the greatest port of antiquity, and by no manner of means could a harbour of even respectable dimensions be made out of the mercantile and naval harbours shown to-day. There was an entrance, since blocked up, into the lake at the Carthage end of the tongue of land which divides it from the sea.

We did not go on strictly studying the ground plan, for we were so enraptured with the view. We were looking across the fertile plain of Carthage, now hot with summer, and after resting our eyes on the ancient harbour, two steel-blue mirrors, and the Acropolis of Carthage crowned with the Byzantine domes of the snow-white cathedral of St. Louis, our eyes flew across the flamingo-haunted lake of Tunis to the rifted peak of Bou-Cornein, the Vesuvius of North Africa, whose pale blue form makes the bay of Tunis at sunrise and sunset rival the bay of Naples in majesty of seascape.

Tunis, the city which you see spread, white as the burnous of the Prophet, between two lakes, is lovelier incomparably than the city of Naples, and, at that distance, the wicked green water of El-Bahira takes on the pure blue of the sky.

I have never forgiven the White Fathers of the Desert for smothering the outlines of the citadel of great Carthage with their cathedral and monastery. I express no opinion on the revived Byzantine architec-

ture of the cathedral; but I object to seeing it at all when I am trying to picture the citadel of Carthage. It should have been built by the amphitheatre, where Cyprian died. That is Christian and Roman, and outside of the memories of Punic Carthage. The cathedral is dedicated to St. Cyprian even more than to St. Louis.

If Pericles came back to earth and beheld the Acropolis at Athens, he would deplore the ravages of time and the havoc wrought by the shells of Venice on his beloved Parthenon; but he would see the walls of his great predecessor Cimon, the son of Miltiades, the Propylæa, the Parthenon, and the Erectheum on that rocky brow, and the immortal theatre of Dionysus below. But if Hannibal came back to Carthage, not one familiar stone would greet him, and the very outline of the citadel would be concealed from his fond eyes by erections entirely inappropriate to the *genius loci.*

I do not, like most English writers who have written upon Carthage and Tunis, complain of the French occupation. I can understand the feelings of the Bey and his subjects in having their independence taken away from them in spite of honest attempts to conduct the affairs of their country in a civilised and peaceful fashion. King Khama could have done no more; but the French have made the best possible use of their occupancy. The Regency of Tunis is a

model colony, where life and property are secure and sanitation excellent; but everything which is ancient and Oriental is reverently preserved.

I do not disguise from myself the magnificent exploring work done by the White Fathers on the site of ancient Carthage. They explore industriously, intelligently, and with the greatest care. They have formed with their discoveries one of the finest museums of classical antiquity, and one of their number, the Abbé Delattre, gives the result of their discoveries to the scientific world with the least possible delay in a series of admirably illustrated pamphlets, unique of their kind. It is not they, but the great Cardinal Lavigerie, the Red Marabout, the founder of the restored Church of North Africa, who is to blame. Nor do I disguise from myself the fact that the Cardinal was a good Frenchman, even though he behaved like a Vandal in Carthage, the Vandal capital. That he wished to save the souls of the Arabs I am certain. I cannot blame him as a patriot for desiring to see the dominions of the Bey a part of France. The pity is that he could not keep what I feel inclined to call his sacrilegious hands off a site as sanctified in history as the Acropolis of Athens, or the Forum at Rome.

He tortured the Byrsa, the ancient citadel of Carthage, almost out of recognition. One of the last kings of France—Louis Philippe, I think it was—had

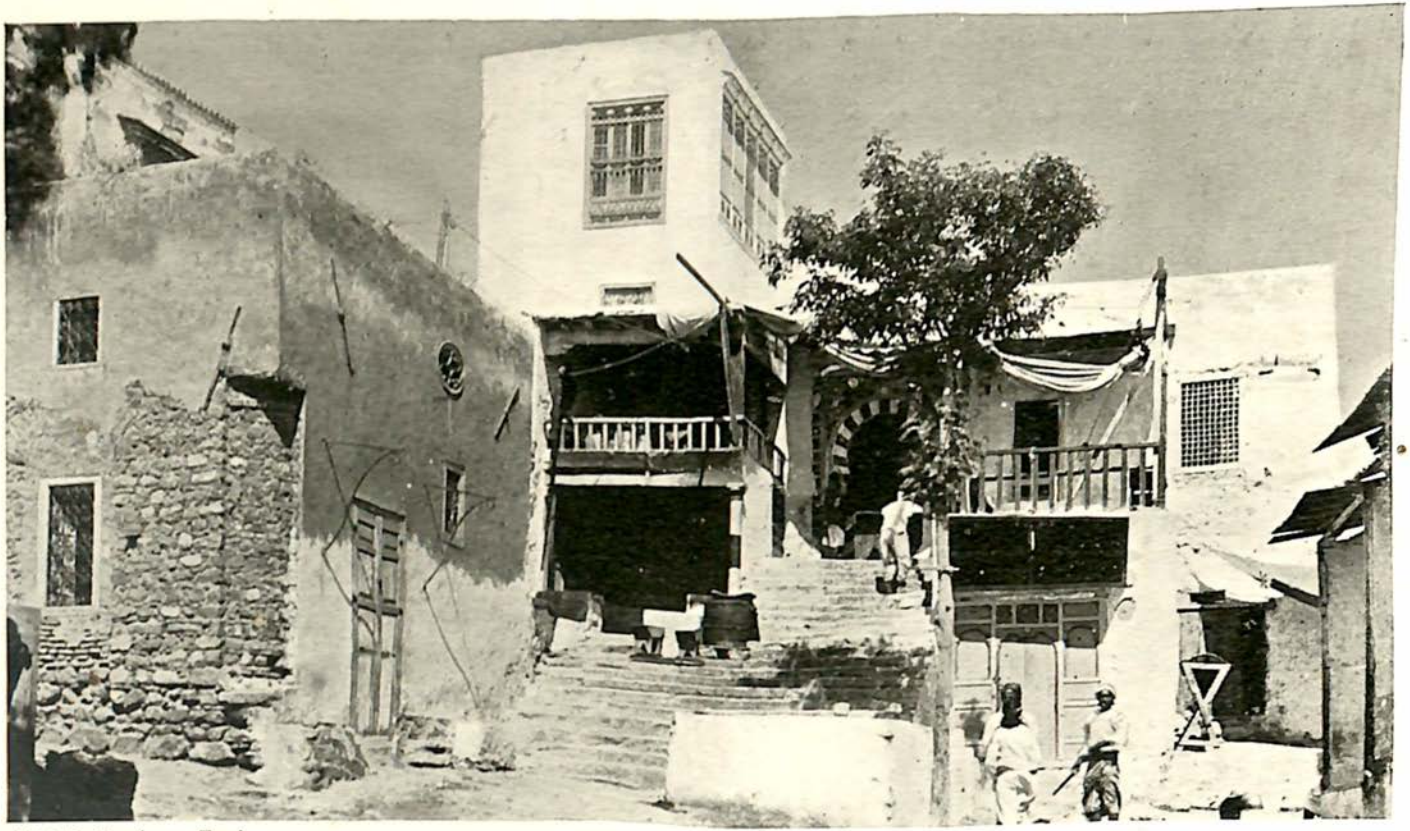


Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

THE PRINCIPAL SQUARE IN SIDI-BOU-SAID, IN FRONT OF THE MOSQUE WHERE THEY SHOW THE TOMB OF ST. LOUIS AS A MAHOMETAN SAINT.

obtained the Bey's leave to erect a chapel at Carthage in honour of St. Louis. Under the pretence of securing the chapel and the priests who attended upon it from the attacks of the wild tribes, the French started an elaborate system of earthworks, which would have made the Byrsa a powerful fortress. The citadel hill still looks like modern earthworks. To-day almost the entire Byrsa is taken up with the cathedral, the monastery, the seminary, and the museum of the White Fathers. Seen from a distance, the cathedral entirely overshadows the Carthaginian citadel. It is only when you are quite close to it, in the valley on either side, that you perceive that there really is an acropolis. Then you see its height, and cannot see the incongruous buildings which fill the area where fifty thousand Carthaginians were crowded on the last day of Carthage.

Having declaimed against the inappropriateness of their site, I can with a clear conscience pay my tribute to the charm of the garden and the museum of the White Fathers. The admirably arranged collection of Phœnician and Roman antiquities, yielded by the excavations, forms a museum that must be compared with the Pompeian collections at Naples, and the beautiful garden not only contains a number of noble specimens, but one excavated ruin of high importance which is generally called the Palace of the Roman Governors, but might well

represent one of the temples which stood upon the Capitol at Carthage. Dr. Davis, who will not allow that this was the citadel site, places the temples of Saturn and Apollo, Baal and Ashtaroth on it, and the temple of Neptune near it; but there are no other remains of buildings which look like temples, except a fragment of the Capitoline temple of the Romans.

The Agora, or market-place, is known to have stood between the citadel and the war harbour, and a building excavated in the neighbourhood looks as though it might well have formed part of it.

I have not mentioned the cisterns of ancient Carthage, which lie near the shore and have been restored by the French for use, because I have been speaking chiefly of landscape effects. They would pass unnoticed until you were close to them. For the same reason, I have not spoken of the enormous ancient basilica called the Damous-el-Carita; or the smaller basilica; or the theatre and odeon mentioned by St. Augustine; or the wonderful ranges of tombs scattered about the ancient city; or the various Roman houses, larger and more luxurious than those we know at Pompeii.

In any case, the amphitheatre where St. Cyprian and St. Perpetua suffered, and the tombs of the Roman officials, and the villa of Scorpianus would not have come in here, because they lie on the other side of the railway station.

My guide could show me nothing of the Punic walls, neither of the vast triple fortification which crossed the back of the peninsula, nor of the tremendous rampart which is believed to have enclosed the ancient citadel. The only wall he could show me, near the cathedral, was built by one of the Roman emperors.

CHAPTER III

THE CARTHAGE OF TO-DAY (continued)

WE started from the lighthouse to walk through ancient Carthage, and we began with a Punic cemetery, which, during the process of excavation, looks rather like an alluvial gold-mine; for there are a lot of shafts, the deepest about fifty feet, wide enough to allow a sarcophagus to pass up end-wise, with passages going off them, which conduct into mortuary chambers just big enough to contain a pair of sarcophagi, with a space for their passage between them, opposite the entrance. These mortuary chambers may be cut out of the virgin rock, or built of large, regular hewn stones. When the tombs were full the shafts were filled up. They always have at least a couple of yards' depth of soil before the tomb passages begin.

The age of the necropolis is determined by the general characteristics of the objects found. This one, for example, the Abbé Delattre pronounced to be of the fifth to the second century before Christ, because some of the bodies were buried and some cremated,

and both Punic and Greek lamps were found, with the typical Carthaginian amphora, which had a long spike for its foot and was used to contain human ashes. Some fine sarcophagi cut out of single blocks were discovered here, made variously of tufa, limestone, and white marble.

There were also found in some of the tombs little ossuaries containing burnt human remains which are suspected of being the ashes of the children of noble families sacrificed to Moloch. The Carthaginian sarcophagi are mostly of a very graceful type, resting on feet. They are slightly wider at the top than at the bottom, and ornamented with tall ears along the lid and carving and colouring along the sides. The best of them, which were not found in this necropolis, have their lids entirely occupied with grandly sculptured effigies, like that of the priestess of Tanit, and are among the finest antique tombs. These sarcophagi contain, besides skeletons, gold jewellery, wine jugs, mirrors, long nails, hatchets, razors delicately engraved, enamelled beads with grotesque faces, statuettes, little lamps, and so on. Two important inscriptions were found in this necropolis.

We were invited to go down a shaft, but the method was discouraging. When they were needed, cranes were improvised by tying three ladders together like a witch's tripod. A rope was worked through the top rungs without any pulley block, and

a sort of tool-basket was attached to its bottom. We were invited to make the descent in this tool-basket, but not having the same urgent motive as St. Paul when he was let down over the city walls, we declined. The ground all round was strewn with broken bits of tiles and jars and lamps. There were a great many perfect specimens of a cylindrical tile which looked like a Japanese hot-water pipe, but was employed in ancient Carthage for making roofs, I suppose with some kind of plaster over it. Work had stopped just before we came. In the absence of Père Delattre nothing was done except mechanical jobs, like clearing away rubbish.

There must be huge excitement when a fine sarcophagus is discovered. It is astonishing how they get them up to the top with such very imperfect pulleys, for one of these solid seven-feet long sarcophagi is immensely heavy.

From this necropolis we made our way to Damous-el-Carita, one of the most extraordinary ruins I ever was in. One can imagine the cathedral of Cordova or the Grand Mosque of Kairouan making such a ruin after their beaten-down fragments had been toned with African sun and storms of sand for fifteen sleeping centuries. For when this, the chief church of the Carthage of Tertullian and Augustine, rose like a Ravenna basilica, it had nine naves two hundred feet long, severed from each other by columns of green

African marble with bases and capitals of glowing white.

And this main building lies flanked with two others. A sort of semicircular atrium, open to the sky, surrounded with a covered and arcaded gallery, at the end facing the central gate of the basilica, with a trichorum and nymphæum, was devoted, it is believed, to the burial of martyrs. Inferior in dimensions, adjoining the principal basilica, is another building used for the sacrament of baptism. In the centre there are very considerable remains of a huge hexagonal basin with three steps mounting to it. The basin was of dark green marble. As Abbé Delattre has said, one cannot help feeling strong emotion in looking at this baptistery, where the dauntless martyrs of Carthage were received into the faith. The word "faith" had nowhere more significance than in the devoted Church of North Africa.

Innumerable persons were buried both inside and just outside this vast basilica of Damous-el-Carita. Nobody knows why the Arabs gave it this name, nobody knows what its real name was, nobody knows when it was founded, though it must have gone back to the first days of Christianity. And this is the more extraordinary because more than fourteen thousand inscriptions have been found within its boundaries. The walls of the museum, and its garden, have these inscriptions let into them so closely that they look

like patterns on a wall-paper. It was their frequency which led to the discovery of this noble house of Christ, by the Abbé Delattre. He gives the little Arab herdboys a reward for every inscribed stone which they bring him. The site of Carthage is still full of uncollected specimens. I myself, looking at a stone in the sand against which I dashed my foot, found that it had an inscription on it and brought it home with me. It is a fragment of a white marble slab.

These inscriptions, considering their numbers, are astonishingly uncommunicative. Very few of them have anything to tell, though they are spiced with suitable words—*basilicæ*, *ecclesiæ*, *cancellos*, *episcopus*, *presbyter*, *diaconus*, *subd(iaconus)*, *acolutus*, *lector*, and a crowd of names, Carthaginian, Greek, and Latin, which belonged to the religious who were buried here to acquire claims to salvation from the proximity of martyrs.

Here were found the bas-reliefs of the angel announcing to the shepherds the birth of our Saviour and the adoration of the Magi which the abbé ascribes to the fourth century; and a hundred other bas-reliefs, quite a disproportionate number of which represent the Good Shepherd and the Multiplication of the Loaves. A large number of the Christian lamps, which constitute the unique collection in the museum, came from here.

Besides the three churches and the cemetery there

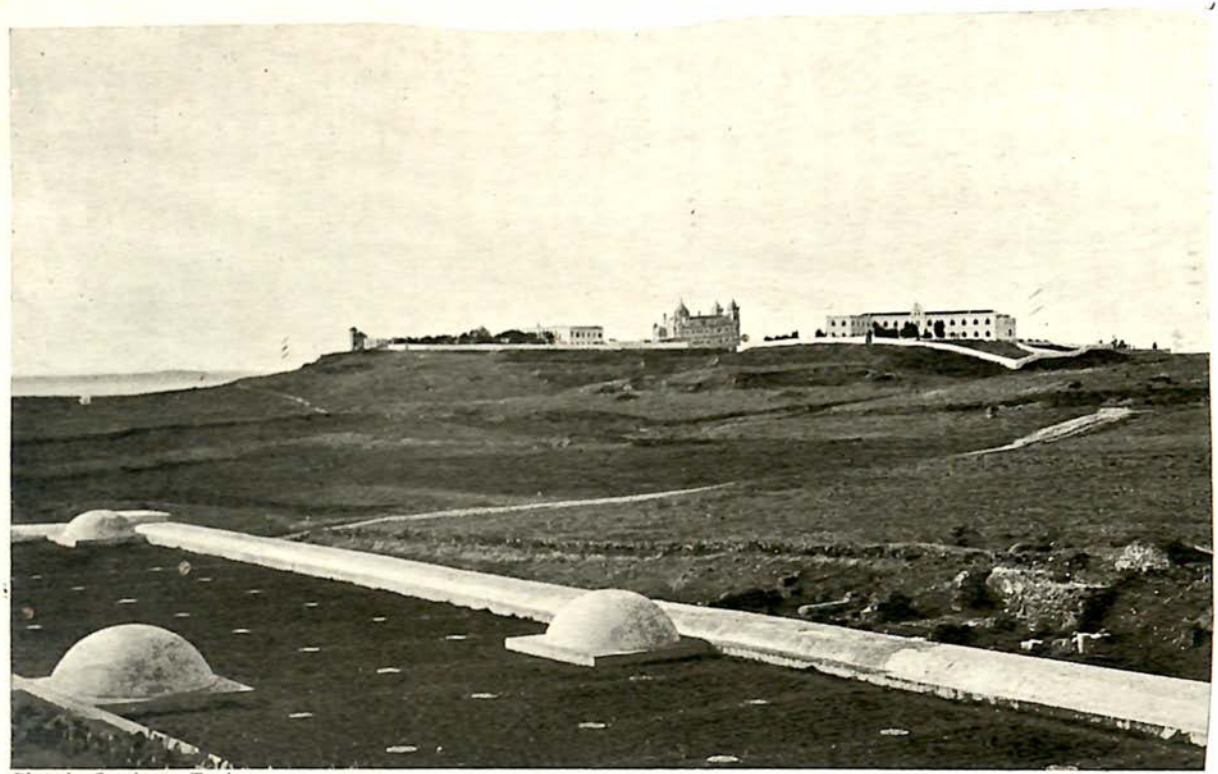


Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

THE CITADAL (BYRSA) OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. LOUIS AND THE MONASTERY OF THE WHITE FATHERS.

were monasteries for the priests and deacons, remains of which exist. But then the site of Carthage is strewn with Roman remains, whose value would be increased a thousandfold if they were Punic; for both at Carthage and in Sicily, the two great seats of the Carthaginian Empire, Punic masonry is almost as rare as radium.

I made a note of the flowers which crowned the fallen columns, so undiminished in number, of the mighty basilica of the fathers who gave to Christianity its form. Except for the asphodel, the wild onion, the Sicilian daisy, and the scoglie, I could see none which one may not see in England. There were such hardy plants as the black fennel, the smaller marigold, the calthrop, the rest-harrow, the bugloss, the mountain campion, the fever-few, the dandelion, the poppy, the thistle, and the flycatcher. I am not sure whether the little dwarf campion, which grows like our lawn daisy in Sicily, is a separate variety. Perhaps it is, for it grows almost on the bare rock, and our campion always chooses places where there is a hedge, or deep bank of green, for it to nestle in.

CHAPTER IV

THE CARTHAGE OF TO-DAY (continued)

IN Carthage the corn grows so open that we used to take short cuts across it without compunction. And yet Carthage and her territory were the granary of imperial Rome, as we were reminded by the bits of Roman wall which rose above the ears of the barley. We followed the tall figure of our handsome, boyish Arab in his fluttering burnous over the ridge, with our eyes looking in the direction of the hill of Carthage's citadel, until we came to the Odeon, whose remains occupy the plateau above the theatre. To-day it recalls Pompeii, as well as the gay youth of St. Augustine.

Most *odea* have been a puzzle to classical scholars, and this is no exception to the rule; for it contains a number of underground passages like aqueducts, which cross each other at right angles, and of which it is almost impossible to determine the use. There is also an easily recognisable passage from the Odeon down to the theatre.

The Odeon, according to the official Guide, was

built at the beginning of the third century of this era, and was the scene of a famous passage in Tertullian in his *Resurrection de la Chair*, which relates how "the inhabitants of Carthage crowded to the works, to contemplate not without humour in the tombs the skeletons and skulls to which the brain still adhered, brought to light by the excavations."

For the Odeon stands in the centre of a large Punic cemetery, which Abbé Delattre assigns to the last days of Punic Carthage. You can see the tombs, of which Tertullian spoke, to-day. A very large number have been opened, and an extensive collection of glass, pottery, coins, lamps, and figurines have been taken out of them. At Carthage, by the presence of certain coins and pottery, Abbé Delattre is, as I have said, always able to determine the epoch of a tomb pretty easily. He assigns these tombs to as early a date as those of the Bordj-el-Djedid, if not those of the Byrsa.

The remains of the Odeon cover more than a hectare. They are semicircular in form, and the orchestra, the stage, and its accessories, the doors and passages for admission, have been made out pretty clearly. The ruins are rich in marbles of many colours and in various Christian remains—especially statuettes of the Virgin, seated, with the infant Christ upon her knees. Eighteen broken and scorched statues were found in a cistern here. The fragments show that

the columns were of green African marble; and there is some *opus reticulatum.*

The theatre is being rapidly cleared out, and you can see almost as much of the area and auditorium as you can at Taormina, though there are no important remains of the stage or the gallery round the top, which are so conspicuous there. When the excavation is finished it will be quite an imposing monument; for it is full of precious marble columns, and has marble seats *in situ*, and a fine mosaic. The worst of it is that you cannot be certain that there was any theatre here while Carthage was really Carthage, Virgil's allusions notwithstanding. He says in the *Æneid*:

> Hic alta theatris
> Fundamenta locant alii, immanesque columnas
> Rupibus excidunt, scenis decora alta futuris;

which may be translated: "Here others lay the lofty substructures for a theatre, and hew huge columns from the rock, the lofty ornamentation for the future stage."

Of course, the Carthaginians may have had a theatre. They were familiar with the idea of theatrical representations from their intercourse with Syracuse and other Sicilian cities, and it is not easy to imagine the idle ancients without one. The Romans, at any rate, seem to have spent most of their time at pre-Turkish baths and tragedies where they had real murders.

The theatre lies about two hundred feet from the hill of Juno, is semicircular in form, and has a number of vaults. The small circular building on the left, which has a double wall with well-marked doors and windows, is officially called the Sanctuary.

Virgil's allusion proves nothing, because he is as royally indifferent to facts as Shakespeare. It would be quite in his style to talk of Dido founding a theatre, and to describe the actual theatre erected with such magnificence by Augustus in his new colony at Carthage. This is the Virgilian form of flattery.

About the existing theatre we know a good deal, because Apuleius, who began life as a millionaire in the *asses*, which were Roman money, and afterwards wrote the *Golden Ass*, had official charge of the gladiatorial shows at Carthage, and has left us various speeches in which he alludes to the theatre.

This is a most interesting part of Carthage, thickly strewn with fragments and tombs. The fragments consist of the usual pieces of glass, pottery, marble, and so on, the pottery sometimes stamped as well as painted, the marble inscribed or decorated. Mixed with these are objects more local and characteristic. Miss Norma Lorimer, grubbing in the soil, found an entire elephant's tooth, very interesting in view of the commanding part played by elephants in the wars of Carthage.

Carthage had a Serapeum and a Vicus Isidis

somewhere in this quarter, where the direct road from La Malga to the sea is crossed by the path to the old cisterns and Sidi-bou-Said. The Punic Necropolis des Douïmès is one of the most famous at Carthage. It was discovered in 1893, and contains more than fifteen hundred Punic tombs of the same form as those of the Byrsa and Bordj-el-Djedid, at depths of from ten to fifty feet. They are either in chambers leading off shafts, or in chambers leading off galleries rather like catacombs. Thousands of beads have been found in them, with various jewels, including a gold object bearing the name of Pygmalion; a bunch of emeralds; objects in cornelian, agate, coral, ivory, glass, bone, majolica, and white plaster in the shape of various funereal objects, such as figurines, animals, and emblems. The little cones and scarabs are largely Egyptian, with heads of dogs or monsters, Isis, Horus, Osiris, Phtah, Bès, and many hieroglyphics. The bronze objects include beads, disks, heads, figures, clasps, chains, rings, crescents, nails, hooks, razors, handles, and bells. An extraordinary series of vases of a Cypriot character has been found in these tombs. Perhaps they were made by Cypriot workmen in the potters' furnaces which occur here. The interest in these tombs is very considerable, for they are so numerous, so accessible, and give us the nearest Carthaginian approach to catacombs.

Not far off is a fine Roman house, of the type

you get at Pompeii or in the new excavations in front of the palace at Palermo. It is decidedly prettier than the average Pompeian house, for it is not only tastefully laid out and with charming sea-views, but has in addition splendid marble columns, and a handsome fountain in the middle.

It is near the smaller basilica (which the antiquaries have been unable to identify), consisting of five naves or aisles and an ambulatory. To the left there are some unidentified buildings. The baptistery consists of an oratory and the baptismal font. There is a large hexagonal basin lined with marble, like that at Damous-el-Carita. The Basilica is supposed to date from the time of Justinian, and to have been burnt by the Arabs when they destroyed Carthage in 698 under Hassan. This little church has charming mosaic floors. A gorgeous pigeon and a duck are the most striking objects in the mosaics, which are chiefly bright red and blue, and very pretty. There are a number of marble columns lying about. Between this basilica and the sea are the enormous baths and cisterns, and the old fort, which are really among the most important ruins of Carthage. Dr. Davis places the citadel here; but I will not repeat his arguments, because he is very diffuse, and has found no one of any mark to agree with him in the forty-five years which have elapsed since he published his work.

I do not see how the citadel could have been here,

because the accounts we have of it—for example, in the story of the final siege—place it at some distance from the sea, and this ridge is quite close to the sea, so close that it would be far too open to attack.

I have not been allowed into the old Turkish fort, which is founded on the top of immense Roman works; but the official Guide speaks of a fine Roman staircase, and the remains of a great hall, and numerous architectural fragments. There is much Roman work visible on the exterior.

The Thermæ or Roman baths, whose name is perpetuated in the Arab Derméche, are of an immense length, and consist chiefly of the usual enormous boulders of broken-up concrete walls and floors. The floors are a dozen feet thick, and there are some bits of mosaic pavement. The ruins of these baths are, if anything, more unintelligible than usual; but you know that they must be baths, because they are so huge and would not do for anything else. You can always bet on baths and tombs and aqueducts.

No one knows exactly which of the magnificent baths mentioned in the history of Carthage are to be identified with these. We know that they are not the baths of Gargilius, but we cannot say that they are the baths of Maximian, Theodora, or Thrasamund. Eusebius tells us that in the time of the persecutions thousands of Christians were condemned to the quarries, to provide the materials for these baths.

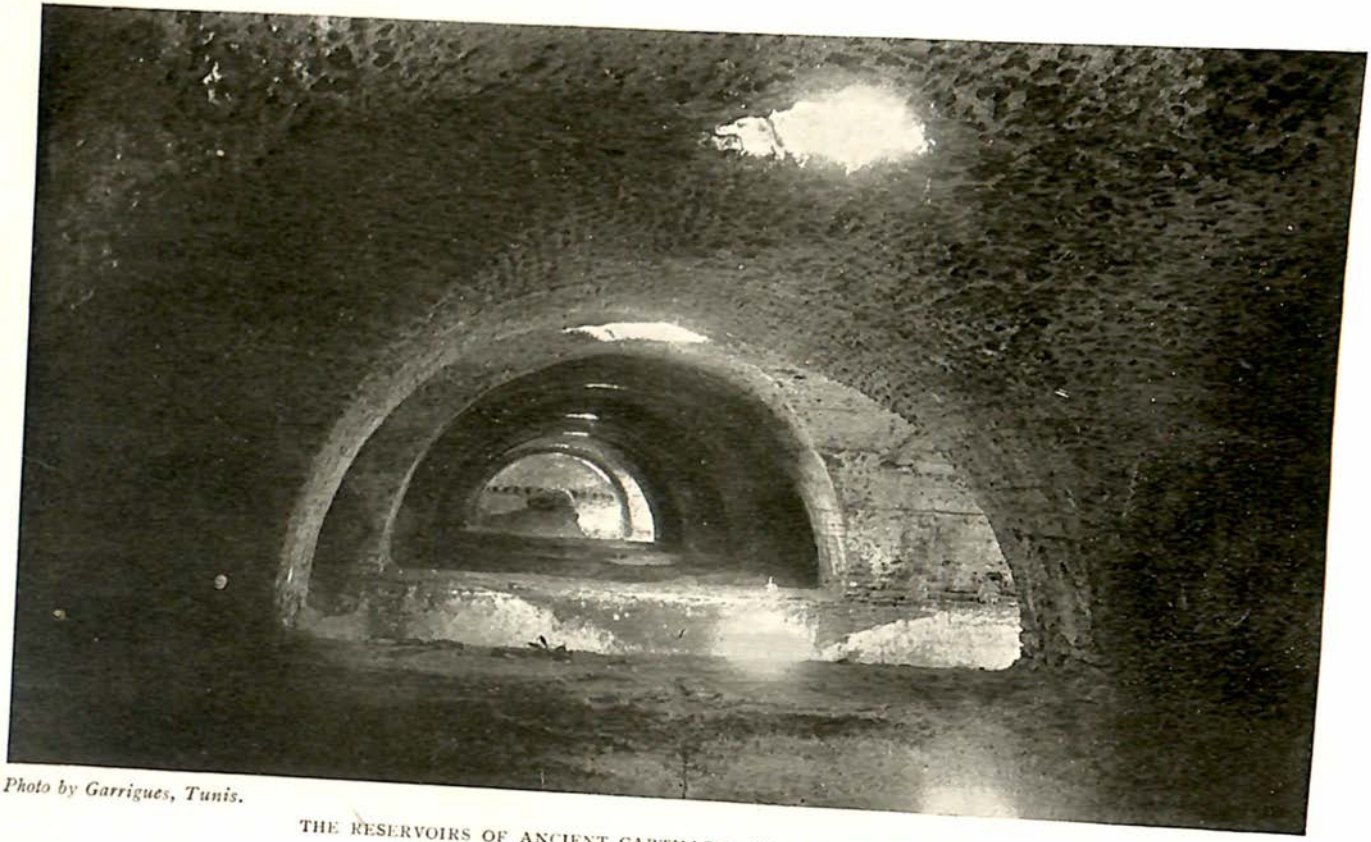


Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

THE RESERVOIRS OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE, NOW RESTORED TO USE.

A passage nearly nine hundred feet long connects them with the cisterns which have been restored. It is above five feet wide and ten feet high, and contains a large leaden conduit. It is lighted by square openings at regular intervals, but about one-third of the roof has fallen in.

Along this passage, at depths of twelve to eighteen feet, twenty Phœnican tombs, hewn entirely out of the rock, have been cleared out by M. Vernaz. They contained about sixty vases of different sizes, numerous lamps of the Punic period, and some pottery of a Corinthian character. M. Beulé says that Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul, who worked so untiringly to preserve the independence of Tunis, excavated a basilica built by the Vandal king Thrasamund here, and sent all its columns of veined marble to England.

One views the restored cisterns with mingled feelings. It is pleasant to think that the tanks that supplied ancient Carthage supply the various Christian institutions which, with hotels, a railway station, and a post-office, constitute modern Carthage ; Sidi-bou-Said, the village which has grown up round the cenotaph of that Mahometan saint, St. Louis ; and the towns at the gates of Carthage. But the tons of plaster puddled over the old cisterns and their vaulted roof have made them look as new as the Château d'Eau of modern Tunis. There is nothing to see in them except eighteen great pools of water, each one hundred

feet long, thirty feet deep, and more than twenty feet wide, with narrow divisions between them and a passage running the whole length on each side.

The water, almost blue enough for the blue grotto of Capri, which is probably a trick of the sunlight admitted through the airholes, contains some fish and a little rubbish of the broken pot order, this last not unconnected, perhaps, with the fact that the caretaker is a Sicilian. The long range of these blue pools is imposing, and it is instructive to compare them with the ruined cisterns near the railway station, which many writers assign to Punic times on the strength of the rainbow-arc vaulting. These cisterns, which make up a good deal of the hovelly hamlet of La Malga, are some of them inhabited by Bedouins, which is perhaps better than being village dust-holes, like the rest.

There are a great many other vaulted cisterns, more or less ruined, situated about the site of Carthage, the most interesting and best-preserved of which is that known as the baths of Dido, which also are possibly Punic *in origin*. They consist now of a nave with two aisles, vaulted. The aisles are divided in two by walls pierced with arches. These baths, which have splendid round vaulting, are of rough masonry covered with plaster that exhibits traces of painting. I don't know if there is any more reason for connecting this vault with the name of Dido than

there is for connecting baths in Sicily with the name of Diana.

Dido was a sort of patron-goddess of Carthage—indeed, the latest opinion inclines to the view that she was a goddess, and nothing more, in which case many romantic tears will have been wasted, for goddesses are perfectly well able to look after themselves in love-affairs; indeed, it is the man who is supposed to have run the risks in these classical morganatic unions.

The domed restorations of ancient cisterns cannot be unpicturesque, lying as they do by the peacock sea, fringed with the two blues of the mountains. If the homely little hotel is well-kept it would be an ideal place to stay at, for you can gaze up at the Byrsa and down at the sea.

We did not linger here, for I was so anxious to get on to the twin ports of antiquity, the round Cothon, which had trireme-docks all round it like the spokes of a wheel, and the rectangular mercantile port beyond.

The Cothon is wonderfully picturesque. It is fringed with palms, and from its placid waters rises the little green isle once occupied by the palace of the Admiral of Carthage. You can see how woefully shrunken are its waters. The cheapest little mosque stands on the spit between it and the mercantile harbour, and beyond the latter, by the sea, is a barrack,

where most afternoons you can see the *fainéant* army of the *fainéant* Bey go through its *fainéant* exercises to barbarous African tumtumming.

You can make nothing of the channel from harbour to harbour, or the channel cut from the war harbour to the sea when Scipio had built his mole across the entrance to the outer harbour. Still less can you trace how any channel could have led from the outer harbour to the sea, for the mole of Scipio has grown into a suburb. We have seen how the secrecy of Carthaginian naval operations was maintained by the war fleet being concealed behind the merchant shipping in the outer harbour and the island at the entrance of the inner harbour.

The Carthaginian suburb of Tænia stretched beyond this along the spit of land which shuts out the sea from the lake of Tunis. On this spit, commanding the channel, stands La Goletta, the mediæval town which was the port of Tunis before the harbour improvements. It has a fort dating back to the great Emperor Charles V., and canals like Venice; but you soon turn your back on this little bit of Italy to return to the bits of Roman and Punic Carthage round the railway station, even if you have exhausted on previous visits the site of the Byrsa, which the White Fathers of the Desert are training the Arabs to call the hill of St. Louis.

We retraced our steps to the harbours, to traverse

in our imagination the route by which the Romans fought their way to the final storming of the citadel. As ever in Carthage, you find yourself in cornfields. A wave of corn has swept over the grave of Dido's city. In the low ground near the harbour is an excavation-trench, which shows some indeterminate building easily to be reconciled with the functions of an Agora. In the story of the final tragedy, we have an Agora at the harbour-head, linked by three steep, winding streets with the citadel on the hill-top. Not a stone remains above the surface of the corn, but the slope, as I have often said, is just like the slope which leads from the sea-gate to the Kasbah of Tunis. One can picture it most naturally.

As you near the hilltop there are some remains of ancient buildings, but they are Christian underground chapels of sorts.

On the top of the hill facing the harbour you have an undoubted classical building. Whether it be a temple of the twelve gods or the palace of a Roman governor, it is Roman, at any rate, and quite a considerable mass of it has been excavated. Near it is the poor little chapel of St. Louis put up by Louis Philippe in a glow of complacency as from one King Louis of France to another, on the land granted by the Mahometan Bey for the purpose. It was commenced in 1841 and consecrated in 1845,

and is well described by the official Guide as small and of mediocre architecture. It is a sort of gingerbread Gothic Arab tomb, bearing the pretentious inscription,

"Louis-Philippe Premier, Roi des Français,
A érigé ce monument
En l'an 1841,
Sur la Place où expira le Roi Saint Louis son Aieul."

The Musée Lavigerie has been described in another chapter, but I must pay my homage here to the gay verdure and eloquent antiquities which greet you on your entrance to the hill of Carthage. The foliage is the foliage of the south, familiar in the Sicilian flora, but the pepper-tree, the eucalyptus, and the oleander checker with their light shade the flat stones which sealed sepulchres of Carthaginians, the sharp-footed amphoræ which held their ashes, columns of weather-stained marble sarcophagi, and the little square stone ossuaries that received the calcined remains of the sacrifices to Moloch. The high wall round that garden is covered with inscriptions of the Church of North Africa.

The loggia in front of the museum is adorned with yet nobler sarcophagi and the two great statues of Abundance and Victory, which are among the most pleasing specimens of Roman sculpture. The chapter on the museum will be found on page 79. Some of the most interesting parts of Roman Carthage

Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

A (BEDOUIN) WOMAN OF CARTHAGE.

lie below the other face of the hill, under the shadow of the cathedral, near the railway station. Here are to be found the amphitheatre, the villa of Scordianus, and the tombs of the officials.

A Bædeker, writing of Carthage, would probably content himself with a bare summary, such as, "The amphitheatre of Carthage is elliptical in form, and of great size." It is very picturesque, although there is little left of it except its columns, with the underground passages in which all amphitheatres deal. A lofty white cross marks the supposed site of the martyrdom of St. Cyprian, and the vaults under the amphitheatre where the martyrs were imprisoned have been turned into chapels, dedicated to St. Perpetua and the martyrs who perished with her.

But this oval of sand, under the shadow of the cathedral of St. Cyprian and St. Louis and the immortal name of Hannibal, is worthier of the brush of a Meissonier than the Colosseum of Rome itself. It was while working in the amphitheatre of Carthage that Tertullian, who made Latin the language of Christianity, himself a priest of Carthage, coined his proverb, "Sanguis Martyrum Semen Christianorum" (The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians)—meaning, perhaps, not only that Christianity is propagated by the blood of martyrs, but that, with martyrdom to propagate Christianity, Christians should be celibates.

The ruins of the amphitheatre of Carthage are so

low that at first they seem to have perished as completely as those of the Circus Maximus at Rome or the Stadium at Athens, leaving but a form behind. Yet we can see it is as perfect as it was in the days of the persecutions of Severus, the African emperor,—first because El-Edrisi, the great Arab geographer of King Roger of Sicily, has left us a glowing pen-picture of it; but mostly on account of the light-hearted courage and innocent gaiety with which St. Perpetua, a beautiful young mother of twenty-two, met her death in its precincts. Vibia Perpetua was well named, for her story can never grow old.

The Story of Saint Perpetua

"Perpetua," says old Alban Butler, "had an infant at her breast, was of good family, twenty-two years of age, and married to a person of quality in the city. The father of St. Perpetua, who was a Pagan and advanced in years, loved her more than all his other children."

He besought her with rage and tears to recant. She refused firmly, though she felt pathetically the pain she caused her child and the horrors of the prison. Her brother was imprisoned with her, and one day he said to her:

"Sister, I am persuaded that you are a peculiar favourite of heaven. Pray to God to reveal to

you whether this imprisonment will end in martyrdom or not, and acquaint me of it."

She, knowing God gave her daily tokens of His goodness, answered, full of confidence, "I will inform you to-morrow." She therefore asked that favour of God, and had this vision.

"I saw a golden ladder, which reached from earth to the heavens, but so narrow that only one could mount it at a time. To the two sides were fastened all sorts of iron instruments, as swords, lances, hooks, and knives; so that, if any one went up carelessly, he was in great danger of having his flesh torn by those weapons. At the foot of the ladder lay a dragon of an enormous size, who kept guard to turn back and terrify those who endeavoured to mount it.

"The first that went up was Saturus, who was not apprehended with us, but voluntarily surrendered himself afterward on our account. When he was got to the top of the ladder, he turned towards me and said, 'Perpetua, I wait for you; but take care lest the dragon bite you.' I answered, 'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, he shall not hurt me.' Then the dragon, as if afraid of me, gently lifted his head from under the ladder, and I, having got upon the first step, set my foot upon his head.

"Thus I mounted to the top, and there I saw a garden of an immense space, and in the middle of it a tall man sitting down dressed like a shepherd, having

white hair. He was milking his sheep, surrounded with many thousands of persons clad in white. He called me by my name, bid me welcome, and gave me some curds made of the milk which he had drawn. I put my hands together and took and eat them; and all that were present said aloud, Amen. The noise awaked me, chewing something very sweet. As soon as I had related to my brother this vision, we both concluded that we should suffer death."

Her father came to her once more, and cried:

"Have compassion for your mother and your aunt; have compassion on your child, that cannot survive you. Lay aside this resolution, this obstinacy, lest you ruin us all; for not one of us will dare open his lips any more if any misfortune befall you."

"He took me by the hands at the same time," says Perpetua, "and kissed them; he threw himself at my feet in tears, and called me no longer daughter, but my lady. I confess I was pierced with sharp sorrow when I considered that my father was the only person of our family that would not rejoice at my martyrdom. I endeavoured to comfort him, saying, 'Father, grieve not. Nothing will happen but what pleases God; for we are not at our own disposal.' He then departed, very much concerned."

This was not very comforting after the interpretation she had so complacently put upon her vision. Her father refused to send her infant to the

prison, but "God so ordered it that the child no longer required to suck, nor did my milk incommode me."

Perpetua had other visions, but I prefer to give the story of the childbirth of her fellow-martyr Felicitas.

"Felicitas was eight months with child, and as the day of the shows approached she was inconsolable lest she should not be brought to bed before it came, fearing that her martyrdom would be deferred on that account, because women with child were not allowed to be executed before they were delivered; the rest also were sensibly afflicted on their part to leave her alone in the road to their common hope. Wherefore they unanimously joined in prayer to obtain of God that she might be delivered against the shows.

"Scarce had they finished their prayer, when Felicitas found herself in labour. She cried out under the violence of pain. One of the guards asked her, if she could not bear the throes of childbirth without crying out, what would she do when exposed to the wild beasts? She answered: 'It is I that suffer what I now suffer; but then there will be Another in me that will suffer for me, because I shall suffer for Him.' She was then delivered of a daughter, which a certain Christian woman took care of, and brought up as her own child.

"The day of their triumph being come, they went out of the prison to go to the amphitheatre. Joy sparkled in their eyes, and appeared in all their gestures and words. Perpetua walked with a composed countenance and easy pace, as a woman cherished by Jesus Christ, with her eyes modestly cast down; Felicitas went with her, following the men, not able to contain her joy. When they came to the gate of the amphitheatre, the guards would have given them, according to custom, the superstitious habits with which they adorned such as appeared at these sights. For the men, a red mantle, which was the habit of the priests of Saturn; for the women, a little fillet round the head, by which the priestesses of Ceres were known.

"The martyrs rejected these idolatrous ceremonies; and, by the mouth of Perpetua, said they came hither of their own accord on the promise made them that they should not be forced to anything contrary to their religion. The tribune then consented that they might appear in the amphitheatre habited as they were. Perpetua sang, as being already victorious; Revocatus, Saturninus, and Saturus threatened the people that beheld them with the judgments of God; and as they passed over against the balcony of Hilarion, they said to him: 'You judge us in this world, but God will judge you in the next.'

"The people, enraged at their boldness, begged

they might be scourged, which was granted. They accordingly passed before the Venatores, or hunters, each of whom gave them a lash: They rejoiced exceedingly in being thought worthy to resemble our Saviour in His sufferings. God granted to each of them the death they desired; for when they were discoursing together about what kind of martyrdom would be agreeable to each, Saturninus declared that he would choose to be exposed to beasts of several sorts, in order to the aggravation of his sufferings."

The account of Saturus's death ends with the beautiful phrase, "Thus he went forth to wait for Perpetua according to her vision."

"In the meantime, Perpetua and Felicitas had been exposed to a wild cow. Perpetua was first attacked, and the cow, having tossed her up, she fell on her back. Then, putting herself in a sitting posture, and perceiving her clothes were torn, she gathered them about her in the best manner she could, to cover herself, thinking more of decency than her sufferings. Getting up, not to seem disconsolate, she tied up her hair, which was fallen loose; and perceiving Felicitas on the ground, much hurt by a toss of the cow, she helped her to rise. They stood together, expecting another assault from the beasts; but the people crying out that it was enough, they were led to the gate Sanivivaria, where those that were not killed by the beasts were dis-

patched at the end of the shows by the Confectores. Perpetua was here received by Rusticus, a catechumen, who attended her.

"This admirable woman seemed just returning to herself out of a long ecstasy, and asked when she was to fight the wild cow. Being told what had passed, she could not believe it till she saw on her body and clothes the marks of what she had suffered, and knew the catechumen. With regard to this circumstance of her acts, St. Austin cries out: 'Where was she when assaulted and torn by so furious a wild beast, without feeling her wounds, and when, after that furious combat, she asked when it would begin? What did she, not to see what all the world saw? What did she enjoy who did not feel such pain? By what love, by what vision, by what potion was she so transported out of herself, and as it were divinely inebriated, to seem without feeling in a mortal body?' She called for her brother, and said to him and Rusticus, 'Continue firm in the faith, love one another, and be not scandalised at our sufferings.'

"All the martyrs were now brought to the place of their butchery. But the people, not yet satisfied with beholding blood, cried out to have them brought into the middle of the amphitheatre, that they might have the pleasure of seeing them receive the last blow. Upon this, some of the martyrs rose up,

and having given one another the kiss of peace, went of their own accord into the middle of the arena; others were dispatched without speaking, or stirring out of the place they were in. St. Perpetua fell into the hands of a very timorous and unskilful apprentice of the gladiators—who, with a trembling hand, gave her many slight wounds, which made her languish a long time. 'Thus,' says St. Austin, 'did two women, amidst fierce beasts and the swords of gladiators, vanquish the devil and all his fury.'"

The life of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, fell in less barbarous times, though the son over whom she wept and prayed, like Hannah over Samuel in the Bible, died in Hippo, the capital of his episcopal See, holding out unconquerably against the Vandals, who would have been half-forgotten by history if their depredations at Carthage had not made their name a proverb.

The world remembers the name of Monica, the Numidian, better than any of the dashing cavalry generals of Hannibal; but the fragrant memory of St. Perpetua is only kept alive in a catacomb by pious Roman Catholics. Some day, perhaps, another Meissonier will give the world a picture, multiplied into millions by prints and photographs, of Perpetua in the lofty amphitheatre of Carthage, under the fierce African sky, bidding the martyr Felicitas to be of

good cheer with her smiling countenance, and clutching the stained white robe in modesty over the gored bosom.

El-Edrisi, who made the Silver Map of the World for his Norman sovereign, like Homer, napped sometimes, for he says that the amphitheatre was circular, and we know that it was oval, for ancient spade-work cannot lie. But here is the rest of his picture :

"It was surrounded by fifty arcades, each of them 23 feet long. It was about 1,050 feet round. Above each of them there were five rows of arcades one above the other, of the same shape and dimensions, constructed of marbles of incomparable beauty. At the top of each arcade was a circular garland containing different figures and curious representations of men, animals, and ships, sculptured with infinite art. On the whole, one can say that all the other buildings of this sort, even the most beautiful, were nothing in comparison with it."

At each of the extremities under the grand vomitorium was a gate, one called Sanivivaria and the other Mortualis. By the first the combatants retired to whom, by a rarely exercised act of clemency, their lives were given. The Carceres, or prisons, closed by portcullises, were under the podium, or basement, of the auditorium.

It was this amphitheatre which rang with the cruel

cries of "Cyprian to the lions." and "See, they're baptised," when the Christians were drenched in their own blood.

One of the most interesting features of the amphitheatre is the uncleared-up mystery of its destruction. Ibn Ayas, besides various earlier writers, mentions it as being perfect in his day at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is thought that the modern Arabs have been the principal agents in its destruction, who used its stones as a quarry, and were even more attracted by the quantities of copper and lead used in its construction.

Cardinal Lavigerie conceived the idea of acquiring the sacred site, and in the middle of the arena, on the occasion of a penitential pilgrimage in 1887, erected the huge white cross which we now see. The amphitheatre was begun to be excavated in 1881 at the expense of Mr. Hercule Morel, when a subterranean vault, which had been a prison or a den for the wild beasts, was discovered. But the excavations were abandoned owing to the expense. The money to resume them was collected by the Abbé Jaubert.

The whole of the arena has been explored, showing the prisons and subterranean passages, and a cistern. On the level of the arena have been traced the arches which connect with the stage; the "pont," mentioned in the martyrdom of St. Perpetua; the facing of the podium; the steps divided off into

classes; the marble seats reserved for persons of senatorial rank; the staircases of the vomitories, adorned with dolphins, pieces of fretwork, columns and capitals and a statue of Diana. There has been found also, in the little axis, a postern which could be used for the entrance or exit of the corpses of gladiators or the condemned. It opened on a passage which led to the Cemeteries of the Officials. The official Guide says it may have been the Porta Libitinalis. An immense number of objects have been discovered here, largely pagan, Jewish, Christian, and Arab lamps. The trench in the arena which connects with the subterranean passages yielded not only money, pottery, gilt, glass, rings, nails, and so on, but fifty-five thin sheets of lead inscribed with imprecations similar to those found in the Cemeteries of the Officials. More than two hundred inscribed stones were also found here.

The prison under the arena discovered in 1881 has been transformed into a chapel. It has been paved with white marble and provided with an altar made from yellow marble slabs brought from the temple of Æsculapius, supported by two pieces of vert-antique columns from the ancient Christian basilica of Damous-el-Carita, where they carried the ciborium of the altar.

One column bears the word "Evasi," supposed to have been carved by a Christian who had escaped from the mouths of the wild beasts. A double gate of

iron crosses the entry above, in which is placed the inscription, "Memoria S.S. Perpetuæ, Felicitatis, et Sociorum Martyrum Carthaginiensum ubi passi sunt."

Less than half a mile from the amphitheatre are the remains of a vast circus or racecourse, seven hundred yards long and a hundred yards wide. The spina here consists of a long low wall dividing up the circus for more than half its length. It contains the ruins of a building which may have been stables. The railway cuts it.

North Africa was always famous for its horses, and during the Roman epoch the circus was used for gladiatorial spectacles. The execration tablets now in the museum calling on the gods to paralyse their rivals, which are alluded to in another chapter, were found here, and this is where Alypius of Tagaste led the betting career which so pained St. Augustine, even in his "wrecker" days.

The Villa of Scorpianus is the name attached to a large Roman house near here. It has a very large impluvium basin about twenty feet long by fifteen wide, and extensive remains of the apparatus for warming the baths of the house. The magnificent mosaics and mural paintings which were found here have been removed to the Lavigerie Museum. The house received its name from an inscription found in it—"Scorpianus in adamatu."

As it stands in a sort of pit it is not so interesting

as the great Roman house near the theatre. The so-called Cimetières des Officiales, near the amphitheatre, are the graves of the officers of the imperial household employed at Carthage.

The ancient Romans were, like the modern Sicilians, in the habit of forming burying guilds and clubs to pay for the funerals and interments of their members. Even slaves had their burial-guilds. Probably the procedure was very similar to that of those of to-day, who buy a piece of ground for tombs and have a chapel. Modern Palermo is rich in them.

At Carthage, fortunately, unlike Sicily, a vast number of burial-tablets have been found, though the multitudinous niches of Syracuse have hardly yielded one. From them we know whether the graves contained a tabularius, a librarius, a notarius, a pædagogus, a mensor, an agrarius, a cursor, a pedisequus, a soldier, a doctor, a philosopher, a nurse, or a dancer. Out of 584 epitaphs found here, nearly 250 belonged to slaves.

The Arabs call the place Bir-el-Djebbana, and the cemeteries, oddly enough, form part of the grazing ground of an Arab farm, but they do not seem to be suffering any injury.

The tombs in these cemeteries exhibit a very curious feature—they all of them have little holes on the top to receive the libations to the dead. The tombs are altar-shaped, made of stone covered with plaster, very much decorated with capitals, little columns, garlands,

Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

DRAWING WATER IN THE CIMETIÈRE DES OFFICIELS AT CARTHAGE.

birds, flowers, funerary spirits, and so on, in colour, and many of them support an urn. Under these urns have been found a quantity of pottery, terra-cotta, figurines, copper and ivory pins, glass, tear-bottles, and of course endless lamps, the interesting feature of which is that at least a hundred of them bear the potteries' mark. The epitaph was generally found engraved on a marble tablet let into the face of the tomb. The tombs are about a yard and a half long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

It was in the Cimetières des Officiales that we saw one of the oldest operations in the world going on. A yoke of oxen kept walking down a little hill, straining at ropes which passed over a framework about six feet high, consisting of a pole laid across the top of two tree-stumps, strengthened by a crossbar a little lower. These ropes pulled up enormous leather buckets holding about a barrel of water apiece, which, when they neared the top, tilted themselves into a trough automatically. The natural mechanics employed in this process were perfect. It was a triumph of poise and calculation; and the gushing of the water from those tilted buckets in a thirsty land was delicious. They supplied the water of the little farm, in which those Cemeteries of the Officials lay, and I doubt not that the same well, worked in the same way, was yielding its fruitful waters before one of these graves was dug.

It only remains here to describe the much-discussed

cisterns of La Malga, which are on the other side of the railway station, going towards Sidi-bou-Said. The village of La Malga is mostly in these enormous cisterns, of which there is an immense range variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty. The official Guide gives their dimensions as one hundred and thirty paces long by twenty-six wide. They are built of rough stone, and have round barrel roofs. Local opinion is in favour of their being considered of Punic construction; but scientific opinion inclines to the theory that in Punic times they formed one vast cistern, which was divided up by party walls and roofed over with the splendid rainbow arc vaulting by the Romans. These are the so-called greater cisterns, and show what the restored cisterns down by the shore were like before the French reconverted them to their original use, just as the restored cisterns give a very fair idea of what these were like in imperial times. The official Guide quotes a description of them by El-Edrisi:

"Among the curiosities of Carthage are the cisterns, of which the number mounts to twenty-four in one straight line. The length of each is one hundred and thirty paces, the width twenty-six. They are surmounted by cupolas, and in the partitions which separate one from the other are openings and conduits adapted to the passage of the water. The whole are arranged geometrically with much skill."

The Bedouins use them, as their Sicilian cousins use the tombs and caves round Syracuse, to live in themselves, as well as to house their flocks. In Carthaginian times they depended on the rainfall, but the Emperor Hadrian connected them with the water-shed of Zaghouan and Dougga by an aqueduct one hundred and twenty-eight kilometres long, which tunnels through hills and is carried over valleys on a superb series of arches, considered to be the finest piece of Roman engineering in North Africa. Much of it still exists. With a bold military conception he left the water-works outside the city wall, lest a besieging force should use it as a bridge to assault the walls. The walls commanded the cisterns, and the drinking-supply of the citizens was further secured by a strong tower.

Probably so sagacious a man as Hadrian was aware that an enemy would cut the aqueduct long before it reached the city, but one does not see why he should not have left the cisterns inside the walls, and allowed the water to flow into them by pipes at a lower level, too small to admit of their being entered by a storming party, as the allies entered Peking in the late war. One is told the usual story about a conduit from the cisterns which could turn the amphitheatre into a Naumachia, or tank for sham sea-fights. The aqueduct, which was restored at an initial expense of three millions, now feeds the Château d'Eau—in plain language the waterworks of Tunis. The part

which crossed the isthmus of Carthage is quite destroyed, though traces of it exist right across the plain.

The cross near the cisterns on the little hill above the road from La Goletta to La Marsa was erected by Cardinal Lavigerie. It is called by the guides the Cross of St. Cyprian. The Arab name given in the official handbook is Koudiat-Soussou. It marks the approximate site of the saint's tomb. We are told that after his martyrdom he was buried near the road of the Mapalia, in the area of the Procurator Macrobus, *juxta piscinas—i.e.* near the reservoir.

CHAPTER V

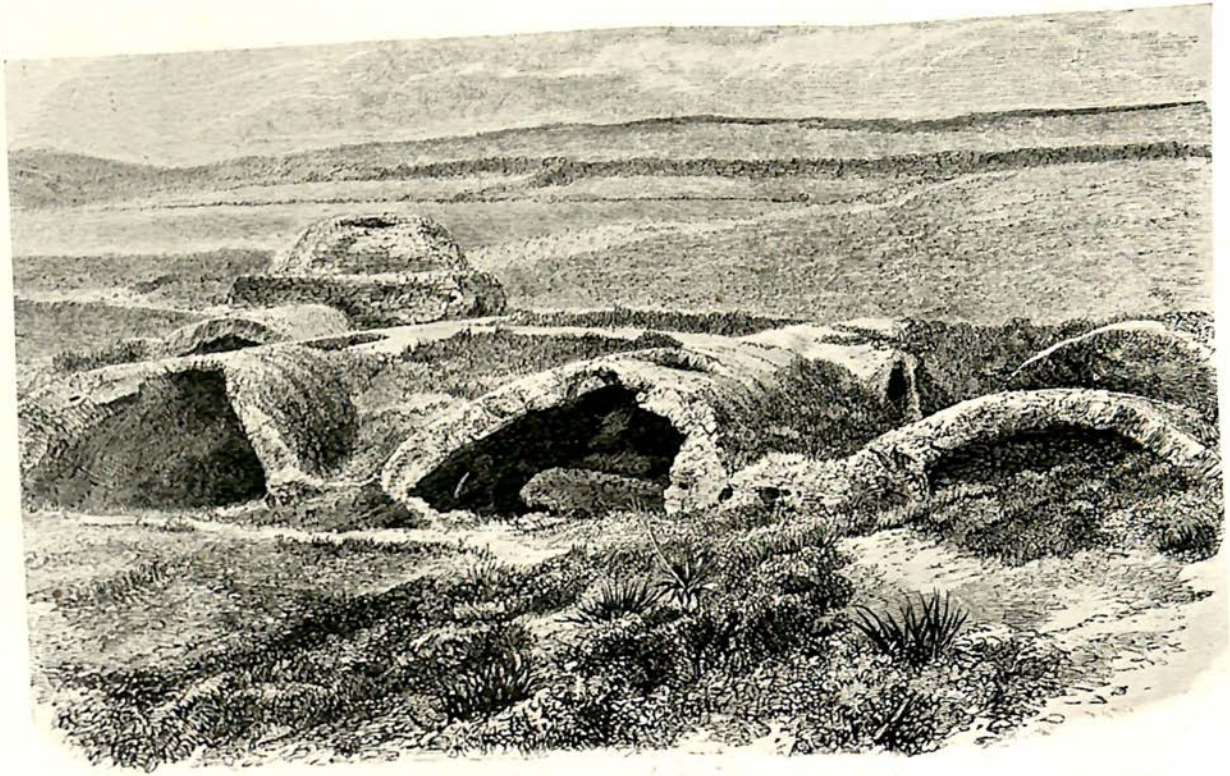
THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS ENVIRONS

THE Guide written by the White Fathers of the Desert sees, in the hill which the ancients called the Byrsa and the French call the hill of St. Louis, a place naturally impregnable. I cannot see it in this light. It appears as moderately defensible a position as one of the city-states, which were a feature of the antique world as they were of mediæval Italy, could choose with any ease of conscience; for it is of no great height (only one hundred and eighty-eight feet), and slopes gently down to the sea not much over a quarter of a mile away, and it is distinctly commanded by the greater height and natural strength of Sidi-bou-Said.

Be that as it may, I feel sure, for the reasons given above, that this was the Byrsa of Carthage, and equally certain that the name is Phœnician, signifying a hill, and not Greek, signifying an ox-hide—in spite of the legend of Queen Dido's buying as much land as could be covered by an ox-hide, and then cutting the ox-hide into strips.

For a hill of the gods, exempted by sanctity from invasion, the Byrsa was an ideal location. It stands almost in the centre of the sea-face of the peninsula of Carthage, five hundred yards from the sea : not a natural Acropolis—its crown is too low, its sides neither rocky nor steep ; but unsurpassed as a site for noble public buildings, and a point for noble views. That it had glorious temples both in Punic and Roman times we are aware. The Romans, at any rate, had temples of Memory, Concord, and Victory, as well as those of Æsculapius and Juno and the Capitoline Jove, the last believed to have stood where the cathedral stands to-day.

Where the chief temples of the Punic gods, Baal and Ashtaroth and Eshmun, the Carthaginian Æsculapius, stood, the ablest critics dispute ; but it is clear that the Byrsa must have contained one or more of the lordliest temples. There are no buildings now visible on it which can be attributed to the Punic epoch. The only ancient buildings which strike the eye are the ruin of the Capitoline temple in the clump of eucalyptus to the right of the cathedral, the portion of the citadel wall on the west angle of the hill, and the so-called Palace of the Proconsul in the garden of the museum. But there are various remains of walls and cisterns, to be found by those who look for them, and the underground chapels on the east side of the hill which I have mentioned in an earlier



THE RAIN-WATER CISTERNS OF LA MALGA, LONG THE OLDEST-KNOWN BUILDINGS OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

chapter. To make up for this there are magnificent Punic tombs under the hill.

In ancient times the view from the Byrsa must have been incomparable, for not only were there the sweeping views of summer lands and seas, the glory of lake and island, mountain, cliff, and bay which sate the eyes of the proud Frenchmen and thrill visitors of to-day, but one of the richest and most beautiful cities of the world spread like a banquet before the eyes, as only Constantinople of the world's great capitals spreads all its wealth of beauty before you to-day.

The Carthaginian of Hamilcar's day, walking on the eastern parapet of the citadel, turning to his right, would have looked down on the war-harbour, with its Ionic arcades, each containing a trireme ready to drop from it fully armed, as Minerva sprang from the forehead of Jove. Beyond it lay the long harbour from which the Indiamen of Carthage issued to gather spices and precious metals, the forerunners of Venice and Spain and England. Inside the mouth of the war-harbour rose the lofty palace of the Lord Admiral, veiling the operations of the war-fleet till it passed in state through the merchant harbour to the open sea.

In its natural place between the harbours and the citadel was the Agora, the market and exchange where the richest city of antiquity carried on the vast

operations of its commerce; and, beyond that, temples and palaces encroached on each other, till they came to the stupendous city wall washed by the lake of Tunis, which was crowded with shipping from almost every port in the classical world, for the merchant harbour could never have contained more than a tithe of the shipping of Carthage, and the lake, with its low spit dividing it from the open sea, was the kind of harbour which the ancients, with their skill in portaging quite large vessels, knew how to turn to the best account.

If he turned to the left just inside the great sea-wall he would see a whole suburb of baths and cisterns, worth more than gold in that thirsty land, and stretching as far as the city of the dead under the pharos on Cape Carthage; while turning northwards he would find himself confronted by a hill covered by the most magnificent of the temples, even if it as yet contained no predecessor of the great Roman theatre whose ruins yield such precious spoils to-day.

From the western parapet, standing in front of the temple from whose foundations rises the primatial cathedral, his eye would fall on the vast cisterns of La Malga, the gigantic triple wall, and Tunis, a city before Carthage.

In Roman times the spectacle would have been richer, for the Carthaginians were no builders compared with the Romans, and Carthage, even as a sub-

ject city, was held the rival of Rome for wealth and splendour. The temples were multiplied. There were superb buildings for spectacles, like the odeon and the theatre, the amphitheatre and the circus maximus, besides the forum and the stately aqueduct.

I have said nothing yet of the views by land and sea from the hill of Carthage, which are not to be rivalled even by the views of Naples; for grant that the flamingo-haunted lake of Tunis, with the rifted mountain Bou-Cornein, the African Vesuvius, and the mountains of Zaghouan, soaring just like Monte S. Angelo above Sorrento, lack the majesty and expansiveness of the bay of Naples, they have a glory of indigo and rosè at morning and evening which Italy cannot paint upon its atmosphere, unsensitised by desert sand. And while Naples and her daughter towns add nothing to the landscape, white Tunis, with its domes and minarets hanging on the hill between the lake of Tunis and the lagoon of Sebkhet-el-Sebjoumi, has the mystical grace of the Orient. It is odd that, though to us Tunis is "the Gate of the Orient," to the Arab poets it is always "the flower of the Occident." There are blue islands to break its sea-scapes, like Capri; and the tongues of land which sever lake from sea and channel from shallow give the waters of Tunis a quaintness all their own. On one side of the channel between lake and sea stands

the ancient town of La Goletta, on the other the yet more ancient town of Maxula, and modern Radès, while in the distance rises the lofty head of Cap Bon, the Promontory of Mercury in the days when Scipio sailed into the lake of Tunis.

* * * * *

The cathedral stands facing Tunis, on the site, it is said, of the temple of the Capitoline Jove. I suppose there are pious Catholics who thrill with pleasure when they see this white temple of Christianity rising on the skyline of the citadel of Carthage. It certainly serves to indicate the site even better than a lighthouse, but I feel its presence to be a sacrilege, for two reasons—it conceals the contour of the Carthaginian Acropolis, and it prevents excavations on one of the most interesting sites in the world. As a building it is not quite handsome enough in a land where white plaster arcades—and, for the matter of that, white marble—are relatively cheap.

However, one must remember that it was built more with hearts than hands. The stones are cemented with sentiment. It is the monument of the work of the great Cardinal Lavigerie. Lavigerie has been blamed as an instrument of the French occupation of Tunis. He was not a man of the same delicate sensibility as, shall we say, Cardinal Newman, but he

was a great man. He was fired with a zeal to make Christianity cross the desert as it did in the days of Augustine. He was fired with a desire to restore the primatial see of Carthage, once upon a time second only to the papal see at Rome; and he longed to see the glories of Carthage restored under the flag of France. While carrying out these aims, he exercised a widespread benevolence and charity.

Nor is this all. His desire that Carthage should be restored to France was not only due to a patriotic desire to extend the influence of France, but also to the fact that the saintly Louis IX., one of the most Christlike of all kings and the special saint of France, met his death at Carthage.

The Cardinal was ably backed up by Count Raymond de Buisseret, who collected from the descendants of the French crusaders the large sum of money requisite for the erection of the cathedral. The interior is covered with the escutcheons of the donors, bearing beneath them the names of the proudest nobles and gentry in France. The idea was most poetical, as well as appropriate, and the effect is thrilling. It was in 1870 that Cardinal Lavigerie consecrated this cathedral with the utmost pomp, "as the symbol of the glorious resurrection of the ancient Church of Carthage."

The cathedral is built in the Byzantine and

Moresque style in the form of a Latin cross, and is about one hundred and eighty feet long by ninety feet wide (in the transepts). The façade is flanked by two square towers, united by a gable terminating in an openworked balustrade and pierced with a rose window, behind which hangs a great bell, weighing more than half a ton. The tower on the right encloses a carillon of four bells, in connection with the great bell; their united weight comes to about the same. They were blessed by the Cardinal, who wanted to be the godfather of the principal bell (*bourdon*), to which he gave the name Cyprian-Charles.

The other bells are called, in order of magnitude, Augustine-Fulgentius, Perpetua-Felicitas, Louis, Eugenius, and Deogratias. Underneath the rose window is the inscription carved on white marble in Latin, "No one doubts that from the beginning of the Church of Africa Carthage has had the Primacy"—a quotation from the famous papal bull; and above the central doorway is engraved, "The bishops of Carthage had, since the earliest antiquity, the honour of presiding over the whole of Africa by their primatial powers"—from the same bull.

The grand dome, surmounted by the primatial cross, is about two hundred and eighty feet above sea-level. If you deduct the height of the tower, this of itself proves how low the Byrsa was for a citadel, even

if the slopes had not been so gradual. The dome is surrounded by eight minarets at the intersection of the transepts. Four round towers lead up to the roof. The lower terrace is over the sacristy, the higher above the ambulatory. Both of these roofs, like that of the nave, are surrounded by an openwork balustrade in white Malta stone.

Inside, the cathedral consists of three naves and an ambulatory. Much colour is used. The columns are slender and elegant, with capitals of gilt, and support stilted arches. The ceilings of the side naves, with their projecting beams, and the coffered ceiling of the central nave, are painted in brilliant colours. Above the side naves are galleries which go all round the cathedral, continued behind the choir and over the principal entrance. The escutcheons are grouped round the arches. Above the galleries and all round the nave and choir run the words of Pope Leo IX. (A.D. 1054), reproduced in the bull called the Materna Caritas, by Leo XIII. :

"It is without doubt that after the Roman pontiff the chief Archbishop and Grand Metropolitan of all Africa is the Bishop of Carthage. This prelate cannot be set aside in favour of any Bishop of Africa, whoever he may be, from this privilege which he has received from a Holy Roman and Apostolic see ; but he shall preserve it to the end of his days, and so long as the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ

shall be invoked in Africa, whether Carthage is abandoned or shall rise again to its glory some day."

These words must not be judged without remembering the mortal peril in which the Church of North Africa stood when they were written. It was still existing then, and for five hundred years afterwards, barely tolerated by the Moors, but suffered very severe losses between 1053 and 1073.

The choir is higher than the nave by three steps, terminating in a wall pierced by three arcades and closed on each side by a range of walls. The communion table is in the Moresque style, like the balustrades of the galleries. Under the first arch to the left is the Archbishop's throne, placed on steps covered with cloth of gold and surmounted by a baldachin. The high altar is temporary; it is surmounted by the grand reliquary of St. Louis.

As I have said, the entrails of the saint are kept at the cathedral of Monreale, in Sicily; St. Louis's brother, Charles of Anjou, had them transported there. His bones were kept in France, but part of them were unfortunately dispersed in the revolution of 1793. However, Cardinal Lavigerie was able, with the aid of the ex-king of Naples, to obtain a portion of the relics from Monreale. A reliquary for such a treasure was needed. The same Count Raymond de Buisseret,

who had collected the money from the descendants of the Crusaders for building the cathedral, hit upon the soaring idea of collecting the money for the reliquary from the descendants and heirs of St. Louis. However, there were not enough of them. Other subscribers were allowed to come in, and all their names were written in letters of gold on a black ground, along the sides of the plinth of the reliquary. It is made in the form of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, built by St. Louis himself to receive the sacred relics of the Passion. The two angels represent the genius of religion and the genius of France. The bas-relief on the plinth represents the departure of St. Louis for the Crusades from Aigues Mortes and his last communion at Carthage. It is considered one of the finest modern reliquaries.

The chapel of St. Louis constitutes the east end of the church. In the centre rises a Greek dome. Under the arches right and left burn two lamps of gilt bronze, the gift of the Bishop of Marseilles, who consecrated the altar.

At the end, raised on a couple of steps, is the altar, dominated by a statue of St. Louis. It is at this altar that Cardinal Lavigerie wished the Holy Sacrament to be kept, in remembrance of St. Louis's admirable piety to the Holy Eucharist, and the words full of faith which he uttered when he was dying, before taking his last communion at Carthage. These

words have been placed in letters of gold on the wall. To the left :

VOUS CROYEZ
DEMANDAIT LE CONFESSEUR
DE SAINT LOUIS
EN LUI PRÉSENTANT LA
SAINTE HOSTIE EN VIATIQUE
QUE CE SOIT LÀ LE VRAI CORPS
DE JÉSUS-CHRIST?

And to the right :

OH OUI !
RÉPONDIT LE MONARQUE MOURANT
ET NE LE CROIRAIS MÊME MIEUX
SI JE LE VOYAIS
TEL QUE LES APÔTRES
LE CONTEMPLÈRENT
AU JOUR DE L'ASCENSION.

Near the altar is a reliquary containing the hair-cloth worn next his skin by the royal saint. I was once a professor of history at a university, and in the whole of history, as far as I can remember, I can find no better human being than St. Louis ; his nobility, generosity, utter unselfishness, and quiet courage make a light to lighten the Gentiles, a lamp that can never be extinguished before the altar of God. But he was a bad king. France suffered many and grievous wounds because he put his conscience before his country. Also, one smiles to remember that he went on the Crusade which brought him to his death

at Carthage to fight Mahometans, who may have been good or bad, on behalf of his brother Charles of Anjou, one of the greatest blackguards of the Middle Ages, who tried to wreck the fleet of these very Crusaders on their return to Trapani, that he might plunder the carcasses of their ships. The death of St. Louis will be found in the majestic seventeenth-century words of old Alban Butler, in the chapter on the "Saints of Carthage."

St. Augustine, of course, has an altar in the cathedral, which represents the converted Augustine talking to his mother, St. Monica. The altar and a relic—a piece of the tunic of St. Augustine—were given by Archbishop Barchialla of Cagliari in Sardinia. This has a special appropriateness, apart from the all-prevailing presence of the memory of St. Augustine at Carthage, because the Vandal kings exiled so many saintly Catholics of their African kingdom to Sardinia, among them Fulgentius, the most human figure in the history of the African Church after St. Augustine himself.

As St. Peter lies buried in the heart of St. Peter's, and Nelson in the heart of St. Paul's, Cardinal Lavigerie, the imperial-minded Frenchman who did so much to make Tunisia French and to restore to Carthage the glory of her position in the history of Christianity, lies buried in the heart of the cathedral of Carthage. The primatial church of Africa is

dedicated to St. Cyprian and St. Louis, but it is the cathedral of St. Lavigerie. He could say, like Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's, "Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice!" for all of modern Carthage, except the railway station, the post-office, and the hotels, is the creation of Cardinal Lavigerie and the White Fathers of the Desert created by him.

The whole citadel of Carthage is occupied to-day with the cathedral and the museum, the monastery and the college. I wish that they were elsewhere—at La Marsa, for instance, near the palace of the Archbishop. I cannot but regard these buildings as blots upon the citadel hill, which should have been kept sacred to the memory of Hannibal's Carthage. But this does not prevent one seeing the grandeur and imaginativeness of the work done by the White Fathers in making the graves of Punic Carthage give up their dead—not only the bones of men and women, but the life of the Carthage which Cato urged the Romans to delete from the memory of the world.

There is no more interesting excavation going on than that of ancient Carthage by the *Pères Blancs*. But the importance of their work in this direction is rivalled by that of their work in the desert, where armed missionaries carry the torch of civilisation among the wandering tribes.

The Cardinal is buried in a crypt opposite the

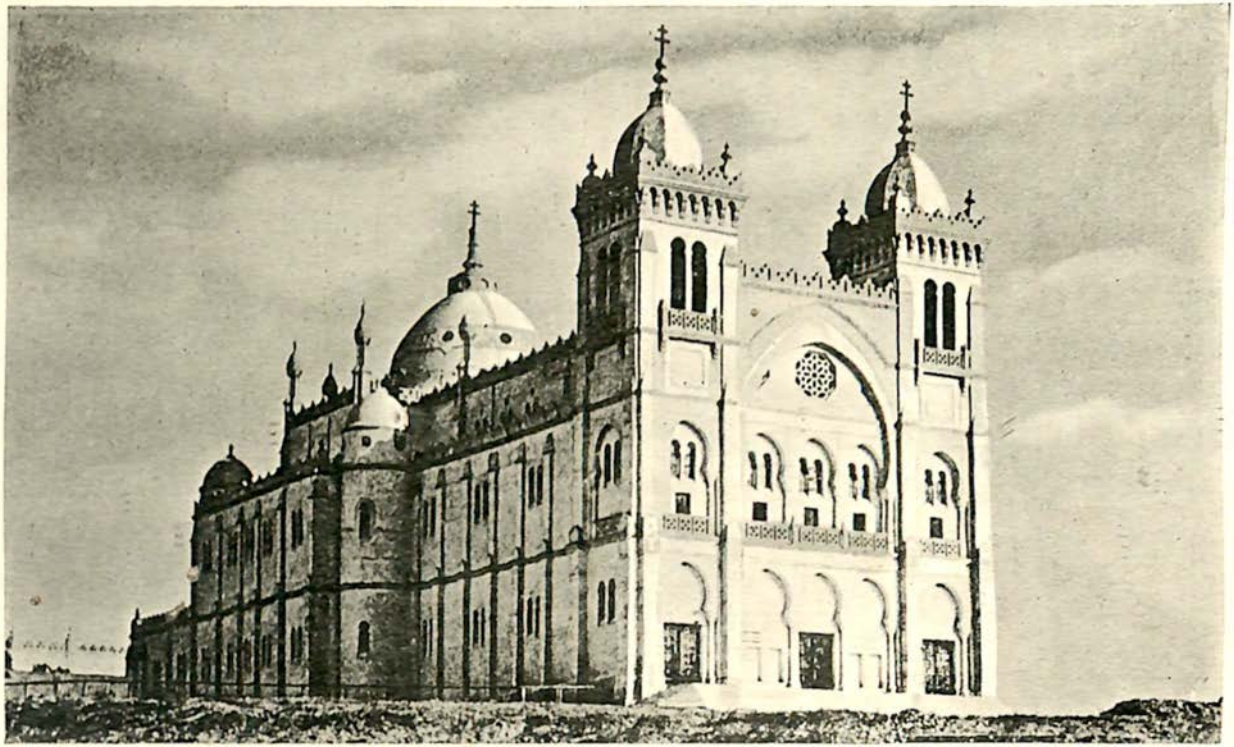


Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. LOUIS AT CARTHAGE.

primatial throne, with every surrounding of ecclesiastical pomp and vanity, and an inscription which sets forth :

"Here, in the hope of infinite mercy, rests Charles Martial Allemand Lavigerie, once S.R.E., a Cardinal-priest, Archbishop of Carthage and Algiers, Primate of Africa; now ashes. Pray for him. He was born at Bayonne, Oct. 31, 1825, and died on Nov. 26, 1892."

Up above, in the cathedral, there is a monument to the Cardinal, in which he reclines on a large altar tomb, surrounded by the usual emblems, such as a negro with broken chains, and kneeling *Pères Blancs*. I could barely look at it; it was a mighty mass of marble, such as one expects for *baroque* Popes and Thackeray's *Four Georges*. It was erected to identify Carthage with this great man and strenuous worker :

"Une table également de marbre blanc, de 2 m. 50 de longueur et de 0 m. 70 de hauteur, supporte le cercueil du Cardinal Lavigerie, composé d'une triple caisse de bois blanc, de plomb et de chêne, tendue à l'extérieur de velours rouge ; six poignées en fonte nickelée, un crucifix de chaque côté, un plus grand crucifix sur le couvercle, et des clous à large tête carrée tout autour, en constituent les seuls ornements. L'intérieur est capitonné de satin rouge. Le cardinal est revêtu d'une soutane rouge, de ses ornements

épiscopaux ; il a la croix pectorale et le pallium ; ses mains jointes sont gantées de rouge avec l'anneau pastoral ; ses pieds sont chaussés de sandales rouges, brodées d'or ; il porte en tête la mitre précieuse."

But you are vexed that it should occupy so much of the cathedral, and that the cathedral should occupy so much of the hill of Carthage. For when you mention the name of Carthage, the image called up before your mind is of one who, to use the words of Horace, raised a monument more enduring than brass, though he lived to see the work of his life tumbled in the dust, and died in exile in a petty court. Hannibal is Carthage.

RCHÆOLOGICAL

CHAPTER VI

THE LAVIGERIE MUSEUM AT CARTHAGE

By E. M. Stevens

THE way to the Lavigerie Museum from the Carthage railway station is bordered in spring by sprouting corn and a wealth of wild flowers. Asphodels lift their classical rose and brown heads to the sun; campions gladden the ground with their vivid pinks. Carthage is haunted by larks. By the time you have reached the Byrsa, the citadel of Dido, the hill on which the *Pères Blancs* have set their somewhat pretentious buildings, you have almost forgotten the dead Carthage in the living. In fact, you do not enter the Lavigerie Museum with what the child called "a museumy feeling." Its sunny arcade, its little warm garden, the songs of the Arabs as they work below, and the intoxicatingly beautiful view from the Byrsa hill, have set your imagination on fire long before you step into the cool rooms where, in neat glass cases, lie whatever the earth has yielded up of a dead city and a dead civilisation.

In the colonnade itself are two surpassingly beautiful

figures—the joyous, strong, motherly young Victory, and the Judith-like figure of Plenty, with her head averted and her cornucopia full, both nine or ten feet high, perfect, and emblematic of the full-blooded young womanhood that Roman Carthage adored. The garden, fragrant with flowers and planted with palms, is a museum in itself. Sarcophagi, inscriptions, ossuaries, fragments of every description line its paths and walls. In the centre of the garden stands the little chapel of St. Louis, to which the devout French pilgrim first turns his steps. The ossuaries which he passes on his way to kneel at this little garden shrine may, some scholars think, have contained the ashes of sacrifices to Moloch, since they were found full of charred ashes and bones, side by side with the remains of people buried in the ordinary way in the Punic necropolis. This, at a period when human sacrifices were so terribly frequent, might mean that the relatives were permitted by the priests of the great brazen god to gather up the ashes of their children when the god's arms had cooled, and place them in the family tomb. For this shameful custom of dropping children and youths, and even maidens, into the hideous red-hot arms of Moloch, through which they rolled down into a furnace, was at its height in the times in which these tombs were hollowed out.

There are Christian relics, too, in this garden—

bas-reliefs from the great basilica, Damous-el-Carita; rude sculptures of the Good Shepherd for whose sake Felicitas and Perpetua rendered themselves up to the wild cow in the amphitheatre not far off; epitaphs in hundreds of priests, deacons, and bishops of the early African Church. The mighty spirit of Tertullian seems to pace with you down these garden paths.

From the colonnade you pass into the museum itself. On your left is the Roman, and on your right are the Crusade and Punic rooms. Full of the Carthage of the Carthaginians, you naturally turn to the last, which contains some of the greatest treasures of ancient art. A father meets you at the door, and, if he is in a polite mood, walks round with you, pointing out this and the other object, this and the other treasure.

They are all dear to his heart, these treasures that the earth has yielded. He thinks of their human origins; he does not forget that the hands that laid this trinket in a child's tomb, or slipped that amulet round a girl's neck, were very tender and gentle, like those which tend the dead to-day. He points you out the dimple in the chin of a figurine; a lovely laughing head of a girl; an exquisite dancing terra-cotta figure; a grotesque representation of a horrible crone; a tress of hair found preserved through the centuries; exquisite intaglios, such as that of the horse

scratching his right ear—a very miracle of delicate art—or that of the dancer, whose limbs are modelled in miniature as scrupulously as though she were life-size.

There is pottery without end, such as squat jars of earthenware, that remind you of the Arab pottery at the Bab-Souika, painted with rough patterns which have survived through the centuries to the decorator of to-day at Tunis. There are rows and rows of goddesses with dull smiles on their mysterious faces, in rough terra-cotta, who have not known the sweetness of worship or offerings for more than two thousand years, and who only for a short time enjoyed the light of the sun in which they were baked, when they were fresh from the hands of the image-makers. There is something that reminds you of the smile of Da Vinci's "La Gioconda" in the expression of these poorly made, uncouth little Punic goddesses, some of which represent Ceres, some Tanit, some perhaps poor Dido. For the most part they have been discovered in tombs where they have guarded the dead for twenty centuries, long after the scarlet wooden coverings of the sarcophagi had rotted into dust and the bones crumbled into powder.

Here is a figure of reddish terra-cotta, for instance, about eighteen centimetres high, representing Tanit, the goddess whose mysterious triangle with extended arms confronts you constantly on stelæ, on amulets,

on lamps, on rings, and on ossuaries. Even yet the Arabs of Tunis regard it as potent against evil spirits, and use it as a charm. The goddess wears a huge headdress like an inverted saucepan without its handle; her curled hair falls heavily on either side of the sleepy, inscrutable face. A double festoon of bosses hangs across her shoulders, and there are earrings in her ears. She is seated, but seems to emerge vaguely from a shell, developed from her draperies, at the bottom of which her feet appear. She is the Syrian Ashtaroth, the "Countenance of Baal," whom the Bible mentions so often; in whose name unmentionable orgies were performed, for she was the goddess of desire and beauty and procreation.

Another figure of Tanit close by catches your eye, a mummy-like figure whose robes and veil fall straight to her feet. She presses the lunar disc to her breast; her eyes are drooped, her mouth is smiling as if at some secret jest that she can share with no one. You will meet with her again when you look at the votive stelæ: in one she stands with arched wings and bared breasts below the sign of the open hand, bearing the lunar disc, just above the dedicatory inscription; while below that again are two doves. Sometimes the full disc is varied by a crescent, sometimes by a dove, recalling the divine Semiramis, who was daughter of Derceto of Ascalon.

But the amulets bring you into closer touch than anything else with these dead and gone Phœnicians. There are whole necklaces of them, some of evidently Egyptian origin, such as the jolly-looking god Bès, the cynocephalus, the uræus, the cat, and the mysterious "eye of Osiris," very like the painted eye to be seen to-day on the prow of Sicilian boats. Others are familiar to you as well, if you have sojourned for any length of time in Sicily or Tunis—the crocodile, the sow, the fish, the triangular sign of Tanit, the wheel-cross, the bear, the porcupine, the open hand, the closed hand, the acorn, tablets pierced with three or with seven holes, cones, discs, conventional roses like the Japanese chrysanthemum, crosses, stars, cocks, and heads of various animals. They are usually made of a fine white terra-cotta, glazed with transparent varnish or thin bluish-green enamel, or of bone; though some are of ivory, alabaster, and jade, and may have been worn next the heart of a great Carthaginian dame of the time of Hannibal.

There are many things beside the amulets that seem to breathe the personality of the dead and gone women of Carthage. There are golden necklaces and pendants, of workmanship so fine that it might put some of our goldsmiths to shame. Some of the necklaces are of opaque glass beads, gaudily coloured. The gold earrings are sometimes of the intricate pendant pattern affected by our grandmothers; there are gold

bracelets, fibulæ, and rings of gold and bronze and iron and lead. There is a tress of a woman's hair which Time has forgotten to destroy; there are unguent and perfume boxes, often of alabaster like Mary Magdalene's, for we know from Pliny that alabaster was supposed to have properties which preserved the sweetness of perfumes. There is even a rouge-box, in which the red pigment still lies at the bottom. It reminds you of Jezebel of Tyre, who looked out of the window, to mock her enemy, with a painted face, for she too was connected with Carthage; Dido was her great-great-niece, and the gods she worshipped were those that Dido brought with her to her city on the Byrsa. There are pins, combs, graven mirrors, and other trinkets and gewgaws, some of them singularly like those that women use in the twentieth century.

These Carthaginians even used spectacles, for what other use can be attributed to the two crystal discs, concave on one side and flat on the other, found in one tomb in the Punic necropolis? If the Etruscans stopped their teeth with gold, as we know they did from a skull preserved in a museum at Rome, and the Carthaginians wore spectacles, not much more can surprise us, archæologically speaking. There is incense, of which a portion when burnt exhaled a goodly smell; there are marvellously engraved signets, and useful articles of daily domestic use, such as spoons

and platters, shovels and shears; there are nails so long and ferocious that you can well believe the tale of Sisera in the Bible, or the stories of crucified African lions which travellers to Carthage in classical times brought back with them. In one tomb they were found in such a way as to suggest that the dead man had suffered crucifixion, for of course the Carthaginians, like the Romans, used this form of putting criminals to death.

The razors deserve special notice. They are shaped like a paper-knife, an inch wide and four inches long, expanded at one end into a sort of round spade, and narrowed at the other into a flamingo's neck and bill to form the handle. The flamingo, which haunts the lake of Tunis, must have suggested their peculiar form. They are elaborately engraved, sometimes with Egyptian deities and symbols, sometimes with the sacred fish, sometimes with lotus-flowers and birds. They are on the principle of our Safety Razor, and do not look as if they ever could have been sharp.

There are dice, too, like ours, which shows that the Carthaginian, like the modern Tunisian, loved games of chance. The masks are among the most curious objects in the whole room. The eyes are often painted in with exaggerated eyebrows, and one, of a very Jewish-looking old man with a carefully trimmed beard, has a ring both in his right ear and his nose (the *nezem*). Prior

Photo by an amateur.

BEAU IDEAL OF A CARTHAGINIAN WOMAN—SARCOPHAGUS OF THE PRIESTESS OF TANIT IN THE CARTHAGE MUSEUM.

to the discovery of this mask it was believed that only women wore this doubtfully attractive ornament; but this mask proves that men indulged in it as well. Semitic noses were peculiarly fitted for it.

The terra-cotta figurines have several cases to themselves. They vary very much: some are archaic and mysterious; others show Egyptian origin or influence; there are others, again, which in their divine grace and fresh gaiety recall the Tanagra figurines of the Louvre and South Kensington Museum; girls in natural attitudes whose hair is dressed on the top of their heads in the fashion of to-day; dancers, old men, and grotesque old women; and exquisite heads as piquante and modern-looking as if they had been modelled from Gibson girls of the twentieth century. They are wistful and roguish, sleepy and disdainful, innocent and coquettish. You never grow tired of looking at them.

One terra-cotta is brilliantly coloured, and represents a Cupid lying in a kind of vessel or little boat. He is lying on his stomach, and one arm is thrown carelessly over the edge of the bark. His head is covered with curly hair of a reddish chestnut colour; his eyes are almost closed. A bright blue covering is thrown across his legs; his body is coloured pink, and his finely modelled wings are white. He is an engaging little person,

and the centuries have dealt lightly with his gay colours.

And there are cases of glass vessels, iridescent as dragon-flies' wings, gleaming with prismatic blue and green, rose and orange, silver and gold; but above all, blue and green—the fairy work of the earth, their custodian, which has transmuted them into rainbows during their sojourn in its custody, rainbows pent within lovely shapes.

Then the father leads you up to the end of the room.

"Voici la fleur de la collection," he says lovingly; and as you lift your eyes to the wall you are for the moment speechless at a beauty beyond words. As if walking out of the sarcophagus-lid towards you is a woman whose dignity and grace are something more than human. She is so stately, so perfect. She is clothed in a long tunic, and from her hips to her feet are folded two great wings, painted and gilt. The little feathers are indicated by red marks, the larger plumes by golden lines on a dark blue ground. These wings cross each other in such a way as to give the lower part of the body the appearance of a fish's tail. Her bare feet, modelled with exquisite care, appear beneath her wings. Her tunic, still of a faintly rosy colour, is gathered into a gilded belt below her breasts, leaving soft folds to right and left.

Photo by an amateur.

BEAU IDEAL OF A CARTHAGINIAN MAN—SARCOPHAGUS OF THE PRIEST OF TANIT IN THE CARTHAGE MUSEUM.

Her right arm is encircled by a gilded bracelet; the left arm is bent. With the one hand she holds a dove, with the other a sacrificial vase. Her head bears an Egyptian headdress or *klaft*, surmounted in the Greek fashion by a *stéphané*, the front part of which is ornamented by a hawk with painted eyes and a curiously vigilant expression. A few regular little curls escape from the hood, which falls to her shoulders and ends in conventional tabs. In her ears are pendants in the form of elongated cones, suspended from a disc and terminating in little balls. The *klaft* has been painted and gilded like the rest, but almost all traces of colour have disappeared.

The face itself, with its broad forehead, small, firm mouth, and clear honesty of expression, rivets your attention. With all its resplendent youth, it seems symbolic of the dignity of womanhood.

But the father is directing you to look at something, and you follow his pointing finger. Beside you, in a horizontal position, lies the sarcophagus which the effigied lid you have been looking at covered. Only dust and a few brown bones and the skull are left, and the father, with a trace of triumph in his tone, says, "*Voici la belle prêtresse aujourd'hui!*" It is her "*Sic transit gloria.*" The skull is not of a woman in the pride of youth, but of a very old woman, whose molar teeth are all gone. Was the effigy on the lid of her sarcophagus a representation

of her as she was in her golden youth, or is it an ideal figure of the goddess Tanit whom she served? Who can tell?

Facing her sarcophagus, against the opposite wall, is the lid of the sarcophagus which was found with it, bearing the image of a man with lifted hand and sacrificial box. As they were discovered side by side it has been conjectured that this priest and priestess of Tanit were husband and wife. The father takes pleasure in believing it. "It is not difficult," he says maliciously, "to see which of these two was the ruling spirit. This priest, he is an easy-going, pleasant man; but regard the chin and eyes of the wife! *Quelle femme!*"

Although, as the father remarks, the priest is gentle-looking, he lacks none of the dignity proper to his priesthood. Like the priestess, he bears a sacrificial box, but his right hand is lifted with the open palm towards you, the attitude in which most priests on the sarcophagi are portrayed. His eyes are singularly lifelike; they are coloured. His beard is curled, and his thick, waving hair is encircled by a fillet. In his left ear is a gilded earring. He wears a long tunic, shoes on his feet on which some traces of colour have been preserved, and over his left shoulder an over-toga, the insignia of his rank.

Both his sarcophagus and that of the priestess are pierced near the head by a hole large enough

to admit a hand, the work of the robbers who removed all the valuables from the tombs. The robe of the priest is reddish, but this may be due to the red wooden coffin by which the sarcophagus was originally covered. Red was the fashionable colour for coffins with the Phœnicians.

Though not approaching the sarcophagus of the priestess in startling beauty, the sarcophagus of the Carthaginian lady near it is very gracious. She is sculptured in high relief, and is dressed in a thin, clinging material like *crêpe-de-chine*, which falls into fine creases, wrinkles, and folds. Her face has been a little mutilated, but its comeliness is considerable. Her hair is waved and parted in the middle, her head is a little on one side. A veil falls from her head to her feet, and with a graceful and modest gesture she is drawing it aside. Her right arm is bent across her body, the hand resting on the right hip. Though this figure has not the imprint of divinity like the priestess of Tanit, it is noble and attractive, very womanly and human.

As soon as you can induce yourself to say good-bye to the Punic Room, you pass along to the end of the colonnade and enter the Roman Room, without waiting to look at the modern frescoes of the Room of St. Louis; they are not attractive as works of art, and you have no time to spare.

The first thing that strikes you as you enter is

that the early Christians were very extravagant in the matter of lights. There are rows upon rows of earthenware lamps; not of the pinched saucer pattern of the Punic epoch, but the ordinary catacomb lamp of which you can buy cheap forgeries on the Capitol steps at Rome. Many are stamped with the cross, the fish, and the dove, which are no longer the mystic signs of Tanit, but the symbols of the passion and name of Christ.

Sometimes the designs are of the rudest, sometimes they are highly finished. But not content with borrowed symbolism, these early Christians moulded into their lamps scenes from the Bible. From the Old Testament they took such subjects as Abel sacrificing; the two spies bringing back the bunch of grapes from the Promised Land; Jonah vomited up by the whale; the two Hebrews before the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; the three children in the burning fiery furnace; and Daniel in the lions' den. And from the New they took Christ bearing His Cross, or treading the devil underfoot, or carrying the reversed seven-branched candlestick. Of these lamps, some are exquisitely funny to the irreverent—such, for example, as the whale getting rid of Jonah, which is not like a whale at all, but a silly-season sea-serpent. The lamp of the three children in the furnace has likewise its humours; the three little mannikins who represent the

unfortunate Hebrews are straddling forlornly almost their own height above the flames, and the angel, whose humpty-dumpty head and wings are almost as big as the rest of his body put together, wears a kind of kilt. Other lamps bear the rude imprints of lions, stags, pelicans, the eucharistic symbol, the palm-tree, the vine, the chalice, the letter I, and other Christian emblems.

There are an infinity of Christian relics in this room—crosses, inscriptions, rings graven with sacred anagrams, episcopal signets, intaglios with Christian emblems, bas-reliefs of the Good Shepherd (that tenderest of all Christian symbols), stamped bricks, and graven ivories. And you can spell out epitaph after epitaph if you care to do so, of priests, bishops, deacons, readers, and all the hierarchy of the early Church, together with a number of their lay flock, whose names are followed by the words "*Fidelis in pace*," the watchword of Christian Carthage.

As you look at them you remember again the story of St. Felicitas and St. Perpetua, the poor slave and the delicately nurtured lady, who met their deaths so bravely and modestly; of St. Monica and her prayers, and of St. Augustine in his wild days, careering about the streets of Carthage with the "Wreckers," but in his heart already hungering after the God of his mother. The fragrant piety of these early devotees seems to speak to you with a kind

of reproach. Your enthusiasm has been given to the treasures of pagan art, and these coarse little representations of Christian artificers have only made you smile. To the devout pilgrim, who comes to Carthage, not to see the pagan beauty of the priestess of Tanit, but to kneel at the shrine of St. Louis and to offer up prayers on the very spot where the blood of the martyrs was shed, this room must seem unspeakably sacred.

Of pagan Carthage in the Roman epoch there is much. Besides the Abundance and the Victory which face each other in the colonnade, and the statues of Ceres and of Æsculapius, there are a number of mutilated figures—a fine torso of Bacchus, another of Diana, a Hygeia, a Pluto, a head of Octavia, sister of Augustus, and of Augustus himself; heads of Hercules, Ceres, Cybele, and many others. There are three bas-reliefs which you will not pass by—of a matron having her toilet performed by a slave, reading, and spinning with a distaff; and there are good mosaics found in the Villa of Scorpianus. The terra-cotta figurines, too, are interesting, especially an organ and organist of the second century. This organ deprives St. Cecilia of the honour of having been its inventor, for it is in quite an advanced stage of evolution, with its pipes of graduated length, its stops, its sound-board, its case, and its barrel-like reservoirs for air or water on either side. On a

sort of pedal between these reservoirs or bellows sits the organist; but his whole upper body, together with his hands and arms, has disappeared, so that we can never know what this miniature musician was like.

The lamps of the first period are much the finest, and the little designs sculptured on them are often spirited enough. One is particularly worthy of note—it represents a Roman private saluting as his superior officer rides past on horseback, just like a private in any army to-day. Others bear representations of boar-hunts, wrestlers, Bacchantes, flowers, and animals.

The lamps of the second period are inferior; the clay is not as refined, the subjects borrowed from mythology are not as simply and delicately conceived. Many bear the stamp of the maker, the *nomen*, *prænomen*, and *cognomen* of the potter. The most popular workshop, judging from numbers, seems to have been that of C. CLO. SCV. (Caius Clodius Successus). There is a great quantity of Roman pottery of all kinds, from the cinerary urn to the *lagena*, the *orca*, the *seria*, the *dolium*, and the *amphora*. Some bear the name of the potter on their handles or round the neck; and traced in red or black ink, the names of the consuls, Hertius and Pansa; or an indication of the contents of the jar, such as "*Vinum mesopotamium*," wine of Mesopotamia.

In *Carthage Autrefois et Carthage Aujourd'hui*, one

of the brochures published by the White Fathers, there is an interesting account of the funeral inscriptions of this Roman epoch which I cannot do better than translate:

"In the pagan funeral inscriptions, the name of the deceased is usually preceded by one or the other of these formulæ: D. M. S. (*Diis manibus sacrum*); T. T. L. S. (*Terra tibi levis sit!*—May the earth lie lightly on thee!); Q. T. B. Q. (*Ossa tua bene quiescant!*—May thy bones rest well! our *Requiescat in pace*); H. S. E. (*Hic situs est*—Here lies). The writing reveals to us some details of pagan life: Ostoria Procula raises a tomb to P. Ælius Felix, freedman of the emperors, who has lived seventy-six years, three days, and thirteen hours, her deserving husband, of whom she has no complaint to make (*De quo nihil questa est*). Furensis raises a tomb to his wife, in gratitude to her for having followed him to Africa (*Ob meritis quod sè secuta esset in provincia Africa*). A young doctor, Secundus, died at the age of seventeen years, eleven months, twelve days. Castula, a young slave, died at the age of fifteen and was very attached to her masters. Thyas was a dancing girl, and Flavius Maximus a philosopher. The religious epigraphy comprises ex-votoes and votive stelæ to Mercury, to Saturn, and to Pluto."

One cannot help feeling a little sympathy for Q. Aurelius Symmachus, who has two inscriptions.

He was the last defender of paganism in Africa, and was proconsul from A.D. 323 to 375. He fought to the last for the faith of his forefathers, and tried to establish the cult of the goddess of Victory—a grim irony when you remember that victory was already in the hands of the new cult.

The metal discs which are in the centre case are worthy of notice. They date from a Christian epoch, but have nothing very Christian about them except their date. They are written in Latin and Greek, and represent the precautions taken by the Carthaginian sportsman on the day before the Carthaginian Derby or Ascot. If he wished his own horse or favourite to win, he simply went to a necromancer, who wrote him out a spell on a disc, with instructions to bury it or lay it in the tomb of a recently buried person. These spells are so curious that I shall transcribe some in full.

First Imprecation.

> I adjure thee, defunct spirit, prematurely dead, whoever thou mayest be, by the powerful names of Codbaal, Bathbaal, Authiérotabaal, Basythaltéô . . . bind the horses whose names and images I give thee in this vase [the names of the horses Silvanus, Servatus, etc., follow]. . . . Stop their impetus, their vigour, their energy, their speed; take victory from them; hinder their feet; weaken them, so that to-morrow in the hippodrome they may neither run, nor round the post, nor carry the victory, nor pass over the barrier

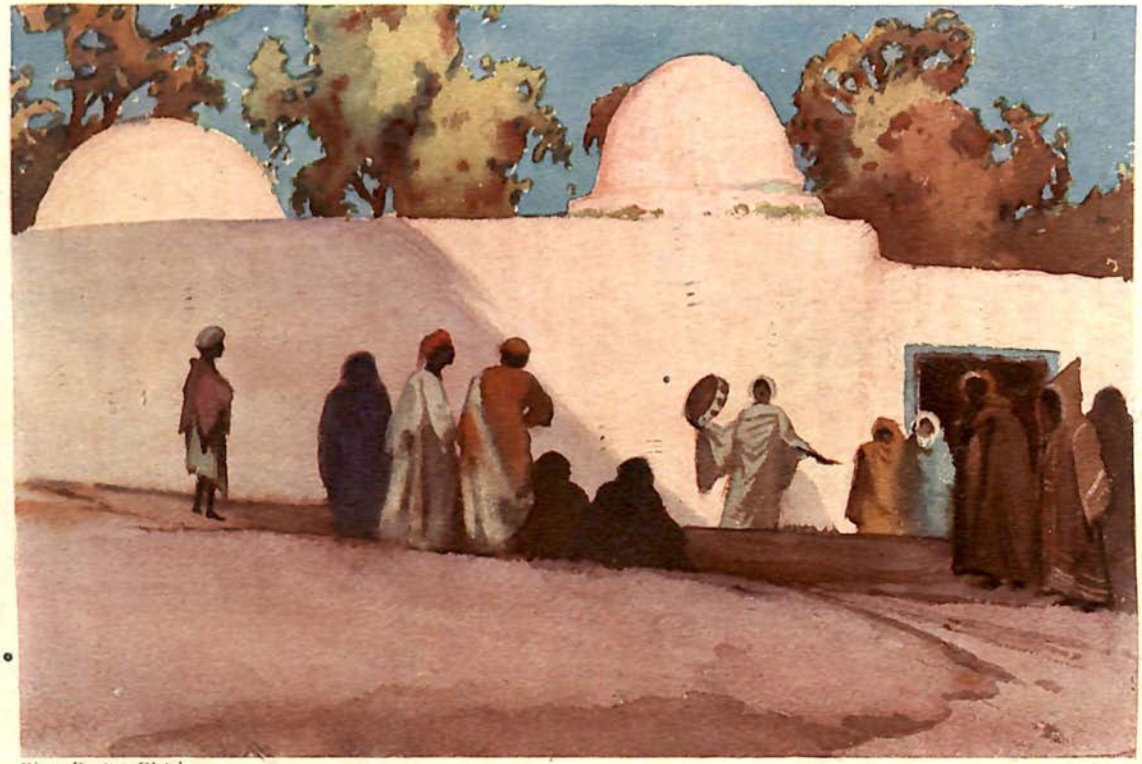
at the entrance of the field, nor rush forward on the course; but let them fall with their drivers. . . . Enchain the hand of the charioteers, take victory from them, blind them so that they cannot see their adversaries. Precipitate them from the chariot so that they may fall and be dragged across all the hippodrome, above all at the turning of the boundaries, and let them wound their bodies and the horses which they drive. Quickly! Soon!

Second Imprecation.

I conjure thee to aid me in the circus. . . . Enchain all the members, the sinews, the shoulders, the wrists of the coachmen Olympus, Olympianus, Scortius, Juvencus. Torment their intelligence, their hearts, their senses, so that they shall not know what they are doing; scorch their eyes so hat they cannot see, neither themselves nor their horses which they are going to drive to the races, so that they may not be able to win the victory, etc. . . .

Third Imprecation.

I adjure thee, by the great names, to bind the members and the sinews of Victoricus, charioteer of Venetes (Faction of the Greens), whom the earth has brought forth, mother of all that lives; also the members of the horses which he may drive [here follow the names of the horses]. Bind their legs, hinder them from springing forward, from bounding, from running. Oppress their sides and their heart so that they may not be able to breathe. And, like this cock which I hold, bound by the feet, the wings, and the head, so bind the legs



Pinx. Benton Fletcher.

DESERT DANCERS AT SIDI BOU SAID.

and the hands, the head and the heart of Victoricus, charioteer of the Faction of the Greens, for to-morrow; and do the same to the horses which he is going to drive, namely:

1. Those of Secundinus: Juvenis, Advocatus, Bubalus, and Lauriatus.

2. Those of Victoricus: Pompeianus, Baianus, Victor, Eximius.

3. Those of Dominator, and all those who will go under the same yoke.

I adjure you further by the Most High God who is seated on the Cherubim, who has separated heaven from earth, Iao, Abriao, Arbathiao, Adonai, bind Victoricus, charioteer of the Faction of the Greens, and the horses which he is going to drive, so that to-morrow, in the circus, they cannot make a start nor carry the victory. Soon! Soon! Quickly! Quickly!

There is a gnostic amulet near by, with rudely nimbused saint and a curious inscription mentioning the seal of Solomon.

* * * * *

As you leave the museum, when you have once again traversed the fragrant little garden, you halt for a moment at the lodge at the gate, where one of the fathers sells objects found in the ruins, photographs, and postcards. There for a comparatively modest sum you can buy Phœnician amulets and trinkets and beads, the blue eyes of deities, earrings, and finger-rings, the treasures of the dead of a dead city, the relics of a dead faith. And then you pass out into the

sunshine, and wend your way through the young corn which clothes the ancient city, down to the station, where a crowd of chattering Arabs is waiting for the train, and the station-master's fat Italian baby is playing with a Negro on the platform. Even to-day Carthage is a gathering-place for the nations.

CHAPTER VII

HANNO'S VOYAGE ROUND AFRICA—THE "PERIPLUS"

THE most remarkable thing about the *Periplus* is that the Greeks, who copied it down from the votive tablet in the temple of Saturn, have given us no information about its date. Perhaps they did not know it themselves. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the most definite statement about the matter is "Pliny's '*Punicis rebus florentissimis*,' which signifies when Carthage was at the height of its power. Bougainville and Vivien de St. Martin are disposed to assign him to *circa* 570 B.C.; Heeren, Kluge, and others make him contemporary with a Hanno, father of Hamilcar [1] (*c.* 510 B.C.); and Müller thinks he can be possibly identified with Hanno, the son of Hamilcar (*c.* 470 B.C.)." And:

"The identification of the various points mentioned in the narrative has given scope to abundant disserta-

[1] Not Hamilcar Barca, of course, but the Hamilcar who threw himself into the flames at the battle of Himera.

tion and conjecture, and the question as to the site of the gorilla island, or southernmost limit of the exploration, has been discussed with special interest. Bougainville and Dureau de la Malle maintain that Hanno reached the Bight of Benin; Müller and Vivien de St. Martin find his *ultima Thule* in the Gulf of Sherboro; Mannert decides in favour of Bissagos, Heeren for the mouth of the Gambia, Malte Brun for the Bay of Cintra, and Quatremère for the neighbourhood of the Senegal; while Gosselin would go no further south than Cape Nun. But while authorities differ so much in the matter of identification, almost all agree that the narrative is one of the most remarkable records of early exploration that have been preserved. 'In its original form,' says Vivien de St. Martin, 'it was only a commemorative inscription of barely a hundred lines; and yet, in spite of this extreme conciseness, there is not one of its details, whether of localities or distances, which is not rigorously conformable to the very accurate acquaintance which we now have of these coasts."

"In the eighteenth century Dodwell called the authenticity of the *Periplus* in question, but it was considered that his arguments had been disposed of by Falconer and others. Recently, however, M. Tauxier has renewed the attack, maintaining that in reality we have nothing before us but a 'compilation due to an ignorant Greek of the first century B.C.,

brought to its present form by some Christian of the time of Theodosius, probably a student to whom the task was assigned of adapting the old *Periplus* to the geographical ideas of the day.'"

Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his admirable *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, says:

"Hanno passed, so he himself tells us, the Pillars of Hercules and deposited his living freight at various points along the coast of Morocco and the great desert beyond it; at last he reached an island to which he gave the name of Cerne, and which we may perhaps identify with Arguin, ten degrees north of the equator, since his crew calculated that it lay as far beyond the Pillars of Hercules as the Pillars of Hercules themselves were from Carthage. Here he landed the remainder of his Liby-Phœnicians, and from this point he began his great voyage of discovery. He had already taken interpreters on board, and he now struck out once more 'towards the south. He passed the mouth of the Senegal river, a river abounding, then as now, with crocodiles and river-horses. Near its banks dwelt a race of savages, no longer the brown men of the Barbary states, or of the Sahara, with whom he must have been familiar enough, but the ebony Negroes of the Soudan. They were clothed in skins of wild beasts, and spoke a language unintelligible even to the interpreters. 'They drove us away,' says Hanno

pathetically, 'by throwing stones at us.' But on went the explorers.

"They passed forests of odoriferous trees; they saw the natives burning down, as they do at the present day, the withered grass on the hill-sides; and they heard by night the sound of pipes and cymbals, drums and confused shouts, the favourite amusement, then as ever, of the Negro race. On they went, till they reached what was, very possibly, the Camaroons Mountain itself, only five degrees above the equator. At all events, there is no other volcano on the West African coast, and none, therefore, answering to the description given by Hanno. The voyagers arrived by night. The country around seemed full of fire, and in the middle of it were flames, far higher than the rest, which seemed to touch the stars. When day came they found it was a large mountain, which they well named the 'Chariot of the Gods.'

"Passing once more onwards still, they reached a gulf called the Southern Horn, which contained an island with a lagoon. It was inhabited by savage people, the greater part of them women covered with hair. 'Though we pursued the men,' says the log-book, 'we could not catch any of them; they all fled from us, leaping over the precipices and defending themselves with stones. We caught three of the women, but they attacked us with tooth and nail, and could not

be persuaded to return with us. Accordingly, we killed and flayed them, and took their skins with us to Carthage.' These strange creatures were called by the interpreters 'gorillas,' a name not destined to be heard again till its strange revival two thousand years later, when the mysterious half-human ape of equatorial Africa, then discovered or rediscovered, took its name, not unnaturally, from its equally mysterious prototype in the *Periplus* of Hanno."

We hear of the Carthaginians voyaging beyond the Pillars of Hercules from Herodotus also:

"The Carthaginians further say, that beyond the Pillars of Hercules there is a region of Libya and men who inhabit it. When they arrive among these people and have unloaded their merchandise, they set it in order on the shore, go on board their ships, and make a great smoke; that the inhabitants, seeing the smoke, come down to the sea, and then deposit gold in exchange for the merchandise, and withdraw to some distance from the merchandise; that the Carthaginians then, going ashore, examine the gold, and if the quantity seems sufficient for the merchandise, they take it up and sail away—but if it is not sufficient, they go on board their ships again and wait; the natives then approach and deposit more gold, until they have satisfied them; neither party ever wrongs the other, for they do not touch the gold before it is made adequate to the value of the merchandise, nor do the

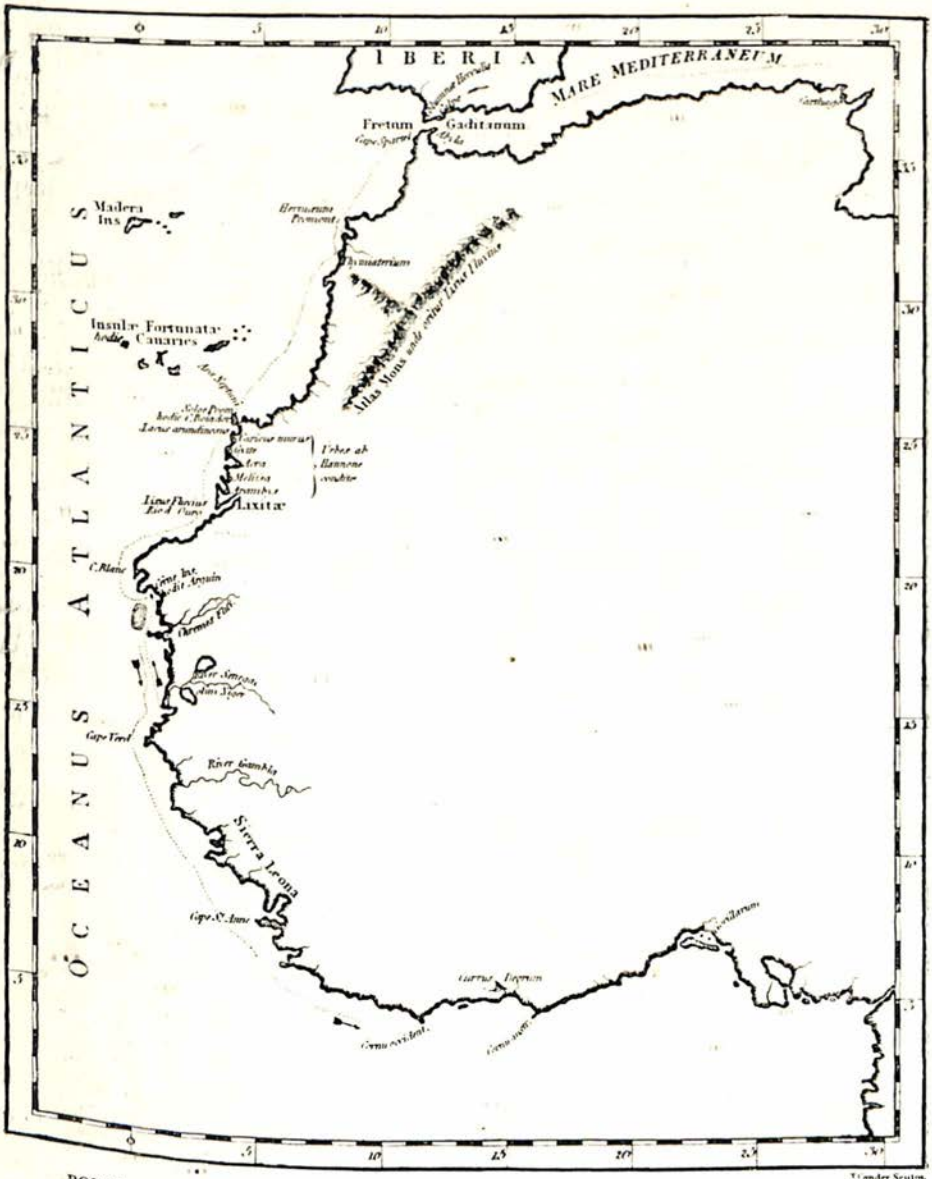
natives touch the merchandise before the other party has taken the gold."

The account of the voyage of Hanno, Commander of the Carthaginians, round the parts of Libya beyond the Pillars of Hercules, which he deposited in the temple of Saturn.

"It was decreed by the Carthaginians that Hanno should undertake a voyage beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and found Liby-Phœnician cities. He sailed accordingly with sixty ships of fifty oars each, and a body of men and women to the number of thirty thousand, and provisions and other necessaries.

"When we had passed the Pillars on our voyage, and had sailed beyond them for two days, we founded the first city, which we named Thymiaterium. Below it lay an extensive plain. Proceeding thence towards the west we came to Soloeis, a promontory of Libya, a place thickly covered with trees, where we erected a temple to Neptune; and again proceeded for the space of half a day towards the east, until we arrived at a lake lying not far from the sea, and filled with abundance of large reeds. Here elephants and a great number of other wild animals were feeding.

"Having passed the lake about a day's sail, we founded cities near the sea, called Caricon-Ticos, and Gytte, and Acra, and Melitta, and Arambys. Thence we came to the great river Lixus, which flows from Libya. On its banks the Lixitæ, a shepherd tribe,



BOUGAINVILLE'S MAP OF THE VOYAGE OF HANNO THE CARTHAGINIAN ROUND THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

were feeding flocks, amongst whom we continued some time on friendly terms. Beyond the Lixitæ dwelt the inhospitable Ethiopians, who pasture a wild country intersected by large mountains, from which they say the river Lixus flows. In the neighbourhood of the mountains lived the Troglodytæ, men of various appearances, whom the Lixitæ described as swifter in running than horses. Having procured interpreters from them, we coasted along a desert country towards the south two days. Thence we proceeded towards the east the course of a day. Here we found in a recess of a certain bay a small island, containing a circle of five stadia, where we settled a colony and called it Cerne.

"We judged from our voyage that this place lay in a direct line with Carthage; for the length of our voyage from Carthage to the Pillars was equal to that from the Pillars to Cerne. We then came to a lake, which we reached by sailing up a large river called Chretes. This lake had three islands, larger than Cerne; from which, proceeding a day's sail, we came to the extremity of the lake, that was overhung by large mountains, inhabited by savage men, clothed in skins of wild beasts, who drove us away by throwing stones and hindered us from landing. Sailing hence, we came to another river, that was large and broad and full of crocodiles and river-horses; whence returning back, we came again to Cerne. Thence we sailed

towards the south twelve days, coasting the shore, the whole of which is inhabited by Ethiopians, who would not wait our approach, but fled from us. Their language was not intelligible even to the Lixitæ, who were with us. Towards the last day we approached some large mountains covered with trees, the wood of which was sweet-scented and variegated. Having sailed by these mountains for two days we came to an immense opening of the sea, on each side of which, towards the continent, was a plain, from which we saw by night fire arising at intervals in all directions, either more or less.

"Having taken in water there, we sailed towards five days near the land, until we came to a large bay, which our interpreters informed us was called the Western Horn. In this was a large island, and in the island a salt-water lake, and in this another island, where, when we had landed, we could discover nothing in the daytime except trees; but in the night we saw many fires burning, and heard the sound of pipes, cymbals, drums, and confused shouts. We were then afraid, and our diviners ordered us to abandon the island. Sailing quickly away thence, we passed by a country burning with fires and perfumes, and streams of fire supplied thence fell into the sea. The country was impassable on account of the heat. We sailed quickly thence, being much terrified; and passing on for four days, we discovered

at night a country full of fire. In the middle was a lofty fire, larger than the rest, which seemed to touch the stars. When day came, we discovered it to be a large hill called the Chariot of the Gods.

"On the third day after our departure thence, having sailed by those streams of fire, we arrived at a bay called the Southern Horn; at the bottom of which lay an island like the former, having a lake, and in this lake another island, full of savage people, the greater part of whom were women, whose bodies were hairy, and whom our interpreters called Gorillæ. Though we pursued the men, we could not seize any of them; but all fled from us, escaping over the precipices, and defending themselves with stones. Three women were, however, taken; but they attacked their conductors with their teeth and hands, and could not be prevailed upon to accompany us. Having killed them, we flayed them and brought their skins with us to Carthage. We did not sail farther on, our provisions failing us."—Translated by Thomas Falconer, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 1797.

CHAPTER VIII

"*SALAMMBÔ*"

THE first question professional novel-readers asked me when I returned from Carthage was, "What do you think of *Salammbô*?"

I say "professional novel-readers" advisedly, because there is a real class of them, embracing people who in their ordinary avocations may be the poles apart. One of them, for instance, was captain, until recently, of one of the county cricket elevens; he always read novels throughout the innings of his own side. Another was a night nurse, who read to keep herself awake during her hours of work. Another is perhaps the greatest actress of the day, who reads and reads in order not to be always thinking about herself. Old maids and idle wives are too many to enumerate, and the Johnnies who find that a cavalry regiment makes too great demands on their leisure run them hard.

All these persons seem to have read *Salammbô*, and they seem to have derived much more satisfaction from it than I did; why, I cannot think, because,

apart from its excursions into archæology and its military excitement, it seems to me a dull book. It is not strong in human interest. It is difficult for any English reader to care much what becomes of the heroine Salammbô; there is no alluring gentleness about her, there is no grand passion which sweeps you along. What passion she has is chiefly of an animal nature, awakened by the uncanny intensity of the priest of Tanit, or the masculine force of the barbarian Matho. Nor has she even a vivid personality to arrest the reader's sympathy by familiarity. At the same time, with the exception of the Greek ex-slave Spendius, who becomes one of the generals of the revolted mercenaries, she is the best piece of characterisation in the book.

It does not fall within my province in this chapter to point out in detail that Matho is merely a melodramatic production of the nineteenth century A.D.; that Hamilcar Barca is not even that, but a sixteenth or seventeenth century ranting Eastern potentate; that Hannibal, introduced as a child, has no shred of the dignity, with which history invests him in the famous scene where he gives his father his oath of undying enmity to Rome.

In the drawing of various characters individually I can see little really Carthaginian, though M. Flaubert draws the national characteristics of the citizens with noticeable fidelity to the impressions we

have formed of them from the historians who described the Punic Wars. *Mutatis mutandis*, the Carthaginians of that day did not differ greatly in patriotism from average nations, though they did not, like their enemies the Romans, and the Japanese, make a religion of their country. Carthage fell, as Russia fell before Japan, and Athens fell before the Macedonians, and England might fall if she did fall, because it was just as impossible to impress the idea of national efficiency upon the wealthy and naturally conservative as it was upon the radical, who had so few scruples about his own behaviour that he always suspected his betters of pecuniary misconduct.

No great nation was ever so callous about national efficiency as the Carthaginians. The one desire of their citizens was to acquire wealth, like the Venetians, and they lived in cynical prosperity for a great period because, like the Venetians, they discovered the art of using mercenaries and making other people pay for their mercenaries, a sort of parallel to perpetual motion. Except when the city was besieged, only a small proportion of these citizens—the Sacred Guard—had any intention of fighting for their fatherland on land. That more of them fought at sea was partly due to the fact that they expected to win victories by their skill as sailors without risking their skins, and partly to the fact that much of their sea-fighting was of a commercial rather than a military

nature, as of merchants using force against other merchants to prevent poaching on their private domain, the western half of the Mediterranean, which they intended to be a Carthaginian lake. Many a man since the days of the Carthaginians has become a buccaneer on his own account who would not have dreamt of becoming a soldier, and many a buccaneer has become an ornament of his country's navy.

Only to this extent were the Carthaginians willing to fight for their country until they were besieged. They would willingly have had no foreign politics at all; but when the imperial schemes of the Syracusan Greeks only left them the choice of becoming a maritime empire or tributaries, they evolved a system, which the Venetians revived fifteen centuries later, succeeding to their position as the carriers of the Mediterranean and the stewards of the wealth of the Orient. Up to this they had been content to pay tribute for the land, on which their city stood, to the Berbers whom they had found pasturing their flocks on it, and had dreamt but little of fortification. Now they made the strongest fortress that was feasible out of a site dictated by commercial and not military considerations, and proceeded to raise armies and the money to pay for them out of the populations of the mainland.

As time went on they included in their mercenary armies Greeks, Spaniards, Gauls, Etruscans, and the

warlike peoples of South Italy, such as the Samnites; but they laid the burden of maintenance as little as possible on the citizens in Carthage, or the Carthaginians who had gone to found colonies on the choicest sites of the Mediterranean.

The result of this policy was that the Carthaginians became one of the most selfish peoples in history; they were careless when they were at war, because the blood shed on their side came from the veins of mercenaries, and because even the money and supplies for their maintenance were drained from tributaries.

The Carthaginian, as historians have painted him to us, was a hateful creature. He was a financier with Semitic capacity and Semitic indifference to national efficiency. He would not listen to the word "patriotism" unless it involved new opportunities for making money. He reserved all offices in the state for the rich, and expected them to be used for the personal enrichment of the holder. He was perfectly ready to throw over any general, to refuse him reinforcements, and then crucify him if he was defeated.

The Carthaginian used his armies and their commanders worse even than the Athenian. Whether their government for the time being was more oligarchic, or less, the citizens were invariably democratic in their want of *noblesse oblige* to the men who served them faithfully. If they had kept Hamilcar Barca properly reinforced they would never

have lost Sicily; but they withheld reinforcements till the last minute, and then, to spite him, sent them under his enemy, the incompetent Hanno, who allowed himself to be caught napping in the battle of the Ægatian Islands, which sounded the death-knell of Carthage, though the city existed for more than another century.

If Hannibal had had Sicily for a base and the revenues of Carthage for raising an army, he would have swept the Romans from the face of the earth. But he had to find both the soldiers and the money for his fifteen years of triumphant warfare on the enemy's soil. The only considerable reinforcement Carthage ever sent him was destroyed before it reached him at the battle of the Metaurus. When they allowed Hannibal to fail they broke the last pillar on which they had to lean to save them from being overthrown by the Romans; and all the time these rich, scheming Semitic tradesmen went on intriguing, and multiplying words in their representative assemblies, as if the maintenance of this or the other party; or party leader, was the end of national existence. It was the end of national existence in the sense that it brought Carthage to destruction.

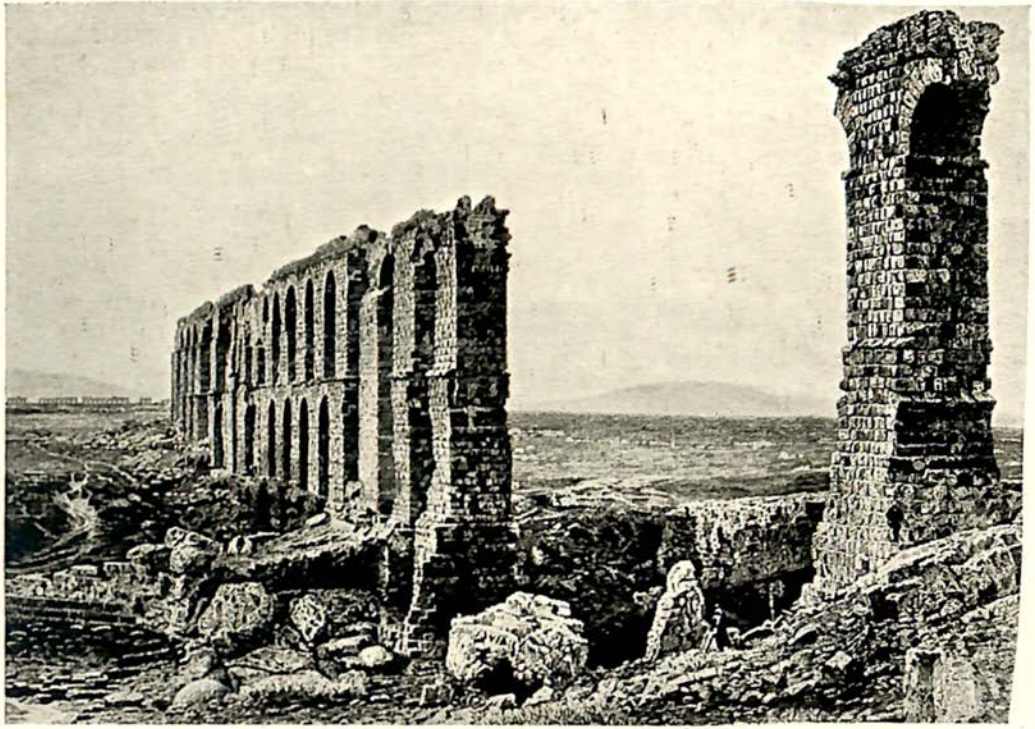
Nor does the indictment end here. These financiers, indifferent to national efficiency while they were waxing disgustingly fat or diseased with indulgence, have left behind them a record for cruelty not often

exceeded. They crucified those on whom their wrath fell, whether unsuccessful generals or slaves who failed to please, and when they gave way to panic, they sent their own children to be burnt alive in the brazen furnaces of Moloch. They were as cruel as the Chinese, who also do not understand the meaning of patriotism.

This black picture is only illuminated by the services rendered to civilisation by the explorations of the bold Carthaginian navigators and the princely qualities of a few individuals like Hamilcar Barca and his greater son.

The Barca family must have had some noble foreign strain like the pure Etruscan blood which ran in the veins of the Scipios who conquered them; for they were so unlike ordinary Carthaginians in their passionate love for their country, and their military instincts. Otherwise it is almost incomprehensible that a race so unsoldierly as the Carthaginians should have produced the world's greatest soldier.

M. Flaubert has chosen to make Hamilcar Barca the most commanding figure, if not the hero, of his novel *Salammbô*; but the Hamilcar of Flaubert is not the Hamilcar that those who have studied him most picture as the scourge of the Romans in Sicily. The house of Barca achieved its victorious campaigns—it had even to raise the armies which achieved them—by personal influence. The Hundred who ruled



THE AQUEDUCT OF CARTHAGE, FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

Carthage with the autocracy and the cruelty, if it had none of the ability, of the Venetian government, hated the Barcides. It only appointed them to commands in cases of necessity; it may have dreaded that its clumsy and useless existence would be terminated in favour of a Barcide dictator.

The picture drawn by Flaubert of Hamilcar as a cruel, arbitrary, and at times cunning, even timid, despot, is more our idea of the average Carthaginian general. The account of the campaign is based on history, and here Flaubert has risen to his chief opportunity, that of depicting the awful suspense, the awful peril imposed upon Carthage by the Mercenary War.

At the conclusion of the First Punic War, the Carthaginians endeavoured to save their impoverished coffers by breaking faith with the mercenaries who had served them so well. The idea was not new to Carthaginian politicians, and had on previous occasions, as in the wars with Dionysius the Syracusan, been attended with success. But now the mercenaries turned on them, the most formidable element in the insurrection being the revolt of Narr' Havas, the Numidian. To the end of their days, as a nation, the Carthaginians failed to recognise that their power was based on their Numidian forces. Hannibal himself was defeated for the first time at Zama because the Numidians fought against Carthage, and not for her. Acragas, the

modern Girgenti, fell in the Second Punic War—when the Romans had lost all hope of taking it—because Hanno alienated the Numidians. Carthage herself was brought to final destruction by the harassing tactics of the Numidians.

The Numidians were the only troops of Carthage who were capable of meeting the Romans on equal terms. Most Carthaginian victories over Greeks and Romans were achieved by generalship. At the two great victories won by the Sicilian Greeks over the Carthaginians—that of Himera, 480 B.C., and the Crimesus, 339 B.C.—the Carthaginians were six or seven to one. The Greek hoplite and the Roman legionary had no doubt of the result when he met the Carthaginian heavy-armed in hand-to-hand conflict; but he was not quick enough for the skirmishing Numidian.

Supreme commanders like Hamilcar and Hannibal knew the value of the Numidian, and Hamilcar ended the Mercenary War by coming to terms with the revolted Numidians.

The picture of the ebbing and flowing tide of war which forms the real subject of the novel cannot easily be too highly praised; for the reader is wound up to the highest pitch of excitement all through it. He wonders (unless he is handicapped by an acquaintance with Carthaginian history) at what exact moment Carthage will pay the penalty of her perfidy and short-

sightedness, and be stormed and sacked by the mercenaries. The hardships of the besiegers in the field, and the besieged, cooped in the city without water, are depicted with marvellous realism. Whether the attire and customs of the campaigning barbarians are at all correct, I cannot say; they are at any rate reasonable, and make an admirable picture. Probably, except in the case of peoples like the Greeks and Gauls, of whom a good deal is known, the details are not correct, but cooked up from accounts of kindred and better-known nations. There is, at all events, very little in the book to show that Flaubert had any knowledge of Carthaginian archæology. Those who know Carthage well see very little of Carthage in his book.

The worst feature in it is the want of personality in hero and heroine which distinguishes it. As a piece of scene-painting it is very fine indeed. As a novel it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the *Last Days of Pompeii*. Lytton wrote a story which touched all hearts. *Salammbô* could never touch any heart. The reader does not care twopence what happens to the Carthaginian maiden, and in Matho sees only a pitifully weak voluptuary. The boy Hannibal is a wooden puppet. Hamilcar Barca is a stage barbarian in Cambyses' vein. Narr' Havas, the Numidian, is a shadow. Only the characters whom the author wishes to pillory are well

done—the poltroon Spendius, Hanno, and Gisco. These Flaubert handles with the French genius for caricature. But you never see the methods of Hamilcar—nicknamed "Lightning" by his adoring soldiers in that most wonderful of all his campaigns, in which, with an utterly outnumbered force of native Carthaginians, who could fight like lions behind walls but were easily prostrated by marching and bivouacking, he paralysed the five great armies of his enemies by his elusive flights and sudden swoops. Both he and his greater son must have possessed an indomitable cheerfulness to surmount such obstacles, to give their troops such morale; but there is no trace of this in the book which makes him a gloomy tyrant.

Salammbô was published in 1862, before the graves had given up their dead at Carthage, and it is from the opening up of the cemeteries which the Romans had designedly or inadvertently spared, that our knowledge of Carthage commences. And though before the French helped themselves to Tunis, in the early 'eighties, the excavations had been considerable, except in the cemeteries they have even yet yielded no extensive Punic remains. The theatres, the various villas, and naturally the churches, are of Roman origin.

But the graves have given up more than their dead—they have given up the life of ancient Carthage. From them we know what weapons the men used,

what jewels the women wore, and what mirrors, vessels, wine-jars, ink-pots, and keys, to take strange examples, were used in Carthaginian houses. In brief, the Carthaginians were so solicitous that the dead should have their accustomed surroundings that we can form as intimate an idea of the Carthaginian household as we can of the Etruscan. Even the articles which were too large to be actually buried with the dead, the tables and the chairs, we find in miniature, whether they were buried as toys for children or as what the Japanese call *nazaraëru* ("make-believe") for their elders. The jewellery is very abundant, and it does not tally with Flaubert's imaginings.

But the graves of Carthage had greater cruelties for the memory of Flaubert. He made his heroine the priestess of Tanit, and early in the twentieth century a sarcophagus was brought to light with an almost absolutely perfect effigy of a singularly beautiful woman in her sacerdotal robes, still richly coloured, and with an inscription which proves that she was a priestess of Tanit. To all who have been to Carthage and seen that figure, Flaubert's heroine must be found wanting.

It is not his fault that he wrote his book before the discoveries at Carthage; they would have made his task so much easier. He would have seen how strong the influence of Egypt was; would have studied

the museum of Carthage carefully; would then have gone to Egypt to see how much of the Carthaginian museum was Egyptian in origin, and how much of Egyptian museum-learning could safely be used in a re-construction of Carthaginian manners and customs and antiquities, when the museum at Carthage did not give him what he required.

If he is not successful in assigning her proper surroundings to Salammbô, still less is he successful in presenting a picture of Carthage, the city. Never once did the book when I was reading it bring back before me the long, low hill of Carthage stretched between the lake of Tunis and the African sea, and rising at its ends into the bluff of the citadel and the higher bluff, still crowned, as in the days of Hanno the navigator, with a lighthouse.

In describing the wonderful gardens which surrounded Carthage Flaubert has the authority of Diodorus Siculus, though it is difficult to conceive now how Carthage could ever have been treey. But this difficulty arises with reference to so many of the famous sacred spots and pleasances of the ancients, such as Syracuse and Enna in Sicily. Either the ancients were very easily pleased in the matter of tree-shade, or else the world must have been undergoing a continual process of deforestation. Besides, at La Marsa, which stood within the bounds of ancient Carthage, there are some charming plantations round

villas, so we may allow Flaubert the wonderful pleasances he describes for Hamilcar's garden. Where I quarrel with him in his descriptions of Carthage, is that he does not make the place stand before us because he makes no comparisons with existing monuments in other parts of the world.

It is of no use saying that a thing is vast unless you give your standard of vastness, or that it is picturesque unless you say what it is like. Precision is the very soul of reconstruction, and while one is disposed to give a writer of romance all praise for the fertility of his imagination, one cannot forget that in the writer of historical romances there is nothing which counts so highly as fidelity of reconstruction.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII

Diodorus Siculus's Account of Carthage

"Agathocles, therefore, designing as soon as possibly he could to cure this pusillanimity in his soldiers, led his army to the great city[1] (as it is called) within the dominions of the Carthaginians. The whole country through which they marched was beautified with gardens planted with all sorts of fruit-trees,

[1] Samatho in the Punic language, "White."

and sluices and canals were cut all along for the convenience of water, by which that whole tract was everywhere abundantly watered. This part of the country was likewise full of towns and villages, adorned with stately houses the roofs of which were curiously wrought, all setting forth the wealth and riches of their owners. The houses were full of all manner of provision of everything that was needful; for the inhabitants (through a long peace) had stored up their treasures in great abundance. The country is planted mostly with vines, and partly with olive-trees, and furnished likewise with many other fruit-trees; in another part the fields are pastured with flocks of sheep, and herds of cows and oxen; and in the neighbouring fens run great numbers of breeding mares.

"And what shall I say more? Those places abounded with plenty of all things for the use of man, and the rather so because they were the possessions of the nobility of Carthage, who laid out much of their estates and wealth with more than ordinary curiosity to improve them for their delight and pleasure; so that the fertility and sweetness of the country was the admiration of the Sicilians, and roused up their drooping spirits in the view they had of those rewards and rich returns, which they judged were well worthy the hazards to be run by the conquerors to obtain them.

Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

"Agathocles, therefore, perceiving that his soldiers were now recovered from their despair and former melancholy apprehensions, made a sudden assault upon the walls of the city; which, being so surprising and unexpected, and the citizens unskilful in their arms, after a short resistance he took the city by storm, and gave the plunder of the town to the soldiers, which both encouraged and enriched them at once. Thence he forthwith moved his army to Tunis,[1] and gained that city, which is two thousand furlongs[2] from Carthage."

[1] White Tunis.

[2] Tunis is really about ten miles from Carthage. It must not be forgotten that the considerable river Medjerba, the ancient Bagradas, which now runs into the sea near Bou-Chater (Utica), formerly had its mouth near Carthage.

THE STORY OF CARTHAGE

CHAPTER IX

CARTHAGE BEFORE HANNIBAL

CARTHAGE was founded a century before its arch-rivals, Syracuse and Rome, and, history would have us believe, not by Dido. The uncompromising muse declares that, if Dido were a woman, not a goddess, she found Carthage ready to receive her. I have told elsewhere how the peaceful traders, who hired the ground for a factory on the peninsula between the lake of Tunis, the marsh of Ariana, and the sea, from a Libyan chief, were compelled by the domineering of Syracuse to become a nation. When Dorieus, "the king's son of Sparta," in 510 B.C., came to Sicily on his fanciful errand to claim the city of Mount Eryx as the heir of Hercules, a handful of Carthaginians, who had their own Hercules, joined with the men of Egesta in repulsing the invaders on the slopes of Eryx; for long ere this men from Tyre or Carthage had founded colonies like Carthage itself round the west of Sicily; Soloeis and Panormus, under whatever Punic names they went, on the north coast; Motya, on the island under Cape Lily-

bæum; and Motyka, the modern Modica, in a river-gorge of the south.

Thirty years later we find Carthage a nation fully fledged, sending a king or *shophet*, Hamilcar, with a vast host of 300,000 men as the ally of the Great King, to overwhelm the Greeks of Sicily while the Persians fell upon the devoted Athenians. Herodotus has told us how, on the very day of Salamis, in 480 B.C., Gelon of Syracuse and Theron of Acragas annihilated the hosts of Carthage with its king at Himera, twenty miles from Palermo. The men, as was the wont of Carthaginian armies, must have been mercenaries, for we have no hint of wide-spread woe at Carthage. We hear instead of her growing strength. The Athenians sought her aid against Syracuse, and had she given it Sicily must have been conquered, for if the invincible light horsemen of Numidia had been joined to the hoplites of Athens, Syracuse must have fallen as Selinus was so soon to fall.

But Carthage always lost her opportunities, until she lost her existence, for want of striking while the iron was hot. Regrets often followed quickly, and when the Egestans who had called in the Athenians to aid them against the Selinuntines were left, by the destruction of the Athenian armaments, at the mercy of pitiless enemies, and they called upon Carthage for aid, Carthage remembered Himera and sent Hannibal, the grandson of the first Hamilcar—not

the great son of the great Hamilcar—to avenge the humiliation of Carthage. For great had been the humiliation: so many thousand had fallen in battle; so many had perished miserably in the cruel slavery of tunnelling Greek aqueducts through the hill of Acragas and the rock of Euryelus; so many tons of Carthaginian silver had been paid to Damarete, the wife of the tyrant of Syracuse, that the coins made of it would be plentiful for twenty-three centuries.

Hannibal, the son of Gisco, was a general worthy of the name which was to take the first place in the history of warfare. He landed his great host at a little town, called Mazara then and called Mazara, now in 409 B.C. In a few weeks Selinus, the third city of Sicily, had been stormed and laid on the ground in ruins as we see it to-day.

Hannibal died; but his kinsman Himilco took up his work worthily, and in three years every Greek city in Sicily except Syracuse—Acragas, Gela, Camerina, Himera, Catana, Messina, and others not so great—had fallen. Syracuse itself was only saved by the fevers of the marsh of Syraco, which gave it its mysterious name.

This was the first time that Carthage, since her conquering career had begun, heard the "Thus far!" which she was doomed to hear at supreme moments till her end; for behind the walls of Syracuse was

Dionysius, one of the lords of time who have shaped the destinies of the world.

From that time forward for many a year, till the old lion died at Syracuse, the Syracusans and the Carthaginians fought like well-matched boxers for the south of Sicily. In 397 B.C. Dionysius swept across Sicily and stormed the island city of Motya, the strongest city and the earliest colony of the Carthaginians on Sicilian soil. Within a year the Carthaginians had founded Lilybæum, the city which never surrendered, on the mainland opposite Motya. At Birgi, between Motya and Lilybæum, was laid bare a few years ago the first great treasure-trove of Carthaginian remains revealed in Sicily.

It would not be profitable to tell here, one by one, of all the fights by sea and land between Greek and Carthaginian for the lordship of Sicily. They had ever the same ending. The great hosts of the Carthaginians, after inflicting damage incalculable, melted away. They were the invaders. Sometimes more, sometimes fewer of them went back to Carthage; but Carthage in those magnificent days was always ready and able to put forth fresh fleets and fresh hosts of stupendous numbers. Generalship she seldom had; nor were her men, other than her Numidian cavalry, able to fight Greeks of any number near their own. The battle of the Crimesus, 339 B.C., the last glorious effort of Greek Sicily, was the crowning example of

that, for eleven thousand Greeks, commanded by the Corinthian Timoleon, routed seven times the number of the finest troops of Carthage.

In 310-307 B.C. Agathocles, the King of Syracuse, gave them the first warning of the weakness of their heart; for dashing across to Carthage in the face of a superior fleet, and burning his ships (the father, perhaps, of the proverb), he almost took Carthage by a *coup-de-main*.

But Carthage arose from the dust, and forty years later began to dispute the empire of the world with a fresh rival, Rome. For Syracuse, after fighting the battle of European dominion and civilisation for two hundred years, had fallen faint, and though the wisdom of the second Hiero was to keep her from captivity for half a century more, she was never again to fight in the first rank. A new protagonist had stepped into the arena, at the furthest corner where Messina looked across a bare two miles of sea at the foot of Italy. The fierce Campanian mercenaries, hired to fight the battles of both Greek and Carthaginian, had seized Messina and called on the Romans to help them. The fight between Rome and Carthage was mightier and more keenly waged than even the fight between Carthage and Syracuse. The African city had now a general and statesman, the greatest of all but one—Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal; and if it had shown the patriotism of an earlier day, might

have driven the Romans out of Sicily with ease, and given Hannibal the base from which he would have conquered the world.

But Carthage always drew back when she should have gone forward. She would make enormous sacrifices to retrieve the irretrievable, but never would give a great commander the reinforcements to strike the crushing blow. Hamilcar did not belong to the party of the oligarchy. They ruled the treasury, and would not send him a convoy till he was at his last gasp, and would only send it then under the command of one of their own party, his direst enemy—the incompetent, if not treacherous, Hanno. Hanno let himself be caught by the Romans lying under the Ægatian Islands in 242 B.C., and with his fleet the chances of Hamilcar and Hannibal after him were destroyed.

Ecnomus, the other great Roman victory at sea fourteen years earlier, might have been even more disastrous, for it allowed Regulus to throw an army into Africa which raised the Libyans and almost took Carthage itself. I need not describe the defeat and death of Regulus, for no one can have forgotten the heroic man who, when he was captured with his army and sent to Rome by his enemies to treat for peace, told his countrymen not to make peace because Carthage could be conquered, and went back to his death by torture. Regulus, with his eyelids cut off,

rolled in a barrel full of spikes under the blazing African sun, is the very noblest figure in the noble army of martyrs, because he suffered not for his own salvation, but for the salvation of his country.

The unconquerable Hamilcar, who had maintained himself for three years, against the Romans in Panormus, on the top of Monte Pellegrino, and had founded in his impregnable fortress of Drepanum (Trapani) a town that was to remain for ever Europe's stepping-stone to Africa, had a direr peril to face than any of the mighty risks he had accepted in Sicily. For in the Mercenary War waged round Carthage in 241-238 B.C., he had to face with unwarlike levies of Carthaginian citizens the warlike allies who had won his victories, but for whom the Senate, exhausted with the indemnity to Rome, was unwilling or unable to provide the arrears of pay. This lurid tragedy furnished the theme of Flaubert's Carthaginian novel *Salammbô*.

Students of politics as well as students of history would give much to know the acts of the last ten glorious years of Hamilcar's life, before he died in battle in Spain, happy, in the words of Valerius Maximus, that he was leaving for the destruction of Roman dominion four boys, all of them lion's whelps. Perhaps he included his son-in-law Hasdrubal, the founder of New Carthage. This much we know, that as without Philip for a father Alexander would have been unable to start on the conquest of the world, so without

Hamilcar for a father Hannibal would have had no army and treasury for the invasion of Rome. Spain was the Eldorado of the Carthaginians. Gadès, which exists in the modern Cadiz as the oldest city in Europe, was a Phœnician colony, and from the Carthaginian merchants who traded with it, there had been borne-in unto him, as there were to Columbus seventeen hundred years afterwards, travellers' tales of a golden land in the west. He was more fortunate than Columbus; for the gold he found, with a Pactolus of silver which has never ceased to flow from that far day to this.

When Hamilcar made up his mind to transfer the fortunes of the republic to Spain, Carthage was in the dust. She had lost Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica; her treasury was exhausted by indemnities to Rome, her territories were laid waste by "the inexpiable war" with her mercenaries. In Hamilcar alone her sap was flowing. But the thunderbolt of war did not belong to the ring of privileged families, and when he suggested that he should transfer himself and his staff (for he had nothing more left of an army) to Spain, the rulers of Carthage felt like the "Provost, douce man," who cried:

> "Unhook the west port and e'en let him gae free,
> For the toun is well rid of that de'il o' Dundee."

Then we lose sight of him till his death. The

Romans hardly believed in his survival. The Carthaginians were well content, as well as astonished, to receive the yearly tribute he had promised them. Though he remained theoretically but a citizen and a commander, he was really an emperor, obedient only to the situation.

When he died as he had lived, fighting, Hannibal arose. "The Grace of God," the man of unparalleled destiny, was already nineteen; but there seems to have been no hesitation in handing over the direction of the affairs of the great Barcide family, the Spanish dynasty, to the capable hands of Hasdrubal, who had married the daughter of Hamilcar, "Salammbô" or another—Hasdrubal, who founded the city of New Carthage.

The empire of Carthage in Spain and the waging of the Second Punic War was carried on with the produce of the Spanish gold and silver mines. Hamilcar, with Phœnician sagacity, made the Spaniards a commercial nation; he made them renowned for the steadiness of their infantry in ancient as in early modern times.

Hamilcar died in 228 B.C. Hasdrubal and Hannibal matured their resources for another ten years, and then, with a well-trained army and overflowing treasury, the "Grace of Baal," the wonder of the world, started for Rome.

CHAPTER X

HANNIBAL

I CONFESS to an almost indescribable feeling of elation when I stood on the site of Carthage, greater even than I felt when I first stood in the Forum at Rome, or on the Acropolis at Athens, or on the rock of Quebec; greater perhaps than I ever felt, except when I first set foot in Japan. For I had never expected to see Carthage, I had not considered it as an ordinarily accessible place. People who have been to it generally speak of it as being half a day from Tunis or something of that kind, instead of confessing at once that you could walk there and back if you were a good walker, and that it is a far easier place to get to than Pompeii.

I have often been maddened by the time I have wasted in getting to Pompeii; to and from the hotel at Naples, it has sometimes amounted to two hours each way. Whereas, to get to Carthage from Tunis, from your hotel, if you time it exactly when a train is starting, will take you about three-quarters of an hour; and you can get to Tunis from London in

Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE, SHOWING THE WAR HARBOUR WITH ITS ISLAND, THE COMMERCIAL HARBOUR, AND THE LAKE OF TUNIS.

a little more time than it takes to get to Naples, and at about half the cost. I have been reminded of Pompeii because Carthage in its present condition suggests a few bits of Pompeii distributed over a promontory. The noticeable ruins are almost exclusively Roman.

Why had I that feeling of elation? Because I had arrived at a world-famous place which I had never thought to see. That reason was on the surface of my heart, but deep down in it was a far more powerful magnet. The muse of history was proclaiming to me with no uncertain voice, "Take off thy hat, for this is holy ground."

Here stood the city which by all rights should have imposed her civilisation on the world. Carthage should have been the centre of the world's empire. All literature should have been written in her characters. Once, twice, thrice she came within an ace of it, and she only failed because her citizens were unworthy of it, because they knew not how to be patriotic, and in the long run no country can survive which does not put patriotism in foreign policy before every other consideration in regulating its government.

All the world sympathises with Carthage, because the Romans only succeeded in destroying it by foul treachery, and because the citizens, when they had delivered themselves over, absolutely crippled, to their

relentless enemies, fought their last fight with a heroism matched only once or twice, if ever, in the annals of besieged cities.

For these two causes Carthage has had the sympathy of all men and all ages. She was betrayed, and, when hopelessly maimed, fought to the finish—fought till she was killed. Beyond the fact that her navigators were the pioneers of exploration and nautical science, the city of Carthage has no other claim on our sympathies. When patriotic citizens arose in her midst, she not only did nothing to support them—she was jealous of them, and conspired against them. She was perfidious to the mercenaries who won her victories, and she was absolutely cruel, not only to her subjects and her slaves, but to her own little children, whom she burned when Moloch cried for victims with national disasters.

When I said that she had no other claim on our sympathies, I was wrong, for the homage of the world is compelled to the country which produced Hannibal. Whatever the neglect, the indignities, the injuries to which their fellow citizens or their enemies may have subjected them in their lifetime, the earth is faithful to her greatest children, and the eyes of mankind for twenty centuries have turned upon this African as first of all soldiers.

When I got to Carthage and stood on its citadel, the Byrsa, I turned my back on the cathedral of St.

Louis. I wanted to shut my eyes to such intrusions and to look at the sea, as the child Hannibal must have stood on that very hill and looked at the sea, planning the destruction of Rome.

The Carthaginians had long memories. It would have been natural for him to remember how another Hannibal, the son of Gisco, had, after seventy years, the natural term of a long-lived man, carried out revenge for the destruction of his grandfather, the first great Hamilcar, with his host; how he carried sword and fire into Sicily, which, though he died in the campaign, were never stayed until every city in Sicily, except proud Syracuse, had lain in ashes.

That Hamilcar had thrown himself into the flames of the altar as a last sacrifice to the unappeasable gods, without laying any oath of words upon his descendants to avenge his memory. But the second and greater Hamilcar, Hannibal's own father, the greatest of all the fighters of Carthage who came before him, had made him take the most solemn vows that he would avenge the woes of his country on the conquering Romans. I can picture the child Hannibal, of nine years old, as bright-eyed, as mobile-faced, as delicately slender as the well-born Arab boys of Tunis to-day, standing before his heroic father, who would have conquered the known world but for the neglect of his fellow citizens.

It was in the temple of Baal, with one wonders

what appalling Carthaginian rites and sacrifices. And where should the temple of Baal have stood, but crowning the Byrsa on this very spot? That was the last that Hannibal saw of Carthage till, thirty-six years later, he was recalled from his fifteen years of terrorising the Romans at their gates to fight a battle for Carthage at its own gates, when success was no longer possible.

When I stood in Carthage my first thoughts were of Hannibal, the child of nine who never stood in Carthage again till he was a war-worn man of forty-five; who had carved for himself, before the sword-points of the invincible Romans, the greatest name of any campaigner that ever came into history or ever will. From nine to eighteen, from childhood to manhood, he grew in the camp of his great father, who was founding in Spain a new dominion to make up to Carthage for lost Sicily. From eighteen to twenty-five he was the divine youth who carried out the far-reaching plans with which his brother-in-law Hasdrubal continued to rear the edifice of military power conceived and founded by the dead Hamilcar. Then Hasdrubal died too, and at five-and-twenty Hannibal found himself generalissimo of the new and almost independent Carthage in Spain. For three years the youthful general occupied himself, like the young Wellington two thousand years after him, in driving the enemies of the world out of the Spanish

Peninsula. The Romans, like Napoleon's armies, yielded inch by inch to youthful genius. Hannibal left Spain at twenty-nine, Wellington landed in the Peninsula at thirty-nine.

Now began the most extraordinary campaign in the whole of history. A boy of twenty-nine, whose country had been crushed by her rival, had sworn when he was a child of nine to avenge her. If she had the means, she had not the spirit to give him the opportunity.

In another continent he made himself a new country with a powerful army and an overflowing exchequer before he was thirty years old. And in those days, when the world had no communications, marched from the south of Spain to attack the most powerful people in the world in the south of Italy. He had to cross rivers of Spain and the passes of the Pyrenees, rivers of France and the passes of the Alps, rivers of Italy and the passes of the Apennines. And his cry was always, "Let all who will go home."

He started with a glorious army of ninety thousand foot, twelve thousand cavalry, and thirty-seven elephants, veterans created by himself at twenty-nine. He crossed the swift Rhone, though a consul's army lay at Marseilles. We forget the brilliance of that in the stupendous passage of the Alps by the Little St. Bernard. They

still show the white rock where Hannibal halted his infantry while his cavalry and beasts of burden made their way by night to the top of the pass. The mountain tribes that had threatened every defile from the heights now melted before him. His only danger was from the first snows of autumn. His Spaniards and Africans were half frozen; it took him three days to prepare a road for his elephants and horses for the last piece of the descent: but in fifteen days he was over the Alps and making his first friends among the Italian Gauls.

His losses would have killed the hopes of one less great. His ninety thousand infantry were reduced to twenty thousand, and half his twelve thousand cavalry were gone. But the most extraordinary feature of this most wonderful of human beings was his power of creating allies. The Gauls not only received him well and allowed him to rest and refit, but flocked to his standard, except the Taurini, who gave their name to Turin and saw their city captured by him.

It was about six months after Hannibal had started from New Carthage that Scipio—not the elder Africanus, but his father—who should have stopped the invaders on the Rhone, came up with them on the Ticinus. A cavalry action was fought in which Hannibal's dashing Numidians taught the Romans their first lesson. Scipio's losses were heavy; he

would have been killed himself but for the gallantry of his seventeen-year-old son, who was to meet Hannibal sixteen years later on the field of Zama, and go down in history as Africanus.

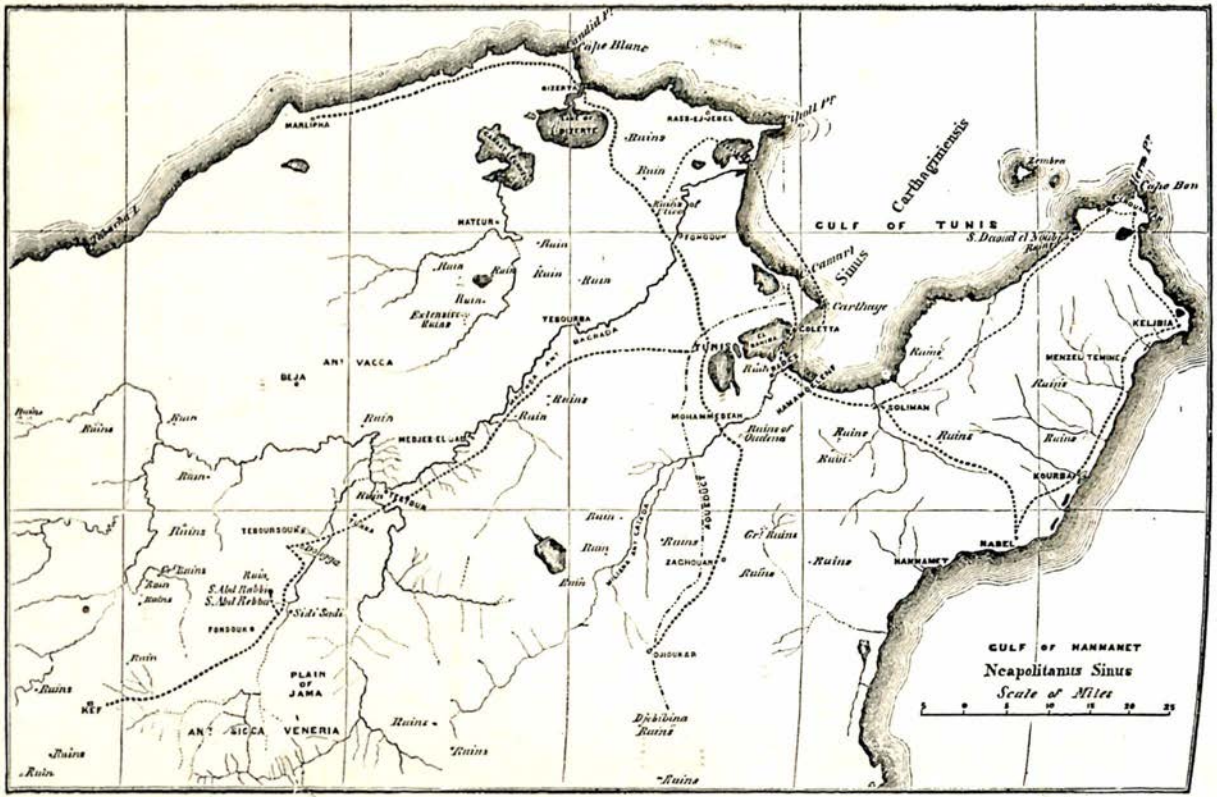
The consul fell back across the Trebia and joined the other consul, Sempronius, behind the walls of Placentia (Piacenza). The two of them had forty thousand men, and were in command alternately in the Roman fashion. Scipio was beginning to know his man; but Sempronius on his day did not wish to lose the credit of crushing the invaders. On a cold December morning of 218 B.C., he led his men across the flooded Trebia. But Mago, Hannibal's brother, was in ambush among the brambles of the river-bed, and the Romans were utterly routed.

All Northern Italy was Hannibal's now. The Gauls received him with open arms. He could rest and train fresh troops. He needed them, for as he marched southwards in the spring his losses were heavy in the marshes round the future Lucca and Pisa. But his army recovered health when he camped in the glorious highlands of Fæsulum (Fiesole), overlooking the modern Florence. His connection with the great historic towns of Italy continued. The consul Flaminius was at Arretium (Arezzo); the consul Servilius was at Ariminum (Rimini). Hannibal left the valley of the Arno and marched past Flaminius on Perusia (Perugia).

At the passage of the Rhone he had shown the dash of youth; in holding the Trebia he had shown resolution and skill; he was now to show the world her greatest military commander in his prime. He had probably gauged with the eye of genius that to get to Italy at all he must lose most of his army; that he must not rely on Carthage for a single soldier or one ounce of silver; that it might be many months before his brother could help him from Spain; and that all help from Spain must come at a fearful expense of lives and treasure. To beat the Romans he must free the nations they had conquered in Italy and breed an Italian insurrection.

Genius told him again where he should look for help. The mettlesome Gauls, who, conscious of superior strength and valour, hated to be beaten by the more skilful Romans, would rush to the standard of a general who knew how to win hearts. Their lands he spared; he approached them as a saviour. But the sturdy Etruscans and Latins, though they had suffered at Roman hands in the old days, would not lightly forget their place in the Roman system for a specious offer. Them he would treat as enemies; their spoils should fill his chests and reward his allies.

As he could read a nation, so he could read a man. In Flaminius he saw another Sempronius, brave to rashness, who expected to find in him another of the barbarian invaders who could be routed, however



MR. DAVIS'S MAP OF THE NORTHERN PORTION OF THE REGENCY OF TUNIS, FROM CARTHAGE TO HANNIBAL'S BATTLEFIELD OF ZAMA (JAMA).

great the odds, by the fiery and disciplined onslaught of the Roman legionaries. He too was afraid that the glory of crushing Hannibal might fall to another commander, if he did not seize it.

So Hannibal marched down from the hills above Florence to Perugia, laying waste half Etruria with his Gauls and his Numidians, that the voices of the countryside might compel Flaminius not to loiter if his own zeal failed him.

Between Cortona and Perugia lies the lovely lake of Trasimene. The traveller passing in the train looks with delight on its broad sunny waters, thrusting themselves in between rock and forest. There Hannibal waited for Flaminius, with his Gauls and Numidians spread about the high wooded sides of road, and his Spanish infantry drawn across it. Only ten thousand out of forty thousand Romans escaped.

It is not my purpose here to trace those fifteen years of campaigning in Italy, in which this marvellous man never lost one battle. For that would need a book to itself, and a beautiful book one could make of the footsteps of Hannibal in Italy. For fifteen years, more or less, he was president and commander-in-chief of a South Italian confederacy which shook the power of Rome in its foundations. At first he won great battles—in 216 B.C., Cannæ itself, greatest of all his victories, in which with far inferior numbers he destroyed a Roman army of eighty thousand infantry

and six thousand cavalry. After Cannæ, Capua, the second city of Italy, joined him; and in 213 B.C. he took Tarentum, the greatest of the Greek cities in Italy.

It was 211 B.C. before the luck turned, and then he showed his greatness even more conclusively; for though he lost Capua, he marched right up to the walls of Rome to see if he could take it by a *coup-de-main*, and so wasted the country round it that he almost robbed the city of her staunch Italian allies. But he recognised with a military eye that Rome was too strong to take by assault, and marched back south. Then Capua fell, and his allies began to grow faint-hearted. 210 B.C. was his year, for in it he won his last great victory, Herdonea. 209 B.C. went to the Romans, for in it Tarentum fell.

But in 208 B.C., Marcellus, the greatest of all the Roman generals, was killed by the Numidians on "the hill of Petely" with Crispinus, the other consul, and a Roman force; while Hannibal himself destroyed the Roman army that lay besieging Locri. Though Rome had now two hundred thousand men in the field, her finances were at breaking point; the Italians were crying out that they had no more money or men to send; and Hasdrubal had crossed the Pyrenees.

The man who saved Rome was the Consul Claudius Nero, for learning the movements of Hasdrubal

from captured dispatches, he made a forced march with seven thousand picked troops to reinforce the other consul, Marcus Livius, and urge him to fall upon Hasdrubal at the river Metaurus. As Hasdrubal's plans were known, his army was destroyed and he was slain. When Hasdrubal's head was thrown into Hannibal's camp the hero knew that his dream of conquering Rome was passed. But he was not crushed himself—indeed, showed himself more brilliant than ever. He retired into the Southern Apennines, the fastness famed in the history of brigandage, and there for another four years, though his allies and fortresses were conquered one by one and he had nowhere to look for more money or more troops, he maintained himself with ease, dealing crushing defeats upon any force that ventured within his reach. The Romans were only delivered from the father of guerilla warfare by the cry which came to him from Carthage.

Carthage recalled him too late. The Numidians were sick of her, and when Hannibal did arrive the troops he understood so well were ranged against him, and he had to fight them with raw levies of men who had hoped never to fight for their country. Even Hannibal could not win against such odds.

But though Zama crushed for ever to the ground the military power of Carthage, Hannibal rose from the earth, like the Antæus of mythology, with renewed

powers. He was the diplomatist who won good terms from the generous conqueror; he was the politician who taught the Carthaginians how to reform their finances and pay the Roman indemnity with ease.

The Romans trembled at the returning power of their enemy, and demanded his surrender. Hannibal saved his perfidious country from a sin which would have made all mankind cherish her remembrance with loathing instead of pity by going into voluntary exile. If Carthage had only been true to him, she might even then have saved herself. But Hannibal knew that the voice of the "Little Carthagers" would make itself heard, and passed out into the world, to find that there was not room for one man in it if Rome was his enemy.

His first thought was to Tyre, the mother city of Carthage; but Tyre was all too weak. Then he went to Ephesus, for Antiochus, the king of Syria, one of the last rivals Rome had left, was frightened, and preparing to fight the common enemy of mankind. Surely Antiochus would need him. With Antiochus's enormous wealth he could raise an army of mercenaries which, under his command, would conquer.

Mercenaries and a fleet he prescribed to Antiochus. But the Syrian king was a boastful, ignorant Oriental, who felt confident of crushing the Romans with his myriads of soldiers—the rabble in fancy dress with which Eastern potentates one minute expect to annihilate

disciplined Europeans, and the next head a breathless flight. He had a great army assembled at Ephesus, and asked Hannibal if he did not think these were enough for the Romans. Hannibal's reply anticipated the contemptuous modern expression, *food for powder*. He said, "Yes, enough for the Romans, however greedy they may be." Scipio Asiaticus utterly routed them on the field of Magnesia, 190 B.C.

Hannibal's surrender was again demanded. This time he fled to Crete, but soon returned to Asia Minor to take refuge with Prusias, the petty king of Bithynia, to whom the great city of Broussa owes its name. The Romans followed him there, and as Prusias was too feeble to resist, Hannibal took the poison, which he had carried for the purpose in a ring all his life, on the shores of the Sea of Marmora. Thus, at the age of sixty-four, ended Hannibal, the world's greatest soldier, for want of a country.

It is easy to picture the scorn with which the boastful Antiochus received the offer of the poor exile whose country had been conquered by Rome, nor is it more difficult to picture Hannibal, with the resources of Antiochus at his back, making that monarch lord of an empire greater than Alexander's, for all military writers are agreed that Hannibal's fifteen years' campaign in a hostile country at the doors of the greatest power in the world, with hardly any assistance from the outside, is the greatest military feat

ever performed. This is a plain professional criticism. I love to try and picture the personality of this man of men, who was master of the hearts of so many different races. Africa, the slave, was the mother of Hannibal.

CHAPTER XI

"*DELENDA EST CARTHAGO*"

"*When the ten deputies, of whom Cato was one, came to the disputed territory, they offered their arbitration, which was accepted by Massinissa, but rejected by the Carthaginians, who had no confidence in Roman justice. The deputies accurately observed the warlike preparations, and the defences of the frontier. They then entered the city, and saw the strength and population it had acquired since its conquest by the elder Africanus. Upon their return home, Cato was the foremost in asserting that Rome would never be safe as long as Carthage was so powerful, so hostile, and so near. One day he drew a bunch of early ripe figs from beneath his robe, and throwing it upon the floor of the Senate-house, said to the assembled fathers, who were astonished at the freshness and fineness of the fruit, 'Those figs were gathered but three days ago at Carthage; so close is our enemy to our walls.' From that time forth, whenever he was called upon for his vote in the Senate, though the subject of debate bore no relation to Carthage, his words were, 'I vote that Carthage no longer be,' or according to the more accepted version of Florus (ii. 15), 'Delenda est Carthago.'*"—SIR WILLIAM SMITH.

IT is not my purpose in these pages to write the history of Carthage inch by inch, nor to detail the aggressions of Massinissa, treacherously encouraged by the Romans, which led up to the Third Punic War. He committed outrage after outrage, until the Carthaginians were compelled to defend themselves. Even then the Carthaginian government sent envoys to Rome to disclaim their action, and to beg the aid of the Romans against Massinissa.

The indictment of the treachery of the Romans will be more absolute if I give it in the words of Appian,[1] who must have taken it from Polybius, their own official historian of the war, the friend of Scipio, who stood at his side all through the siege, which was such a hideous blot on history:

"The Senate, who had long before had an inclination to this war, and were now prepared for it, having at their devotion so strong and commodious a city, discovered their intentions, and assembling in the Capitol, where it is usual to debate affairs of consequence, decreed a war with Carthage; and at the same time gave it in order to the Consuls, with private orders never to give it over till Carthage were destroyed.

* * * * *

"The Senate made them (*i.e.* The Deputies of Carthage) answer, That, provided the army were yet in Sicily, if within a month the Carthaginians would deliver up in hostage three hundred children of their best families, and perform what they should ordain, the City of Carthage should remain free in the enjoyment of their rights, and of the Territory they possessed in Africa. This Decree of the Senate they publicly gave to the Deputies to carry to the Consuls, whom privately they advertised not to

[1] Translated by J. D. and published in 1679.

recede from those orders they had received in the city. The Carthaginians were doubtful, that though they did deliver up their Hostages, they should not obtain assured Peace.

"However, in the extremity wherein they beheld themselves, they placed all their hopes in obedience; and that they might work upon the Consuls, by a ready execution of their commands, they carried their children into Sicily, before the time had been prescribed them. It's true that their parents and friends parted not from them without abundance of tears—especially the mothers who, echoing fearful shrieks and cries, could hardly be pulled from the embrace of their children, and when they were, hung upon the ships, clasped hold upon the anchors, and cut the tackle to hinder the seamen from putting forth; many tore their hair, and beat their breasts, as if they had been at a funeral, for they perceived that in appearance indeed they gave hostages; but in reality and effect, they yielded up their City, since their children were taken away and no assured promise made them.

"And indeed many of these women shedding tears made this dire prediction, that the giving hostages was but in vain. Thus were these Youth taken away from Carthage, to be delivered up in Sicily, where they were received by the Consuls, who sent them to Rome, and told the Carthaginians they should

know at Utica what more was to be done to deliver themselves from this war.

"When the Romans were passed over, the Army encamped in the same place Scipio had before encamped in, and the Fleet rode in the ports depending on Utica. The Carthaginian Deputies came to attend the Consuls, who, seated in the Tribunal, encompassed by all the officers of the Army, had caused to be drawn off, on both sides the way that the Carthaginians were to pass, all their forces magnificently armed, with Colours flying, that the Carthaginians might judge of their vast numbers by what they saw. Then a Trumpet having commanded silence, by the Consuls' order a Herauld went to give notice to the Deputies, that they were ready to give them audience. They were led through the midst of all the army, and when they drew near, stopt at the Rails, placed like a bar before the Tribunal, from whence the Consuls commanded them to make their proposals.

* * * * *

"The Carthaginians began by a piteous appeal to their misfortunes:—'It would be piety in you (said the chief of the Deputies) to consider the miserable condition of our affairs, and unless we have met with enemies pitiless and inexorable, you should in all reason rest satisfied with our calamities. We have

left all the Dominion we had both by Sea and Land; we have delivered up our ships to you, and have not sought to build others; we have forborne hunting of Elephants; we have both formerly and at present delivered you good hostages. We have paid you the Tribute we ought you at the time limited, we that use to receive from others. Certainly, Sirs, your predecessors, after having vanquished us, contented themselves with thus much, they received us into their alliance and friendship, on these conditions, which we have solemnly sworn to maintain on one part and the other. They faithfully kept the Peace they granted, after long Wars; and you, against whom we never took up arms, what is it you complain of? What part of the Treaty has not been observed, that you so suddenly decreed this war, and bring it to our doors before you declare it? Have we not paid you your Tribute? Have we any ships? Have we any elephants? Do we not seem worthy of your compassion, after so late loss of fifty thousand men by famine?

"'You will say we made War upon Masinissa. 'Tis true, but 'twas not till he had usurped our lands, which we for a long time suffered with patience, till, he setting no bounds to his avarice, committed a thousand cruelties in the Country about the Empories where he was brought up and educated; and not content with that, he has attempted to snatch from

us what we had remaining, and at last has gone so far, as to trouble the Peace we had with you. But because we feared to displease you, that we might remove all pretence of making this War, we have by Publick Edict declared even our own defenders criminal; we have sent Deputies to Rome to make our excuses, and now again afresh sent other Deputies with full authority to renew the Peace, on what conditions soever you should think fit. What need was there then of this fleet, or this Army against People, who—though innocent, submit themselves to whatsoever you shall ordain? You may easily judge we make not these offers to deceive you, and that you cannot impose upon us any penalty, we will not undergo, whilst we have surrendered up as Hostages to you, the most considerable of our children, as you desired, without staying out the month's time you gave us for the sending them. Besides, the Decree of the Senate declares, that provided we deliver those Hostages, Carthage should remain free, in the enjoyment of what we possess.'

"After the Deputy had thus spoken, Censorinus broke silence, and answered him in these terms:—'Tis needless to repeat to you the occasion of this War; your Deputies have already heard it from the Senate themselves. But as to what you falsely object to us, 'twill be easy to reply; for it is decreed by the Ordinance you speak of, and we told it to you

before in Sicily, when we received your Hostages, that at Utica should be proposed to you the farther intentions of the Senate. We cannot but praise you that you have sent your Hostages so readily and such chosen ones. But if you so passionately desire Peace, what need have you of arms? Wherefore bring all you have as well belonging to the publick as private persons, all your darts, crossbows and other Arms, and deliver them into our hands.'

* * * * *

"They had arms for two hundred thousand men, an infinite number of piles and darts, two thousand as well crossbows and other engines, for the lancing of Javelins and casting of great stones. And it was a wonderful thing to see the carriages loaden with them, conducted by the enemy themselves, who were followed by the Deputies, Senators, Officers, Priests and Nobility, hoping to move the Consuls either out of respect to their dignity or out of compassion to their misfortune.

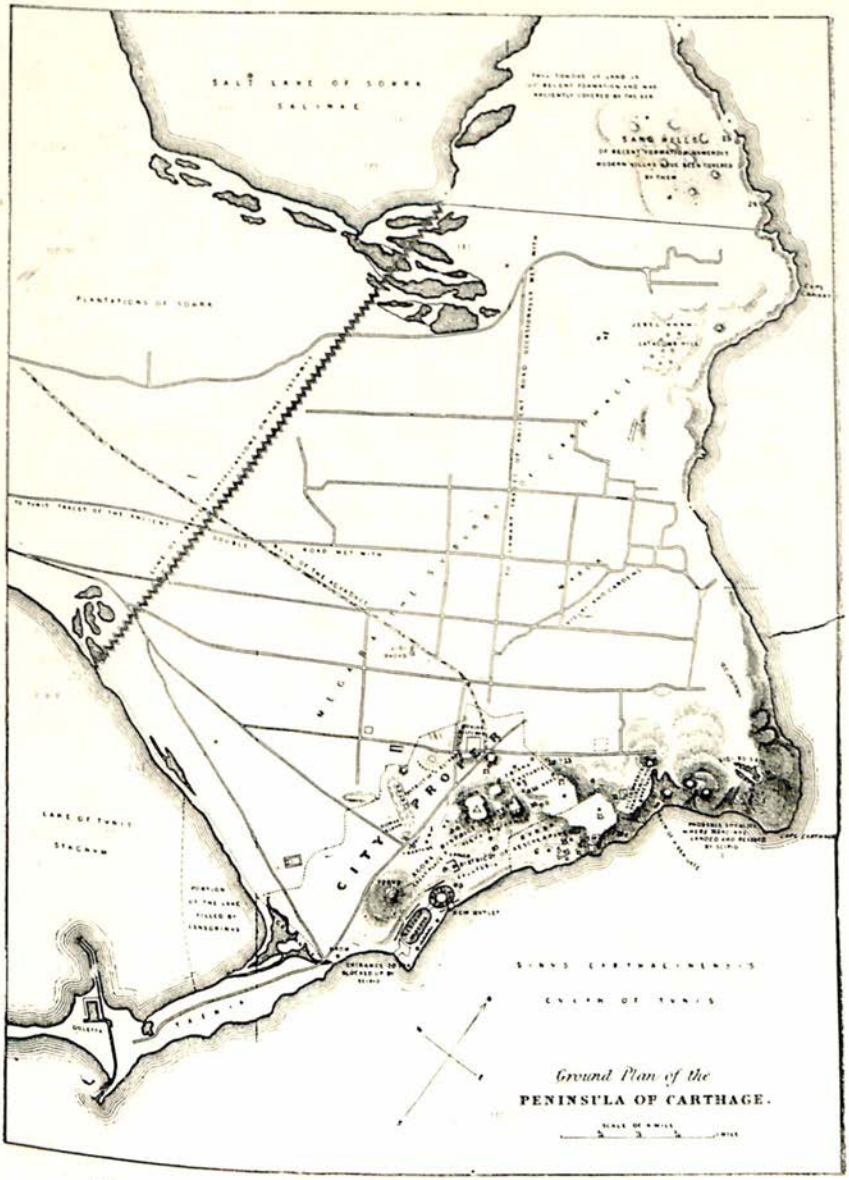
"When they were come before the Tribunal, each man habited according to their degree, they all stood attentive, and Censorinus, who was more eloquent than his colleague, once more breaking silence, spoke to them in this manner:—'Certainly we have good reason to applaud that ready Obedience you have manifested in delivering your Hostages, and surrendering up your arms; but it is fruitless to make long

discourses where necessity presses. Hearken with patience to the remaining orders of the Senate; withdraw yourselves from the City of Carthage and transfer your habitation into whatever place you please of your Dominion, provided it be four-score furlongs from the sea, for we are resolved to rase it.' "

* * * * *

Appian draws a pitiful picture of the Carthaginians calling to the gods to witness the violation of the treaties, railing, reviling, and reproaching the Romans, beating the pavements with their heads and faces, tearing not only their clothes but their very flesh in their rage; and then, when the paroxysm was over, "overwhelmed with sorrow, standing still without speaking a word as if they had been dead." He describes the citizens standing upon their walls to discover the return of the envoys, tearing their hair out of impatience to see them coming, and, when they beheld them quite cast down with sadness, smiting their breasts. He describes their hideous rage, their outbursts of defiance when they heard the news, the efforts they made to replace the weapons, down to the women cutting off their hair to make cords for the crossbows. The consuls did not press them, either because they were loath to begin their cruel task, or because they thought there was no occasion to hurry with a disarmed city.

I shall not describe the gradual hemming in of



MR. DAVIS'S PLAN OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE, SHOWING HIS ERRONEOUS LOCALISATION OF THE BYRSA.

the city, nor how Scipio closed the harbour with a mole and they opened a new entrance without his knowing it, for I need my space to quote Appian's account of the storming of the city. For it is from him that we get the account of the last days of Carthage, which has become a part of every nation's literature :

" Meanwhile, Scipio's chief design was against the place called Byrsa, for that was the strongest of all the city, and a world of people were retreated thither. The way from *the great place* thither was up hill through three streets, on each side of which there was a continuance of high houses, whose upper stories jutting somewhat over into the street, whole showers of darts flew from thence upon the Romans, who were constrained before they passed further to force the first houses, and there post themselves, that from thence they might drive out those that fought in the neighbouring houses ; and after they had driven them out, they laid Beams and Planks from one side of the street to the other, on which, as on bridges, they passed across the streets ; thus they maintained War in the Chambers, whilst as fast as they met, they fought more cruelly below in the Streets. All places were filled with cries and groans, people dying a thousand different sorts of deaths, some at Sword's-point, some thrown headlong down from the tops of the houses upon the pavement,

others falling upon Javelins, Pikes and Swords, presented against them; however, none durst yet set fire, because of those who maintained the fight in the lofts; but when Scipio had gained the foot of the fortress, all these streets were immediately on a flame, and the soldiers had charge to hinder the ruins of the houses caused by the fire, from falling into the Street, that the whole Army might have the more convenient passage.

"And now were new spectacles of calamity to be seen, the fire devouring and overturning the houses, and the Roman soldiers all about so far from hindering it, that they endeavoured to involve the rest in the same ruins. The miserable Carthaginians in despair falling confusedly with the stones and bricks on the pavement, dead bodies, nay, people yet living, and especially old Men, Women and Children, who had hid themselves in the most secret places of the houses, some laden with wounds, others half burnt, and all crying out in a deplorable manner; others tumbling headlong from the upper stories of the houses, among the mass of Stones and Wood, were in their falls torn in pieces.

"Nor was this the end of their miseries, for the Pioneers who, to make way for the soldiers, removed the rubbish out of the middle of the Streets, tossed with their hooks and forks the bodies, as well of the dead as living, into the vaults, turning them

with their iron instruments as if they had been pieces of Wood or Stones, so that there might be seen holes full of heaps of men, of which some having been headlong thrown in, yet breathed a long time, and lay with their legs above ground; and others, interred up to the neck, were exposed to the cruelty of the Masons and Pioneers, who took pleasure to see the heads and brains crushed under the horses' feet, for these sort of people placed not those wretches so by chance but of set purpose. As for the Men of War, their being engaged in the fight, with the hopes of approaching victory, the eagerness of the soldiers, heightened by the sounds of the Trumpets, the noise made by the Majors and Captains in giving their orders, made them even like Furies and hindered them from amusing themselves at the spectacles.

"In this bloody toil they continued six days and six nights without respite, save only that the soldiers were from time to time relieved by other fresh ones, lest the continual watchings, labour, slaughter and horror should make their hearts fail them. Scipio only bore out all this time without sleeping; he was continually in action, continually running from one place to another, and taking no food, but what offered itself by chance as he was passing, till such time as quite tyred out he sat down in an eminent place that he might see what passed. Meanwhile strange havoc was made on all sides, and this calamity seemed

likely to continue much longer, when on the seventh day they had recourse to his clemency, and came to him bringing in their hand the Vervain of Æsculapius whose temple is the most considerable in all the fortress, desiring no other composition, but that he would please to give their lives to all that would come forth, which he granted to them, except only to the Runaways. There came forth fifty thousand as well men as women, whom he caused to pass out of the little gate towards the Fields with a good Guard.

"The Runaways, who were about nine hundred, seeing there was no mercy for them, withdrew into the temple with Asdrubal his wife and Children, where though they were but a small number they might defend themselves because of the height of the place situated upon rocks, and to which in times of peace they ascended by sixty steps; but at length, oppressed by famine, watchings and Fear, and seeing their destruction so nigh, Impatience seized them, and quitting the lower part of the Temple they fled to the highest story.

"Asdrubal meanwhile privately withdrew himself, and went to Scipio with a branch of Olive in his hand: Scipio having commanded him to come up and prostrate himself at his feet, shewed him to the Runaways, who seeing him, demanded silence, which being granted after having vomited forth an infinite number of revilings and reproaches against Asdrubal,

Pinx. Benton Fletcher.

DELENDA EST CARTHAGO.

they set fire to the Temple and buried themselves in the flame. It is said that whilst the fire was kindling, Asdrubal's Wife, decking herself in the best manner she could and placing herself in the sight of Scipio, spake to him with a loud voice in this manner:

"The Oration of Asdrubal's Wife

"'I wish nothing to thee, O Roman, but all prosperity, for thou dost act only according to the rights of War. But I beseech the gods of Carthage, and thou thyself, to punish as he deserves that Asdrubal, who has betray'd his country, his Gods, his Wife and his Children.'

"And then, addressing her speech to Asdrubal:—'Perfidious Wretch (said she), thou most wicked of all mankind! This fire is about to devour me and my Children: but thou, great Captain of Carthage, for what triumph art not thou reserved, or what punishment will not he make thee suffer, at whose feet I now see thee?'

"After these reproaches she cut her children's throats and cast them into the fire, and then threw herself headlong in; such, as is reported, was the end of this woman, but this death had certainly better become her husband.

"As for Scipio, seeing that City which had flourished

for seven hundred years since it was first built, comparable to any Empire whatsoever, for Extent of Dominion by Sea and Land, for its Arms, for its Fleets, for its Elephants, for its Riches, and preferable even to all nations on the earth for generosity and Resolution, since after their Arms and Ships were taken away, they had supported themselves against Famine and War for three years together; seeing it, I say, now absolutely ruined, 'tis said that he shed tears and publickly deplored the hard fortune to his enemies. He considered that Cities, Peoples and Empires are subject to Revolutions, as well as the conditions of private men, that the same disgrace had happened to Troy, that powerful City, and afterwards to the Assyrians, Medes and Persians, whose Dominion extended so far, and lately to the Macedonians, whose Empire was so great and flourishing, which was the reason that unawares, and as it were without thinking of it, that Distich of Homer's escaped him:

> "Priam's and Troy's time come, they Fates obey,
> And must to fire and Sword be made a prey.

"And Polybius, who had been his tutor, demanding of him in familiar discourse what he meant by those words, he ingeniously answered, that the consideration of the vicissitude of Humane Affairs had put him in mind of his country, whose Fate he likewise feared; as the same Polybius reports in his Histories."

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST OF CARTHAGE

"Marius, when defeated and proscribed by Sulla in 88 B.C., *escaped to Africa. He stayed himself in the neighbourhood of Carthage, and sent his son to seek the protection of Hiempsal, King of Numidia. But the proprætor of Africa, Sextilius, felt it his duty to refuse him harbourage, and yet did not wish to injure him. He therefore sent a message to him bidding him leave the province. As the messenger waited for an answer, Marius, after remaining for a long time silent, at last said, 'Go and tell him that you saw Gaius Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage.'"*—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

FOR a while the Romans faithfully observed Cato's vindictive advice, "Delenda est Carthago"; but so early as the time of the Gracchi they began to look upon that eligible site as a good place to ship the unemployed to, and Cæsar, with his customary commonsense, pooh-poohed Cato's objections. In fact, the first thing which occurred to his generous mind, after his victory of Thapsus had placed Africa at his disposition, was to wipe away the stain left on the name of Rome from the destruction of Carthage and Corinth by restoring those rivals of his country in the history of civilisation to their former splendour. Both were destroyed in 146 B.C., and it was when he stood amid the ruins of Carthage—as the conqueror

of Africa in 46 B.C., a century after their destruction—that great Cæsar conceived the idea of this truly imperial way of celebrating the centenary. But before he could carry it out he had fallen by the assassin's hand, a victim to Catonism.

The heir in whom he was so fortunate, his adopted son Augustus, carried out his project with great magnificence in 19 B.C., sending out no fewer than three thousand colonists to join with the natives in the restoration of Carthage. It is Augustus's rebuilding of Carthage which Virgil describes in the Æneid as the work of Dido, and when Strabo wrote, a good deal less than half a century afterwards, it was already as populous as any city of Africa.

Carthage, under the perfect security of the Pax Romana, acquired a greater commerce than she had ever enjoyed in the days of her independence, and once more became the rival of Rome in size and wealth, though she remained politically subservient. The odd thing was that in Christian times the rivalry extended to ecclesiastical as well as temporal importance. Carthage never, of course, was the seat of popes, but it is asserted that Christianity received the form which has lasted through so many centuries from the great African fathers, like St. Augustine. St. Augustine was not the only super-eminent ecclesiastic produced by the Church of North Africa. Cyprian and Fulgentius are names that echo still, while by

her courage in martyrdom the fair young Saint Perpetua has left almost a greener memory at Carthage than Queen Dido herself.

But the Church in North Africa was scarcely less famous for great movements than great men. They did not extort the sanction of the popes, so their names are to most of us now only a matter of history; but Carthage and her territory were the chief scene of the great heresies of the Novatians and the Pelagians, the Donatists and the Arians. Their principal interest nowadays lies in the fact that the unbending orthodoxy of the Church of Carthage, though it failed in convincing the heretics, prevented the province from presenting a united front against the barbarian invaders.

It is the opinion of historians that but for internal dissensions the Vandal invasion could have been repelled, and some even go so far as to say that if the Church had found room for the sturdy heretics, the Arabs themselves would never have conquered North Africa. The history of the earlier Carthage which contested the empire of the world with Rome is familiar to most of us from our schooldays; the history of the later Carthage, which in the reign of the Emperor Heraclius came within an ace of having the capital of the world transferred to it from Constantinople, is almost forgotten, though it has been brilliantly treated by Gibbon, ably supplemented in a Cambridge prize essay by Mr. L. R. Holme.

The history of the later Carthage is for the most part the history of the Church of North Africa. Dean Milman, in his great *History of Latin Christianity*, said, "Africa, not Rome, gave birth to Latin Christianity," and Mr. Holme tells us that the Latin versions of the Scripture on which Jerome grounded his Vulgate were African. Cyprian, Lactantius, Tertullian, Augustine, Arnobius, Fulgentius, were all North Africans. Mommsen goes so far as to say, "In the development of Christianity, Africa plays the first part; if it arose in Syria, it was in and through Africa that it became the religion of the world"; in other words, Carthage gave us Christianity. The fact was that the people of North Africa took their religion more seriously. They plunged into controversies with Oriental vehemence, and developed a perfect passion for martyrdom.

At the same time, the unreligious of Carthage were a byword for wanton luxury and immorality. Mr. Holme quotes an inscription found in the forum of Timgad, the glorious Pompeii of North Africa, which may roughly be translated "to hunt, to bathe, to play, and to laugh, make up life"; and he draws a brilliant picture of Carthage as the intellectual and commercial centre of Africa:

"Its schools of languages, philosophy, and the liberal arts, were thronged with pupils; its magnificent harbour was alive with the ships of all the civilised

world. Its buildings were worthy of its greatness, and no heavier indictment can be brought against the Vandals than their destruction of some of its finest edifices. For in their senseless rage the invaders defaced the Odeon or concert-hall, the theatre, the Temple of Memory, and the magnificent Via Cœlestis, which with its decorated walls, nearly two miles in length, was adorned with mosaics and priceless stones."

The city was, however, the prey of robbers and prostitutes. One wonders whether the Vandals earned their reputation by their destruction of Carthage, or by their destruction of Rome. They did not quite destroy the odeon or the theatre, for the remains of both help to make the Carthage of to-day look like bits of Pompeii in the wilderness. Mr. Holme's book is a mine of interesting facts. He points out the extraordinary lasting power of the Berbers. They used the same language when they were Berbers—that is to say, barbarians in the eyes of the Romans—as they use to-day, and some inscriptions in their writing survive. The French are fortunately having the language taught in the schools of Kabylia, so there is no longer any danger of its extinction.

The women of Roman Carthage were distinguished by the extravagance of their dress. Terence, in one of his comedies, quotes, as a sign of it, the golden fetters which the ladies wore on their legs, and both Cyprian and Tertullian denounce it with African

vehemence. The Church at Carthage was not good at making allowances. It was difficult for many people, especially soldiers, whatever their personal religion might be, to avoid being present at heathen ceremonies, some of which were licentious; but the Church was rigid upon the matter, and the people, even when they were Christians, used to jeer at their clergy for pallid faces and close-cropped hair and clerical robes. If the clergy were hard on others, they were subject to a discipline so severe themselves that they were not even allowed to trim their beards.

Celibacy was not at first compulsory, but "the glories of a virgin life were continually being dwelt upon, and widows were encouraged to devote themselves to chastity." It is not surprising under the circumstances if the clergy occasionally broke out. We even read of two bishops who were criminals being deposed by provincial councils. But bishops were very numerous. No less than five hundred and sixty-five attended the council of A.D. 411. Every town, almost every village, had its bishop, and people had a passion for being persecuted because of the influence it gave them in the community.

The African Christians went mad over schisms. The Novatian, Pelagian, Donatist, Manichean, and Arian heresies all in turn attracted a substantial part of the population. Half the country turned Donatist and

supported its doctrines with every kind of outrage and violence, largely the work of the famous Circumcelliones, who were chiefly recruited from peasants, Moorish in blood and unable to speak Latin.

The man who took the chief part in putting down the various schisms was St. Augustine. Mr. Holme tells us that St. Augustine "was not only the fearless opponent of all schism and heresy, whether Donatism, Pelagianism, or Manicheism, but the patriotic inspirer of a strenuous resistance to both Moorish and Vandal attacks. His influence in the Church, unequalled in his own age, has hardly diminished in the course of centuries. While he lived his authority was admitted by all, and he stirred up the Church to resist the heresies of Pelagius; after his death his writings retained their original value, and to this day are reckoned amongst the noblest contributions to Christian literature." His tact was notable. He took the backbone out of the Donatist resistance by saying that the Donatists were schismatics, not heretics, and acknowledging the validity of their ordinations at the same time that the civil power was employed to crush the Circumcelliones, at whose door the worst of the outrages against the orthodox part of the population lay. The Donatists were suppressed by the great Council of A.D. 411. Two years before this Pelagius had landed in Africa with his famous doctrine of the absolute self-sufficiency of

the human will. The conference of A.D. 411 urged Pope Innocent to condemn Pelagianism. Augustine himself was a Manichean in his unregenerate days.

The beginning of the end of the revived Carthage was the invasion of the Vandals. It is not my purpose here to defend or condemn Boniface, Count of Africa, who invited the Vandals to come because his position had been attacked by Aetius. It is sufficient to observe the results. The Vandals were a fair-haired Teutonic people, born warriors, infinitely superior in physique to the exhausted Roman stock which formed the ruling caste in Africa. Only eighty thousand, fifty thousand of whom were fighting men, came, and if the numerous Moorish population had been in sympathy with the Romans, the invasion might have failed. But the Romans had been at no pains to win their sympathies. They had regarded them as mere food for taxes. Almost all the fruits of their industry were swallowed up by the extortions of the tax-gatherer. As they had to work like slaves and got nothing out of it, it was a matter of indifference to them whether the land was in the hands of the Romans or the Vandals. They had not even religious ties, for the few who were not pagans had always taken up one or other heresy or schism. On the whole, their support went to the Vandals.

Gaiseric, the Vandal king, was no common man. In education he was only a barbarian. There is very

little probability that he could write his own name, but he was as good a statesman as he was a warrior. He affected recklessness as English premiers make an affectation of levity. He was the best pirate of his time, but when he had selected a new country to operate in, with the shrewdness of a Standard Oil magnate he pretended that he was letting his ships sail where the wind took them, "against those with whom God was angry." He seems to have had a touch of Dionysius the Syracusan in him—Dionysius, who took the golden cloak from a statue of Jupiter because he said the god would find a woollen one lighter in summer and warmer in winter.

Gaiseric took advantage of the conflict of sympathy between the Romans and the Moors; and of the conflict of authority between the Roman officials at the head of the civil and military administrations in Africa—the Curzons had more voice about the defence than the Kitcheners, and Gaiseric possessed not only an irresistible army, but Muscovite perfidy. He made various treaties with the Romans, one of which was to leave Carthage untouched. As a hostage of good faith he sent his son Hunneric to the Imperial Court. By-and-by Roman suspicions were lulled and Hunneric was no longer detained. Gaiseric instantly seized Carthage. In return for receiving Hunneric as a hostage the emperor had already ceded a portion of Africa to the Vandals.

Gaiseric landed in Africa in A.D. 428. He took Carthage in A.D. 439. That such a barbarian as Gaiseric should have shown himself so ready to exercise the arts of diplomacy has excited the wonder of commentators, but Gaiseric had the longheadedness of our own William the Conqueror. He saw that you cannot make a nation of fifty thousand soldiers, or eighty thousand men; in other words, that if he depended only on his own Vandals he was a general and not a king. Hundreds of thousands were necessary for carrying on the administration, cultivating the land, and performing other menial duties. The Moors had no reason to love the Romans, whom they enormously out-numbered. He saw that those who did not suffer by Vandal rule would not object to it, so even the men who had been officials under the Romans were allowed to remain in their places. The one point on which he was an oppressor was characteristic, and it was a matter in which Africa had always been accustomed to oppression—religion.

Gaiseric was a renegade Catholic who had turned Arian, but he did not oppress his former co-religionists with a perverse zeal. He did not oppress them as a pervert, but as a matter of policy; for if the populace remained Catholic they would continue to look to Rome, while if they became Arians they would be in strong opposition to Rome. One of the most notable features of his conquest of Africa was the death of the

great Augustine during the siege of Hippo, which was so stoutly defended for fourteen months that the invaders raised the siege some time after his death.

Mr. Holme considers that there is no doubt that the Moors, as well as the Circumcelliones, sided with the Vandals. He thinks that the fury of the invaders against the magnificent public buildings of Carthage, which almost equalled those of Rome, may not only have been dictated by the hatred of the beautiful which has given them their sinister reputation, but by the stern military puritanism which so often appears in the Teutonic race. Arians as they were, they were firmly attached to Christianity. He says, "Perhaps even the destruction of the splendid buildings of Carthage was caused by their real or fancied connection with the old pagan gods." But he goes on rather inconsequently to point out that the Catholic clergy "provoked the worst feelings in the minds of the Arian invaders. . . . Their mouths were held open with sticks and filled with loathsome filth; vile compounds of salt water, vinegar, and the lees of wine were forced down their throats; cords twisted round their foreheads and legs cut into their flesh; and some, loaded with baggage like camels, were goaded on until they fell dead with exhaustion." The tortures, it must be remembered, were not only inflicted for religious spite.

Gaiseric did not allow such animosities to run away with him. The provincials were thorough

Orientals in one respect, conduced by insecurity—that of burying their treasures. But the expectations of the Vandals were so great as to be founded on cupidity even more than fact. The churches were exposed to every species of sacrilege and ravage. The historian to whom we owe our account of this first example of Vandalism was destitute of humour; otherwsie one might have suspected him of exaggeration when, after writing of tortures and massacres and destruction, he says that the worst thing of all was that the Catholics were obliged to carry their dear ones in silence to the grave, without the consolation of hymns.

The Vandals of Carthage were the forefathers of the Barbary Corsairs. They used the commanding position of their great seaport to establish a great piratical business in the Mediterranean. In A.D. 455 they descended on Ostia and sacked Rome itself, winning a better title to the opprobrium attached to their name, and carrying off to Carthage a booty replete with the ironies of time. Carthage, razed off the face of the earth by the spite of republican Rome, had received a resurrection from the hands of the first Roman Emperor. In the decline of Roman power it had fallen into the hands of the barbarians of the north, who were to be more successful than the barbarians of the south in humbling the pride of Rome. Among hundreds of distinguished captives, the Empress herself and her daughters,

Eudocia and Placidia, were taken to Carthage wearing chains on their hands and feet, like the barbarian princes led in Roman triumphs.

Among the spoils carried by the King of Carthage from the sack of Rome on that day of poetical justice were the Table of the Showbread and the Golden Candlestick, brought by the conquering Titus from Jerusalem, the most treasured heirlooms of the Jews. Perhaps even the Ark of the Covenant was among them. There is a carving of the Candlestick yet to be found on one of the tombs of Carthage.

In 468 the Emperor Leo sent a great fleet carrying a hundred thousand men to re-conquer Africa. The crafty Gaiseric, seeing that he could not resist it by force, proposed a five days' truce, and managed to burn the fleet of the Romans as soon as they were off their guard.

I am not writing a history of the Vandals, so I need not give a catalogue of the iniquities of the various kings who ruled at Carthage after Gaiseric, though they concerned themselves a good deal with the Church. Gaiseric was all for Arian supremacy. Hunneric crushed the Manicheans. Thrasamund sent for the great bishop Fulgentius to argue the doctrines of Catholicism with the Arian divines. Hilderic, in 523, restored the Catholics. Hilderic's mother, Amalafrida, the sister of the great Theodoric, was the means of rendering another piece of poetical

justice to Carthage, for she had as her dowry Lilybæum, the virgin fortress which the Carthaginians defended against the Romans as long as Troy held out. After ten years the Romans abandoned the siege, and it only passed to them with the cession of all Sicily.

The next great date in the history of Carthage is its capture by Belisarius after a fortnight's siege. Carthage once more became one of the greatest ports in the world; but in spite of its wealth and magnificence its power was gone—it was a city, not a country. We hear of Berbers levying blackmail. From this point forward Carthage marched rapidly to decay. Pope Gregory the Great exerted himself strongly over the ancient rival of Rome. The Emperor Heraclius tried to move the capital of the Empire from Constantinople to Carthage.

In 642 came the first invasion of the Arabs, but it was not permanent. In 669 the holy city of Kairouan, second only in sanctity to Mecca, was founded, which set the seal to the death-warrant of Carthage, because, although the Emperor was still more powerful than the followers of Mahomet by sea, in Kairouan they had a base which was beyond the reach of a sea-force. In 697 Hassan took Carthage, and though it revolted for a year, easily reconquered it. By 708 Noceir had made the conquest of Africa complete and permanent.

Photo by the author.

BEDOUINS ENCAMPED ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

The Church of Africa was not to die for centuries yet. In 837 we hear of five bishops coming from Alexandria to carry on the apostolic succession, and two hundred and fifteen years after that the North African Christians under Mornak seized a position at Hammam-Lif, and became so strong that the Emir of Carthage ceded them a strip of fertile land. Mr. Holme tells us that in 1073 Cyriac, the Bishop of Carthage, was scourged by his clergy for refusing to ordain a man they put forward, and that there was the curious spectacle of the Mahometan Emir of Carthage trying to effect a reconciliation. He mentions the name of a Carthaginian archbishop appearing in 1192. In 1535 the Emperor Charles V. found Christians still at Tunis, but submitting to circumcision and abstaining from pork and wine. These are the Mozarabes, or adoptive Arabs. Mr. Holme quotes Leo the African as saying that these Christians had a little chapel; they were the direct descendants of the great African Church, and were allowed to exercise their religion. It was not until 1583, when the Turks took Tunis, that native Christianity was wiped out.

THE SAINTS OF CARTHAGE

CHAPTER XIII

THE SAINTS OF CARTHAGE

CARTHAGE is hardly less famous for her saints than for her generals. The space filled in the eyes of republican Rome by Hamilcar and Hannibal, in the eyes of Christian Rome was occupied by writers like Tertullian and Augustine; confessors like Augustine, his mother Monica, and Fulgentius; martyrs like Perpetua and Cyprian.

Tertullian, whose period of Christian activity was from A.D. 190-220, was born at Carthage. His full name was Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus, and his father was a Centurio Consularis. Unlike most North Africans, he was fluent in both Latin and Greek. He not only wrote in both, but shows a minute acquaintance with Plato and the Stoic philosophers. He had previously attained first-class rank as a Roman jurist. Two of his works are mentioned in the *Digest*. But he will always be remembered as the inventor of "Church Latin." He was the earliest, and, except St. Augustine, the greatest of the Christian Fathers. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*

gives the following as the elements of the Christian Latin language:

1. It has its origin not in the literary language of Rome, as developed by Cicero, but in the language of the people as we find it in Plautus and Terence (who was a Carthaginian prisoner).

2. It has an African complexion.

3. It is strongly influenced by Greek, particularly through the Latin translation of the Septuagint and of the New Testament, besides being sprinkled with a large number of words derived from the Scriptures or Greek liturgies.

4. It bears the stamp of the gnostic style, and contains also some military expressions.

5. It owes something to the original creative power of Tertullian.

Before Tertullian the whole Christian literature in Latin consisted of a translation of the Bible, the *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, and a list of the canonical books.

"Whether Victor, the Roman Bishop, and Apollonius, the Roman Senator, ever really made an appearance as Latin authors is quite uncertain. . . . Tertullian in fact created Christian Latin literature; one might almost say that literature sprang from him full-grown, alike in form and substance, as Athene sprang from the head of Zeus. Cyprian polished the language that Tertullian had made, sifted the thoughts

he had given out, rounded them off and turned them into current coin, but he never ceased to be aware of his dependence on Tertullian, whom he designated as his master. Augustine, again, stood on the shoulders of Tertullian and Cyprian; and these three North Africans are the fathers of the Western Churches."

Tertullian seems to have given us our hell. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says:

"But he understood the Gospel as being primarily an assured hope and a holy law, as fear of the Judge who can cast into hell and as an inflexible rule of faith and of discipline. Of the glorious liberty of the children of God he had nothing but a mere presentment. . . . Among all the fathers of the first three centuries Tertullian has given the most powerful expression to the terrible earnestness of God."

Of St. Augustine, whose real name was Aurelius Augustinus, it has been said that he was the greatest of the four great fathers of the Latin Church, more profound than St. Ambrose, more original and systematic than St. Jerome, intellectually far more distinguished than St. Gregory the Great.

A writer in Chambers' thus sums up his work:

"No mind has exerted greater influence on the Church than that of Augustine. No controversy of his age was settled without his voice, and in his letters (which fill a whole volume of the Benedictine edition of his

works) we see the vastness of his empire, the variety of subjects on which appeal was made to him, and the deference with which his judgment was received. . . . We have little difficulty in determining the central tenets of his theological belief. He held the corruption of human nature through the fall of man, and the consequent slavery of the human will. Both on metaphysical and religious grounds, he asserted the doctrine of predestination, from which he necessarily deduced the corollary doctrines of election and reprobation; and finally, he strenuously supported, against the Pelagians, not only these opinions, but also the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints.

"At the same time, it is but fair to add that even on such points his language is far from uniform; that much of the severity of his doctrines arose from the bitter and painful remembrance of his own early sins, and from the profound impression which the corrupt state of society in his time, and the vast desolations of barbarism, had made on his earnest and susceptible soul, and that in his desire to give glory to God, he sometimes forgot to be just to man. In illustration of this may be mentioned the fact that the maxim which justified the chastisement of religious errors by civil penalties, even to burning, was established and confirmed by the authority of Augustine, and thus transmitted to succeeding ages.

"In his epistle to Dulcitius, a civil magistrate who shrank from putting in force the edict of Honorius against heretics, he uses these words: 'It is much better that some should perish by their own fires, than that the whole body should burn in the everlasting flames of Gehenna, through the desert of their impious dissension.' In the opinion of Neander, it was to the somewhat narrow culture, and the peculiar personal experience and temperament of Augustine, that the doctrines of absolute predestination and irresistible grace, first systematised by him, owed much of that harshness and one-sidedness which so long obstructed their general reception by the Church, and which continue to render them repulsive to multitudes. It was not, however, by his controversial writings merely, but by his profound conception of Christianity and the religious life, and by his personal fervour and force of character, that Augustine moulded the spirit of the Christian Church for centuries."

His best-known works besides his letters are the famous *City of God* (*De Civitate Dei*) and *Confessions*. I need not in a work of this kind do more than mention his fifteen books on the *Trinity*, his commentary on St. John and the Sermon on the Mount, and his exegetical writings. To us here St. Augustine the man is so very much more important.

He was born at Tagaste, a town in Numidia, A.D. 354, the son of a rich pagan named Patricius and

of a Christian mother named Monica, who in gentle sweetness and force of character reminds us of the wives and mothers of Japan. He studied at Carthage and Madaura, which had been the birthplace three centuries earlier of the other successor to the brilliant Numidian name illuminated by the cavalry of Hannibal —Apuleius, the author of the *Golden Ass*.

Like so many of the fathers of the North African Church, Augustine became a Christian well on in his career, though he was but thirty-three at the time. He was so brilliant and precocious that he was already at the top of his profession of rhetorician.

In that delightful book, *The Confessions of St. Augustine*,[1] edited and translated by the Rev. Charles Bigg, who was my formmaster at Cheltenham College before he passed to his head mastership, we get vivid pictures of the life of the future saint while he was first an undergraduate and then a lecturer at Carthage, the Cambridge of that day. He begins the third book with this frank confession:

"Next I went to Carthage, where debauchery bubbled round me like a frying-pan. I was not yet in love, but I loved the idea of love, and a deepfelt want made me hate myself, because I wanted less than I should. I sought something to

[1] Published by Methuen & Co., in their "Library of Devotion," 2*s*. net.

love, loving as I say the idea of love, and hated the tranquil path, where there are no mouse-traps.

* * * * *

"And so I polluted the brook of friendship with the sewage of lust, and darkened its clear shining with smoke from hell; and yet, vile and disreputable as I was, my vanity was inordinate, and I aspired to be known for my fashion and my wit. Also I plunged headlong into love, whose fetters I longed to wear. O my God, my Merciful One, how good Thou wast, and with what gall didst Thou embitter that cup of sweetness! For I was beloved; I attained my wish, the bondage of clandestine fruition, and proudly riveted round myself the chain of woe; then was I scourged with the red-hot iron rods of jealousy, suspicion, fears, anger, and quarrels."

The stage also bewitched him, and one of his most eloquent passages is that upon his love of tragedies. In time he began to study for the bar, and he has left us a piece of Carthaginian slang in the picture he draws of his classmates:

"My studies also, liberal studies they were called, drew me to look towards the Law Courts and aspire to success at the bar, where the craftiest is the most honourable. Such is the blindness of men, who ever glory in their blindness. And now I had reached the top of the school of rhetoric. Proud though I was,

and puffed up with conceit, yet far quieter than I had been, O Lord, Thou knowest. I would take no part at all in the wild doings of the Wreckers, a cruel and devilish name, which was looked upon as a stamp of the best set. I lived amongst them, feeling a kind of impudent shame because I could not keep pace with them. I went about with them, and of some of them I made friends; yet I always disliked their way of going on, their 'wreckings,' their wanton attacks upon the shyness of freshmen, and the unprovoked affronts with which they carried on their malignant amusement. Nothing could be more like the conduct of devils, and what name could be fitter for them than Wreckers? They themselves were wrecked and broken to begin with, and the lying spirits were cozening and seducing them, while they were finding delight in flouting and deceiving others."

But his mind was changed by a study of the Hortensius of Cicero. This put it in his mind to read the Scriptures, but, for the time, he disdained them because of their style; they seemed to him so far inferior to the dignity of Cicero. This made him fall into the mystical creed of Manicheism, a phase of his life which interests us here principally from the glimpses of Carthaginian life in one of his satirical similes:

"Just as if one, who knew nothing about

armour, should fasten a greave on his head, and shoe his foot with a helmet, and then complain because they do not fit; or as if, when a holiday has been proclaimed for the afternoon, he should make a disturbance because he may not open his shop after twelve o'clock, though it was lawful in the morning; or as if in some great household, having discovered that one slave was allowed to handle things which the butler might not touch, or that things might be done in the stable which were forbidden in the dining-room, he should make angry complaints, that in one house and in one family all have not the same office at the same time."

Most of us have read about the tears of his mother Monica over his Manicheism, and her dream of the radiant youth whom she saw coming towards her and smiling on her cheerfully, while she stood "with her feet planted on a wooden rule," weeping and lamenting that he remained a Manichean from his nineteenth to his twenty-eighth year.

In the interval he became very popular and successful. His *Confessions* enable us to picture him in his early manhood as clearly as the frescoes of Ghirlandajo depict his childhood in the church at San Gimignagno in Tuscany. This is one of the greatest fresco churches in the world, but the chief remembrance people bring away from it is not the glory of Benozzo Gozzoli, or the piety of poor little

Santa Fina, but the birching of the unregenerate boy Augustine :

"Education drew me to follow the toys that men call fame, applause in the theatre, prize poems, contests for crowns of hay, the follies of the stage, all the riot of passion. Religion taught me to seek purification from the defilements of the flesh by supplying food to those who were called 'elect saints,' in order that, in the laboratory of their paunches, they might manufacture angels and gods for my redemption. These were my pursuits ; these things I did with my friends, deceived by me and with me."

It was at this period of his life that he held his famous conversation with the aged proconsul Vindicianus, who had to crown him in a theatrical competition. He saw that Augustine was fascinated with astrology as a hobby and besought him to give it up, he himself having learnt it as a profession, but given it up and become a doctor, because he found the books to be wholly false, and could not condescend, being a serious man, to earn his living by deception. Says Augustine :

"When I asked him how then it happened that the predictions of astrologers often proved true, he replied, as well he might, 'Because of the power of chance, which runs through all nature. Thus a man will seek an oracle in the pages of a poet, who is singing and thinking about something

quite different, and often a verse will come out quite pat to the business in hand. Yet it is no wonder that from a human soul, prompted unconsciously by an instinct from above, a word should drop, by chance, not by art, with some sort of bearing upon the purpose of the inquirer.' This light Thou didst give me from him, or through him, and didst fix in my memory doubts, which I might afterwards verify for myself. But at that time neither he, nor my dear Nebridius, a young man of great goodness and prudence, who laughed at the whole system of divination, could persuade me to give it up, because I thought the weight of authority was on the other side, and because as yet I had not found the clear and certain proof I wanted, that, when an astrologer did speak the truth, he was guided by chance, not by skill, in reading the stars."

In his twenty-ninth year, A.D. 383, he determined to go to Rome and teach rhetoric there, because the students were quieter there and did not burst noisily into the classrooms of other teachers, and indeed were not permitted to enter at all without the permission of the lecturer :

"On the other hand, at Carthage there is disgraceful license of disorder among the students. They burst shamelessly into the room, and with the demeanour of madmen break up the discipline which the teacher has established for the better progress of his pupils.

Many things they will do with the utmost effrontery which are real outrages punishable by law, if it were not that custom has sanctioned them."

He saw in this afterwards the hand of God sending him to Rome for the salvation of his soul. He had to slip away from his mother by a stratagem, and there is not a page in all his eloquence more touching than his description of this flight, which may be compared to the flight of Mahomet, so important was the conversion of Augustine to the rise of Christianity :—

"But why I departed hence and went thither, Thou knewest, O my God ; but Thou shewedst it neither to me nor to my mother, who grieved deeply over my departure, and followed me down to the shore. She clasped me tight in her embrace, willing either to keep me back or to go with me ; but I deceived her, and pretended that I had a friend whom I could not leave, till the ship set sail. Thus I lied to my mother, and such a mother. And I escaped ; for this, too, Thou didst mercifully forgive, and preserve me, fool that I was, from the waters of the sea unto the waters of Thy grace, that, when I was washed therein, Thou mightest dry the stream of my mother's tears, with which she daily watered the ground beneath her face as she prayed to Thee for me. Yet she refused to go home without me, and I hardly persuaded her to pass the night in a memorial chapel of the blessed

Cyprian hard by the ship. But in that night I secretly set forth, and she remained to pray and weep. And what was she beseeching of Thee, O my God, with all those tears, but that Thou wouldest prevent me from sailing? But Thou, in Thy hidden wisdom, did grant the substance of her desire, yet refuse the thing she prayed for, in order that Thou mightest effect in me what she was ever praying for.

"The wind blew and filled our sails, and the shore receded from our gaze. There was she in the morning, wild with sorrow, besieging Thine ears with complaints and sighs which Thou didst not regard, for by my desires Thou wast drawing me to the place where I should bury my desires, and her carnal yearning was being chastened by the appointed scourge of grief. For she loved to keep me with her, as mothers are wont, yes, far more than most mothers, and she knew not what joy Thou wast preparing for her out of my desertion." She knew not; therefore she wept and cried, and by that anguish revealed the taint of Eve, seeking with groans what with groans she had brought forth. Yet when she had made an end of accusing my deceit and my cruelty, she fell again to praying for me, and so returned to her house, while I went on my way to Rome."

One wonders where that chapel of the saintly Cyprian stood, which might be to Carthage and Augustine's mother what that tiny chapel in the

castle of Beaucaire, where St. Louis took his last communion, is to France. At Rome, like many a pilgrim and scholar after him, he nearly died of fever, which reminds us in its effects on his after-life of the fever of Newman, the future Cardinal, in high Castrogiovanni, the Enna of Ceres.

In A.D. 387 Augustine went to Milan, and there his mother found him and attained the desire of her heart.

Not once or twice in the rough Christian story has the man of brilliant intellect or eloquence been converted by the man of simple piety. Ambrose, whose rite to this day rules the celebrations in the glorious, wealthy, and keen-witted Church of Milan, was not merely pious, but he was a plain man compared to the gifted Augustine, who was destined to be the greatest of all the Fathers of the Church.

At Milan we get another of the little human touches which make St. Monica the homely saint. When she went to the feasts and meetings at the tombs of the martyrs, she took with her, according to the African use, a basket of cakes and bread and wine. The doorkeeper refused to let her carry it in. When she learned it was against the Bishop's orders and submitted, Augustine was surprised, knowing how rigid she was in her principles.

"For her spirit was not deafened by sottish cravings, nor did the love of wine provoke her to

hate the truth, as is the case of too many, both men and women, whose gorge rises at the hymn of temperance as at a cup of water." The saint only took one little cup of wine with her, copiously diluted, and this to comply with the custom of her Church. She took the same little cup everywhere, and let her friends have their sips out of it; but when she learned that the good Bishop objected because some persons yielded to excess in wine, and because it suggested the Parentalia of the Gentiles, she at once relinquished the custom, though as Augustine says, "Perchance my mother would not so readily have agreed to the abolition of this usage, if it had been ordained by one whom she loved less than Ambrose, whom she loved deeply for my salvation."

Augustine and his mother were accompanied to Milan by their fellow townsman, Alypius of Tagaste, who had been one of Augustine's pupils both there and at Carthage. He was, says the saint, "warmly attached to me through his opinion of my character and learning; so also was I to him, because of the virtuous excellence which was conspicuous in one so young. But at Carthage the foolish passion for public shows is like a boiling whirlpool; he too had been sucked in by the madness of the Circus. While he was tossing miserably in this gulf, I had already become professor of rhetoric there and kept a public school; but he did not as yet attach himself to my class, in

consequence of a difference which had arisen between his father and myself."

Augustine had said that the son was ruining his chances of a splendid career by his addiction to the Circus. Alypius was cured by a chance satirical allusion to the Circus, which Augustine used as an illustration to one of his lectures, and one day came and took his place in the class. Augustine tells an excellent story, how Alypius was arrested while "attending his classes in mistake for a thief who had stolen some lead from the roof of the silversmiths' quarter." Incidentally while telling this story of Alypius, he gives a wonderful picture of a gladiatorial show, and directly afterwards tells the story of the marriage arranged for him, and first the putting away of one mistress, and then the taking of another because his marriage was to be so long postponed. He never married, for when he became a Christian in A.D. 387 he made a vow of continence for the rest of his life.

They were at Ostia on the way back to Carthage. "Fatigued by the long journey from Milan, we were recruiting ourselves for the sea-voyage. Sweet was the converse we held together as forgetting those things which were behind and reaching forth unto those things which were before." At the end of their conversation, which was upon the kingdom of heaven, his mother said:

"My son, as for me, I find no further pleasure in life. What I am still to do, or why I still linger here, I know not, for the hope of this world is dead within me. There was but one object, for which I desired to tarry a little longer in this life, that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God has granted me this boon in full measure and running over; I see thee His servant—and caring not for earthly happiness, what do I here?"

Once more one is reminded forcibly of the absolute devotion of the little wives and mothers of Japan. Japanese literature is full of such sentiments. We must remember perhaps that Monica was an African, and how often to-day the Orientals of Tunis show themselves the brethren of the Orientals of Tokio.

No one could be allowed to tell the sequel but Augustine:

"What answer I made to her I hardly remember. Within five days, or a little more, she was seized by a fever, and during this sickness fell into a swoon, and lost for awhile all consciousness. We ran to her aid, but she soon recovered her senses, and seeing my brother and myself standing by the bedside, asked us, 'Where was I?' Then, as we could not speak for grief, she fixed her eyes upon us, and said, 'Here you will bury your mother.' I held my peace, keeping back my tears; my brother spoke something

to the effect that he trusted she would die not abroad, but in her own native land, as thinking this a happier lot. When she heard this, she cast upon him a look of reproach for cherishing such fancies, and then turning to me, said, 'See how he talks.' Then to both of us she added, 'Lay this body where you will, and be not anxious about it. Only I beseech you, remember me at the altar of God, wherever you are.' Augustine knew how she had craved to return from her wanderings beyond the sea, and mingle her dust with her husband's, 'because they had lived together in great harmony.'

"At what time this fond desire had begun, in the plenitude of Thy goodness, to die away within her I knew not, and I felt both joy and wonder that it should be so. And yet, from the word, which she had spoken, when we were leaning upon the window, 'What do I here?' it was evident she had no longing to die at home. Afterwards I heard that, shortly after our arrival at Ostia, when I was not present, she spoke with a mother's frankness to some of my friends on the contempt of this life and the blessedness of death. They were amazed at the courage which Thou hadst given to her, a weak woman, and asked whether she did not shrink from the thought of leaving her body so far from her own home. She replied, 'Nothing is far to God. There is no fear that at the end of the world He will not know

Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

THE DAMOUS-EL-CARITA, THOUGHT TO BE THE CATHEDRAL OF THE CHURCH OF CARTHAGE.

whence to summon me.' And so on the ninth day of her sickness, in the fifty-sixth year of her age and the thirty-third of mine, that devout and godly soul was released from the body."

One wonders if the great navigator Henry Hudson had heard this dying speech of Monica, for as he was cast adrift by the mutineers in the little sloop in which he met his end on that midsummer day of 1611, in the vast Arctic bay which bears his name, he said, to cheer his little son and the others who were cast adrift with him, "We are as near God by sea as we are by land." With what feelings must those mutineers have cherished that saying which they have preserved for us!

Augustine lived for forty years after that sad day at Ostia, to this hour the city of fevers. Only a few years afterwards he was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Hippo at Numidia, and within four years, A.D. 395, became his associate. This is not the place to speak of the long, fierce battle he fought with the Pelagians and the Donatists. He was at Hippo in A.D. 397. There he published his famous *Confessions*, which has justly been called a "deep, earnest, and sacred autobiography of one of the greatest intellects the world has seen." "Passages of it," says the same writer, "have no parallel except in the Psalms of David."

At Hippo, too, in 413, he began his *City of God*.—

When he had finished it in 426, the Church which he depicted in it as rising on the ruins of the Roman Empire reached its zenith in North Africa, for the voices of controversy had sunk to a whisper before the convincing gentleness of one who was literally, as well as by title, Father of the Church. But it was the lull before the storm, the silence before the earthquake, for only three years later Gaiseric, with his fairhaired Vandals, burst upon Carthage from Spain as Hannibal from Spain burst upon Rome.

The Vandals were not pagans, but they were heretics, Arians, far more hostile to the orthodox Catholics than the next invaders, the turbaned Mahometans.

Hippo, with its venerable bishop within its walls, exhorting its citizens to be of good courage, defied them through a siege of fourteen months, and endured to the end, till the Vandals stole from their trenches in despair of taking the city. But in the third month the soldier of Christ, Augustine, had died, praying that God would help his unhappy Church, as he had prayed that he himself might be granted a release out of this present evil world.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SAINTS OF CARTHAGE (continued)

St Cyprian

THE greatest saint of Carthage who preceded Augustine—the dearest of all to the Church of North Africa, because no other man of his eminence carried off the coveted crown of martyrdom—was Cyprian.

Thascius Cyprianus, the great St. Cyprian, who was Bishop of Carthage, was born about A.D. 200 in that city, of which his father was one of the principal senators. He himself became public professor of rhetoric, a very important position, and lived in great pomp and luxury. He was converted to Christianity when he was between forty-five and fifty by an aged presbyter named Cæcilius, whose name he took as a "Christian name." His advance in the Church has no parallel for rapidity. While still a neophyte he was raised to the priesthood, and within less than a year after that, on the death of Donatus, the Bishop of Carthage, "the clergy and people

conspired to demand that he should be raised to that high dignity in the Church.

"At the first news of this motion, the humble servant of Christ fled, judging himself unfit for so weighty an employment, and begging that some more worthy person, and one of his seniors, might be chosen to that dignity. His declining it made the people keener in their desires, as it showed him to be the more worthy. A great multitude beset his house, and guarded all the ways that led to it, so that he could not make his escape from them. He attempted to get out at a window, but finding it in vain, he yielded, and showed himself to the people, who were impatiently waiting for him, divided between hope and fear. He was received with great joy, and consecrated with the unanimous approbation of the bishops of the province in the year 248, as Bishop Pearson and Tillemont prove. Five priests with some of the people opposed his election, alleging that he was yet a novice in the Church. St. Cyprian treated these persons as if they had been his best friends, and expressed so much goodness towards them that everybody admired him for it.

"In the discharge of the episcopal functions he showed abundance of piety, charity, goodness, and courage mixed with vigour and steadiness. His very aspect was reverend and gracious beyond what can be expressed, says Pontius, and no one could look

him in the face without a secret awe upon his spirits: his countenance had a happy mixture in it of cheerfulness and gravity; his brow was neither too contracted nor too open, but equally removed from both extremes of gaiety and severity, so that a person who beheld him might doubt whether he should love or respect him most. Only this was certain, that he deserved the highest degrees both of love and respect. His dress was of a piece with his countenance, neither affectedly sordid nor pompous. How careful he was of the poor when he was bishop, may be judged from his tenderness for them whilst he was only a catechumen."

He had divided his great wealth among the poor when he was converted, and had been elected bishop for his marvellous way of "fulfilling the law of charity, which God Himself prefers to all sacrifices." He had only been ordained about a couple of years when Decius began his reign by raising a bloody persecution against the Church. "The cruel edict reached Carthage in the beginning of the year 250. It was no sooner made public, but the idolaters in a kind of sedition ran to the market-place, confusedly crying, 'Cyprian to the lions! Cyprian to the wild beasts!'" The saint was publicly proscribed by the name of "Cæcilius Cyprianus, bishop of the Christians," and every one was commanded not to hide or conceal his goods.

By his remarkable conversion and great zeal, his name was so odious to them, that in derision they called him Coprianus, alluding to a Greek word which signifies dung. He was often sought for by the persecutors on this occasion. St. Cyprian consulted God, according to his custom, what he ought to do. It is the part of a hireling to fly when the flock is left destitute in time of danger. But there were at that time many weak ones among the faithful at Carthage, as appeared by the great number of those that soon after fell. The havoc which the enemy made there would have probably been much greater if Providence had not preserved St. Cyprian, that by his active zeal and authority he might maintain discipline and repair the ruins caused by the persecution.

In order to procure to his flock all necessary support and comfort during the storm the holy bishop was persuaded that the precept of flying from one city to another held good in his case; and during his deliberation he was favoured by a vision, in which Christ commanded him to consult his own safety by a prudent retreat, as Pontius testifies in his Life, and as St. Cyprian himself assures us. Under Gallus, Decius's successor, the persecution relaxed and Cyprian returned to Carthage, where his attention was largely taken up with urging the re-admission of the *laps.* who had fallen away during the Decian persecution, and this though he was very severe against heretics.

Cyprian wrote many letters during this period which are curious as showing "the substantial equality of all Christian bishops at the time, who all equally received the name of Pope (papa) and addressed each other as colleagues. The Bishop of Carthage, for example, speaks 'of his brother the Bishop of Rome'; and does not hesitate to dispute his opinion when it does not seem to him a good or a sound one."

One of the questions which troubled St. Cyprian most was the granting of indulgences to sinners for tickets distributed like soup-tickets by martyrs on their way to execution.

In the year 257 a fresh persecution was commenced by Valerian, and St. Cyprian was apprehended at Carthage. When ordered to worship the Emperor, Cyprian replied, "I am a Christian and a bishop. I know no other gods besides the one true God, who made heaven and earth and the sea, and all that is therein. This God we Christians serve; His mercies we implore both night and day for ourselves, for all men, and for these very emperors." When the proconsul further asked him if he persevered in that resolution, he replied that, "A purpose so well founded, and a will which hath once devoted itself to God, can never be altered." The proconsul said, "Go then into banishment to the city Curubis." The martyr answered, "I will go." The proconsul said, "The emperors have done me the honour to write

to me to find out not only bishops but also priests. I would therefore know what priests live in this city." Cyprian answered, "The Roman laws wisely forbid us to become informers; and I cannot discover them. But they may be found at home." The proconsul said, "I will find them"; he added, "I have orders also to forbid the holding of your assemblies in any place, or entering into the cemeteries. Whoever observes not this wholesome ordinance shall be put to death." To which Cyprian made answer, "Then obey your orders."

The proconsul having commanded that he should be banished to Curubis, the saint arrived there on the 13th or 14th of September. Curubis was a small town fifty miles from Carthage, situated in a peninsula upon the coast of the Libyan Sea, not far from Pentapolis. The place was pleasant and healthy, in a good air, and though situated in a desert country, green meadows and the conveniency of fresh water (scarce and valuable things in many parts of Africa) were not wanting. The saint was attended by his deacon Pontius, and some others; and met with kind and courteous usage. He was favoured with a vision the night after his arrival, by which God forewarned him of his approaching martyrdom, and which Pontius gives in the very words in which St. Cyprian related it.

"Before I went to sleep," said he, "there appeared to me a young man of a very uncommon stature, who

led me to the palace, and placed me before the tribunal of the proconsul, who as soon as he cast his eyes upon me, began to write a sentence in a pocket-book. The young man who stood behind him, and read it, signified to me by signs the substance of it; for stretching out his hands at full length so as to represent a sword, he made a cross stroke over one hand with the other, imitating the action of beheading a person, so that no words could have made the thing more intelligible. I immediately apprehended that this was to be the death which was prepared for me, and I addressed myself to the proconsul for a short reprieve, till I could settle my affairs. He wrote again in his pocket-book, and I guessed that he granted my request of a reprieve till the morrow, by the evenness of his countenance and the openness of his brow. This the young man intimated to me by twisting his fingers one behind another."

"This, says Bishop Fell, was a known mark of the thing in question being postponed; as bending the thumb was a mark of condemnation, and holding it straight a token of acquittal. The reprieve of a day signified a year, and the bishop suffered on the same day in the following year. This warning he took for a divine promise of the honour of martyrdom. The reason for his desiring a reprieve was for settling the affairs of his Church, and for an opportunity of expressing by a last effort his tenderness of the poor, upon

whom he accordingly bestowed almost all he was then possessed of."

When a messenger arrived from Rome from Pope Xystus, who was almost immediately sacrificed himself, "that new and very bloody edicts were speedily expected," some of the most eminent men in the country, pagan as well as Christian, entreated him to fly; but St. Cyprian, like Archbishop Cranmer after him, having once been timid in the cause of his Lord, was now filled with "the most inflamed love, and longing desires and prayers to be united to Him for evermore."

In the close of his book on mortality he says, "To this delightful society of the blessed, and to Christ, who is at the head of it, let us hasten, my brethren, upon the wings of desire, and of an holy love. Let God and Christ be witnesses that this is the main bent of our wishes, and the sum of our most ardent hopes. Then our rewards will be proportioned to the earnestness of our present desires, if they proceed from His love."

The description of the condemnation and death of Cyprian is another of those episodes in which Alban Butler shows himself one of the most delightful writers of the seventeenth century:

"Our saint was still at Curubis when Galerius Maximus succeeded Paternus in the government of Africa. The new proconsul recalled St. Cyprian to

Carthage, that he might more readily come at him as soon as he should receive the new edicts which he expected from Rome. The bishop by his order resided at his own gardens or country house near the city, which he had sold for the benefit of the poor when he was baptized, but which afterwards fell again into his hands. He desired to give this estate again, with the rest of his fortune, to the poor; but could not do it at that dangerous season for fear of exasperating the persecutors.

"The sanguinary order reached Carthage about the middle of August, whilst the proconsul was at Utica, which shared with Carthage the honour of being his residence for part of the year. Maximus dispatched a guard to conduct him to Utica; but St. Cyprian, being desirous to suffer in the midst of his own flock, stepped aside and took shelter in a more private place, till the proconsul being returned to Carthage, he showed himself again in his own gardens. Galerius, upon notice being given him, sent the prince (that is, the chief of those who served under the Magister Officiorum) with another officer to seize him by surprise.

"But nothing could happen suddenly or unexpectedly to the blessed man, who was always ready and prepared for any event. He, therefore, came forth with all imaginable cheerfulness and courage, and all the marks of an undaunted mind. The officers, putting him

into a chariot betwixt them, carried him to a country seat at Sextus, where the proconsul was retired for his health six miles from Carthage. The proconsul not being then ready, deferred the trial till the next day, and the martyr was conducted back to the house of the chief officer that had apprehended him, situated in the street of Saturn, between the streets of Venus and Salus.

"Upon the rumour that Thascius was taken, the city was alarmed. The very pagans flocked together and testified their compassion; for he had been well known among them, and they remembered the excess of his charity towards all in the late instance of the public distress and pestilence. The multitude that was gathered together was very great, in proportion to the extent of the city of Carthage, which was inferior to none but Rome for the number of its inhabitants.

"St. Cyprian was guarded that night by the chief of the officers in a courteous manner, and his friends were allowed to sup with him. The next morning, which the conscience of the blessed martyr, says Pontius, rendered a day of joy to him, he was conducted by a strong guard to the prætorium or court of the proconsul, about a furlong from the officer's house where he had passed the night. The proconsul not being yet sitting, he had leave to go out of the crowd, and to be in a more private place,

where the seat he got was accidently covered with linen cloth, as if it were to be a symbol of his episcopal dignity, says the deacon Pontius; by which it appears that bishops had then such a badge of distinction, at least at the public service.

"One of the guards, who had formerly been a Christian, observing that the sweat ran down the martyr's body by the length and hurry of his walk, offered to wipe it off, and to give him dry linen for that he had on, which was wet, linen garments being common in hot countries. This was the soldier's pretence; his meaning was to get into his possession some of the holy man's garments and sweat, as Pontius observes. The bishop, excusing himself, replied, 'We seek to cure complaints, to which perhaps this very day will put a final period.'

"By this time the proconsul was come out, and being seated on his tribunal, he ordered the martyr to be brought before him, and said, 'Art thou Thascius Cyprian?'

"The martyr answered, 'I am.'

"*Proconsul:* 'Art thou the person who hath been bishop and father to men of ungodly minds?'

"*Cyprian:* 'I have been their bishop.'

"*Proconsul:* 'The most sacred emperors have commanded thee to conform to the ceremonies of the Roman religion.'

"*Cyprian:* 'I cannot.'

"*Proconsul:* 'Consider better of thy own safety.'

"*Cyprian:* 'Obey your orders. In so manifestly just a case there is no need of consideration.'

"Upon this the proconsul consulted with his friends, and coming to the resolution to condemn him, said: 'Long hast thou lived with an irreligious heart, and hast joined great numbers with thee in an unnatural conspiracy against the Roman deities, and their holy rites: nor have our sacred and most pious emperors, Valerian and Gallien, always august, nor the most noble Cæsar Valerian, been able to reclaim thee to their ceremonies. Since thou hast been a ringleader in crimes of such an heinous nature, thou shalt be made an example to those whom thou hast seduced to join with thee; and discipline shall be established in thy blood.' Then he read the following sentence written in a tablet: 'I will that Thascius Cyprian be beheaded.' To which Cyprian subjoined, 'Blessed be God for it.' The Christians, who were present in crowds, said, 'Let us be beheaded with him'; and they made a great uproar.

"When the martyr went out of the court a great number of soldiers attended him, and he was guarded by centurions and tribunes marching on each side of him. They led him into the country, into a large plain, thick set with high trees; and many climbed up to the top of them, the better to see him at a distance by reason of the crowd

"St. Cyprian being arrived at the place appointed, took off his mantle, fell upon his knees, and prostrated himself before God. Then he put off his Dalmatic, which he gave to the deacons, and remained in a linen vestment or shirt, expecting the executioner, to whom he ordered a sum of twenty-five golden denarii, amounting to about six pounds English, to be given. He himself bound the napkin over his eyes, and he desired a priest and a deacon to tie his hands. The Christians spread before him napkins and handkerchiefs to receive his body. His head was struck off on September 14th, 258. For fear of the insults of the heathens, the faithful conveyed his body for the present into an adjoining field, and they interred it in the night with great solemnity on the Mappalian Way. Two churches were afterward erected to his memory, the one on this place of his burial, called the Mappalia,[1] the other on the spot

[1] On the much-vexed question of the exact meaning of the habitations called "Mappalia" I give the opinion of M. E. T. Hamy, professor in the Museum of Natural History at Tunis, published in *La Tunisie au Début du xx^me^ Siècle* in 1904:

"Les Perses sont les plus avancés, les plus orientaux et occupent par conséquent la région voisine des Syrtes, et comme ils ne trouvent point de matériaux de construction sur ces rivages inhospitaliers et que la vaste mer et l'ignorance de la langue de leurs nouveaux voisins leur ôtent les moyens de s'en procurer par achat ou par échange, ils se sont construits des abris du creux de leurs vaisseaux: *alveos navium inversos pro tiguriis habuere.* Et Salluste ajoute que les édifices de leurs descendants nommés *mapalia*, édifices oblongs aux flancs courbes, rappellent la carène des navires, demeures de leurs ancêtres, *cæterum adhic ædificia Numidarum agrestium, quæ*

where he suffered, called Mensa Cypriana or Cyprian's Table, because there he was made a sacrifice to God."

Cyprian has been called the most lovable figure in the story of the African Church, but I cannot draw any distinction between Cyprian and Perpetua, Augustine, and Monica. The lives of all of them were sermons on the text, "God is love."

mapalia illi vocant, oblonga incurva lateribus tecta, quasi navium carinæ sunt.

"À une époque, encore peu éloignée, où l'ethnographie de l'Afrique du Nord était à peu près inconnue, on a cherché à expliquer les survivances signalées par Salluste, en assimilant les mapalia qu'il décrit aux tentes actuelles des tribus errantes des hauts plateaux de l'Atlas. En histoire, comme en administration, on confondait alors le Berbère et l'Arabe, au grand préjudice de notre politique africaine, et, dans l'espèce, les commentateurs de l'historien romain négligaient les différences essentielles que existent entre l'édifice stable des anciens habitants du sol at l'abri temporaire et mobile de pasteurs dont la migration au Magreb est relativement récente.

"Les véritables *mapalia* ne sont pas du tout les grandes tentes des nomades du désert; ce sont les constructions carénées, à flancs courbes, longues, étroites et basses dont les Ksours de M'tammer ou de Medenine, dans le Sud de l'Araad ont conservés le type et que les troglodytes des Matmatas ont appropriées à leurs habitudes souterraines."

CHAPTER XV

THE SAINTS OF CARTHAGE (continued)

THE greatest saint of Carthage subsequent to Augustine is St. Fulgentius. Fabius Claudius Gordianus Fulgentius was the descendant of a noble senatorial family of Carthage much decayed in its splendour by the invasion of the Vandals. His house at Carthage had been sequestered for the use of the Arian priests, so he retired to an estate belonging to him at Telepte, in the province of Byzacena, where the saint, who was born in A.D. 468, forty years after the Vandal conquest, became lieutenant-governor and general receiver of the taxes of the province. He was also a fine scholar, as fluent in Greek as he was in Latin; but he grew disgusted with the world, and went to Faustus, a bishop driven out by the Vandal king Hunneric, who had erected a monastery in Byzacena. Faustus objected to the tenderness of his constitution:

"Go," said he, "and first learn to live in the world abstracted from its pleasures. Who can well suppose, that you on a sudden, relinquishing a life

of softness and ease, can take up with our coarse diet and clothing, and can inure yourself to our watchings and fastings?"

The saint, with downcast eyes, modestly replied, "He, who hath inspired me with the will to serve Him, can also furnish me with courage and strength." This humble yet resolute answer induced Faustus to admit him on trial. The saint was then in the twenty-second year of his age.

The news of so unthought-of an event both surprised and edified the whole country. Many even imitated the example of the governor. But Mariana, his mother, in transports of grief, ran to the monastery, crying out at the gates, "Faustus! restore to me my son; to the people, their governor. The Church always protects widows; why then rob you me, a desolate widow, of my son?" She persisted several days in the same cries and tears. Nothing that Faustus could urge was sufficient to calm her, or prevail with her to depart without her son. This was certainly as great a trial of Fulgentius's resolution as it could well be put to; but the love of God, having the ascendant in his breast, gave him a complete victory over all the suggestions of nature. Faustus approved his vocation, and accordingly recommended him to the brethren.

"The saint, having now obtained all he wished for in this world, made over his estate to his mother, to

be discretionally disposed of by her in favour of his brother, as soon as he should be arrived at a proper age. He totally abstained from oil and everything savoury; from wine also, drinking only water. His mortifications brought on him a dangerous illness; yet, after recovery, he abated nothing in them. The persecution breaking out anew, Faustus was obliged to withdraw; and our saint, with his consent, repaired to a neighbouring monastery, of which Felix, the abbot, would fain resign to him the government. Fulgentius was much startled at the proposal, but at length was prevailed upon to consent that they should jointly execute the functions."

"It was admirable to observe with what harmony these two holy abbots for six years governed the house. No contradiction ever took place between them; each always contended to comply with the will of his colleague. Felix undertook the management of the temporal concerns; Fulgentius's province was to preach and instruct."

Interesting accounts remain of his flight to Sicca Veneria, and the tortures he was able to endure, in spite of his delicacy, at the hands of the Vandal priests; and of his taking ship for Alexandria, and being persuaded by St. Eulalius to go to Rome instead, because Egypt was so full of heretics.

At Rome, "one day, passing through a square called Palma Aurea, he saw Theodoric, the king of Italy,

seated on an exalted throne, adorned with pompous state, surrounded with the Senate and his court, with all the grandeur of the city displayed in the greatest magnificence. 'Ah!' said Fulgentius, 'how beautiful must the heavenly Jerusalem be, if earthly Rome be so glorious! What honour, glory, and joy will God bestow on the saints in heaven, since here in this perishable life he clothes with such splendour the lovers and admirers of vanity!' This happened towards the latter part of the year 500, when that king made his first entry into Rome.

"Fulgentius returned home in a short time after, and was received with incredible joy. He built a spacious monastry in Byzacena, but retired to a cell himself which was situate on the sea-shore. Here his time was employed in writing, reading, prayer, mortification, and the manual labour of making mats and umbrellas of palm-tree leaves. Faustus, who was his bishop, obliged him to resume the government of his monastery; and many places at the same time sought him for their bishop, King Thrasamund having prohibited by edict the ordination of orthodox bishops."

In this way he became Bishop of Ruspa, being forcibly taken out of his cell A.D. 508:

"His new dignity made no alteration in his manners. He never wore the orarium, a kind of stole then used by bishops, nor other clothes than his usual coarse garb, which was the same in winter and summer. He

went sometimes barefoot; he never undressed to take rest, and always rose to prayer before the midnight office. His diet chiefly consisted of pulse and herbs, with which he contented himself, without consulting the palate's gratification by borrowed tastes; but in more advanced years, finding his sight impaired by such a regimen, he admitted the use of a little oil. It was only in very considerable bodily indispositions that he suffered a drop or two of wine to be mingled with the water which he drank, and he never could be prevailed upon in any seeming necessity to use the least quantity of flesh-meat, from the time of his monastic profession till his death. His modesty, meekness, and humility gained him the affections of all, even of the ambitious deacon Felix, who had opposed his election, and whom the saint received and treated with the utmost cordial charity."

He was one of the orthodox bishops banished to Sardinia by Thrasamund, and though the youngest, he was always their mouthpiece by tongue and pen. He converted his house at Cagliari into a monastery, where he composed many learned treatises. King Thrasamund, learning that he was the pillar of the exiles, sent for him and gave him lodging at Carthage.

"The king then drew up a set of objections, to which he required his immediate answer; the saint without hesitation complied with and discharged the injunction; and this is supposed to be his book,

entitled, An Answer to Ten Objections. The king equally admired his humility and learning, and the orthodox triumphed exceedingly in the advantage their cause gained by this piece. To prevent a second time the same effect, the king, when he had sent him new objections, ordered them to be only read to him. Fulgentius refused to give an answer in writing unless he was allowed to take a copy of them. He addressed, however, to the king an ample and modest confutation of Arianism, which we have under the title of his Three Books to King Thrasamund. The prince was pleased with the work and granted him permission to reside at Carthage, till upon repeated complaints from the Arian bishops of the success of his preaching, which threatened, they said, a total extinction of their sect in Carthage, he was sent back to Sardinia in 520.

"Being ready to go aboard the ship, he said to a Catholic, whom he saw weeping, 'Grieve not, Juliatus!' for that was his name. 'I shall shortly return, and we shall see the true faith of Christ flourish again in this kingdom, with full liberty to profess it; but divulge not this secret to any.' The event confirmed the truth of the prediction. His humility concealed the multiplicity of miracles which he wrought, and he was wont to say, 'A person may be endowed with the gift of miracles, and yet may lose his soul: miracles ensure not salvation; they may indeed pro-

cure esteem and applause; but what will it avail a man to be esteemed on earth, and afterwards be delivered up to hell torments?' If the sick for whom he prayed recovered, to avoid being puffed up with vain glory, he ascribed it wholly to the divine mercy."

Then he went back to Cagliari, but three years later King Thrasamund died, and his successor, Hilderic, favoured the orthodox, so the exiles returned. As they came up from the ship there was a violent storm, but the people, to show their singular regard for Fulgentius, made a kind of umbrella over his head with their cloaks.

In the council of Junque, A.D. 524, occurred the famous incident with Bishop Quodvultdeus. He had such a talent for preaching that Boniface, the Archbishop of Carthage, never heard him without watering all the time the ground with his tears, thanking God for having given so great a pastor to his Church.

"About a year before his death he secretly retired from all business into a monastery on the little island or rock called Circinia, in order to prepare himself for his passage to eternity, which he did with extraordinary fervour. The necessities and importunities of his flock recalled him to Ruspa a little before his exit. He bore the violent pains of his last illness for seventy days with admirable patience, having this prayer almost always in his mouth: 'Lord, grant me patience now, and hereafter mercy and pardon.'

The physicians advised him the use of baths; to whom he answered, 'Can baths make a mortal man escape death, when his life is arrived at its final period?' He would abate nothing of his usual austerities, without an absolute necessity. In his agony, calling for his clergy and monks, who were all in tears, he begged pardon if he had ever offended any one of them; he comforted them, gave them some short, moving instructions, and calmly breathed forth his pious soul in the year 533, and of his age, the sixty-fifth, on the 1st of January.

"Saint Fulgentius proposed to himself St. Augustine as a model and, as a true disciple, imitated him in his conduct, faithfully expounding his doctrine and imbibing his spirit."

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Of St. Eugenius less need be said, though he has such a great position in the Church of North Africa. He was chosen Archbishop of Carthage, A.D. 481, after his see had been vacant for twenty-four years, when Hunneric permitted the return of the orthodox bishops. He was a citizen of Carthage eminent for his learning, zeal, piety, and prudence. Venerable to the very heretics, his charities were excessive. He fasted every day, and "often allowed himself only a most slender evening refection of bread and water."

His virtues gained him the respect even of the Arians, with the usual result. The Vandals were a

longheaded people, and even when they had no doctrinal objection to the Catholic Church, attacked it with brutal severity the moment it threatened to become a force in politics, as it now did. Vandals were becoming converted, and Eugenius declined to refuse them. The Vandals inflicted barbarous tortures on the perverts, and tortured or banished great numbers of Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen.

Eugenius was spared in the first storm, probably out of consideration for the inhabitants of the capital. But when he performed the miracle of restoring the blind man to sight, the Arian bishops declared that he had recourse to the "black arts," and after a violent period of persecution, specially directed against the Vandal perverts, Eugenius was banished to the desert country of what we now call Tripoli, where he was tortured by the inhuman Bishop Anthony.

Hunneric died in 484, and his successor Gunthamund four years later recalled St. Eugenius to Carthage, with the other exiles, and re-opened the churches of the Catholics; but Gunthamund died in A.D. 496, and his brother Thrasamund, though he often made a show of moderation, was sometimes very violent against the Catholics. He ordered St. Eugenius to be beheaded, but commuted his sentence to banishment for life in Languedoc.

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Both Arnobius and Lactantius, so great in the annals of Latin Christianity, were born at Sicca, mentioned above.

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The exigencies of passing from one subject to another have compelled me to leave Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, to the end for separate treatment, though she came a great deal into the life of her son. This human and lovable woman, so typically Oriental in her submissiveness and resoluteness, is admirably and most pathetically sketched by old Alban Butler:

"The Church is doubly indebted, under God, to the saint of this day—namely, for the birth, and still more so for the conversion, of the great St. Austin, who was more beholden to St. Monica for his spiritual life by grace than for his corporal life by his birth and education. She was born in 332, in a pious family, and early instructed in the fear of God. She often professed her singular obligations to a virtuous discreet maidservant, whom her parents entrusted with the education of their children, and who instilled into them maxims of piety, restrained the least sallies of their passions, and by her prudence, words, and example, inspired them with an early sense and love of every duty. She was so strict in regard to her charge, that besides making them observe great temperance in their meals, she would not allow them

to drink even water at any other times, how great thirst soever they might pretend. She used to say, 'You are now for drinking water, but when you come to be mistresses of the cellar, water will be despised, but the habit of drinking will stick by you.'

"Notwithstanding the prudent care of this tutoress, the young Monica contracted insensibly an inclination to wine; and when she was sent by her parents, who were stranger to it, to draw wine for the use of the family, in taking the liquor out with a cup she would put her lips to it and sip a little. This she did at first, not out of any intemperate desire of liquor, but from mere youth and levity. However, by adding to this little every day a little more, she overcame the original reluctance she had to wine, and drank whole cups of it with pleasure, as it came in her way.

"This was a most dangerous intemperance, though it never proceeded to any considerable excess. God watched over His servant to correct her of it, and made use of a servant-maid as His instrument; who, having observed it in her young mistress by following her into the cellar, words arising one day between them, she reproached her with it, calling her a wine-bibber. This affected Monica in such a manner, that, entering seriously into herself, she acknowledged, condemned, and from that moment entirely corrected her fault. She after this received baptism, from which time she

lived always in such a manner, that she was an odour of edification to all who knew her.

"As soon as marriageable, she was disposed of to one Patricius, a citizen of Tagaste, a man of honour and probity, but an idolater. She obeyed and served him as her master, and laboured to gain him to God; though the chief argument she used, whereby to reclaim him from his vices, was the sanctity of her conduct, enforced by an obliging affectionate behaviour, by which she commanded his love, respect, and esteem. She had by him two sons, Austin and Navigius, and one daughter."

The account of Monica's married life reads like a Japanese morality tale. "The greater learning for women," which has been the rule of life to so many good women still living in Japan, might have been the inspiration of the mother of Augustine:

"She tolerated the injuries done by him to her marriage-bed in such manner as never to make him the least bitter reproach on that subject. As on the one side he was very good-natured and loving, so on the other he was hasty and choleric. Monica never thwarted him by the least action or word whilst she saw him in anger; but when the fit was over and he was calm, she mildly gave him her reasons and an account of her actions. When she saw other wives bearing the marks of their husbands' anger on their disfigured faces, and heard them blaming their roughness of

temper or debaucheries, she would answer them, 'Lay the blame rather on yourselves and your tongues.'

"Her example alone was a sufficient proof; for, notwithstanding the passionate temper of her husband, it was never known that he ever struck her, or that they had ever, for so much as one day, entertained any domestic dissension; because she bore all his sallies with patience, and in silence, made no other return than that of a greater obsequiousness, and waited an opportunity to make him sensible of his mistake when that was necessary. And as many as followed her advice in this respect towards their husbands, rejoiced in the experience of the comfort and advantages which accrued to them from their patience and complaisance; while those that did not follow it, continued still in their vexations and sufferings.

"One of the happy fruits Monica reaped from her patience was her husband's conversion to Christ, who thereupon became chaste and faithful in all the duties of a good Christian; he died the year after he had been baptized. By mildness she also gained, both to her own interest and to Christ, her froward mother-in-law. Our saint had an excellent talent of making peace among neighbours, when any falling out had happened among them: on which occasion, such was the energy and the spirit of tender charity with which she delivered herself, that she seemed instructed by her interior Master in what she said.

"It was her great delight to serve the poor, supplying their wants with cheerfulness and liberality. She assisted daily at the holy oblations of the altar, and never failed to go to church twice a day, morning and night, to assist at public prayer and the dispensation of the divine word, having eternity always in her thought. She studied to imitate the actions of the saints who were in possession of immortal bliss; and, full of confidence in their intercession, she often visited the tombs of the martyrs. She well knew that, in matters relating to religion and a Christian life, nothing should be looked upon as trifling and insignificant; and that the least actions become great when done for God, and with great fervour.

"Her exercises of piety did not hinder her attention in watching over the education of her children, in which God Almighty gave her great occasion of suffering and merit, particularly in Austin, that he might more amply crown her care in the end. He was born in November, 394. As he grew up, she endeavoured continually to instil into him sentiments of piety; but fell into an unperceived passion and immoderate desire that he should excel in learning, though she flattered herself that she regarded this only as a means whereof he might one day make a good use to the honour of God. Her husband earnestly desired the same thing, because he looked upon it

as the greatest step whereby his son could raise himself in the world. In his infancy she had ranked him amongst the catechumens; and once, in an illness, all things were prepared for his baptism, but it was deferred."

The rest of her life I have told in the words of Augustine himself.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SAINTS OF CARTHAGE (continued)

ST. LOUIS, whom chance made a saint at Carthage, is so much later than the rest that he must form the subject of a separate chapter. Alban Butler tells the story of his last Crusade eloquently :

"The king embarked with his army at Aigues-Mortes upon the 1st of July, 1270 ; and when the fleet was over against Cagliari in Sardinia, a great council was held, in which it was resolved to attack Tunis. The French fleet accordingly proceeded towards Africa and entered the gulf of Tunis, at the head of which that city stands, upon a lake which communicates with it. The Saracens who lined the shore immediately fled, and the descent being made without opposition, the French encamped upon an isthmus which separates the gulf of Tunis from another little gulf. They attacked the castle of Carthage, seated fifteen miles from Tunis, and carried it sword in hand.

"Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, and many other principalities were erected in Barbary, in the eleventh age ; for till then that country had been subject to the

Sultan of Egypt. Muley Moztanza was at that time king of Tunis, and he prepared to make a vigorous defence; but his troops only showed themselves, and after light skirmishes retired. The French waited for the arrival of the king of Sicily with his fleet, to lay siege to Tunis, and his delay was the cause of all their misfortunes; for the heats being excessive in those burning sands, the camp was soon filled with malignant fevers and other epidemic diseases, which were contagious like a pestilence.

"The king's beloved son, John Tristan, Count of Nevers, a prince of admirable innocence and sanctity, was the first person of distinction that was attacked. He was born at Damiata, in Egypt, and was in the twenty-first year of his age when he died in Africa of a dysentery and fever. On the very day of his death, in the beginning of August, the king himself and his eldest son Philip were seized with the same disorder. The king's delicate constitution and weak, emaciated body made the distemper more dangerous to him. He continued, however, for some days to act and to give all necessary orders, and particularly to treat with the ambassadors of the Greek emperor, Michael Palæologus, about the reunion of that Church with the Latins. And by his pathetic exhortations he made both these ambassadors afterward zealous advocates for the union.

"The principal person was Veccus, chancellor of the

church of Constantinople, afterward patriarch. When the fever and weakness confined him to his bed, he still caused his chaplains to come to his bedside, and he recited with them the whole church office as long as he was able. He had a great cross set near him, so that he could easily turn his eyes upon it. He communicated very often during his illness, which held him one-and-twenty days.

"Finding his distemper increase, he called for his eldest son Philip, and gave him certain pious instructions which he had drawn up in writing before he left Paris. Two copies hereof are still kept in the Chamber of Accounts at Paris, under this title:

"INSTRUCTIONS OF KING LEWIS THE SAINT TO PHILIP HIS ELDEST SON.[1]

"The dying admonitions of this great king to him are here inserted in abstract:

"'My son, before all things I recommend to you that you love God. Be always ready rather to suffer all manner of torments than to commit any mortal sin. When sickness or any other affliction befalls you, return thanks to God for it, and bear it courageously, being persuaded that you deserve to suffer much more for having served God ill, and that such tribulations will be your gain. In prosperity give thanks to God with

[1] Given at Carthage.

humility and fear, lest by pride you abuse God's benefits, and so offend Him by those very means by which you ought particularly to improve yourself in His service.

"'Confess your sins frequently, and choose a wise and pious ghostly father, who will teach you what to follow and what to shun; let him be one who will boldly reprehend you, and make you understand the grievousness of your faults. Hear the divine office devoutly; meditate affectionately what you ask of God with your mouth; do this with more than ordinary application during the holy sacrifice of the mass, especially after the consecration. Be bountiful, compassionate, and courteous to the poor, and relieve and favour them as much as you can. If anything trouble your mind, reveal it to your ghostly father, or to some other grave and discreet person; for by the comfort you receive you will bear it more patiently. Love to converse with pious persons; never admit any among your familiar friends but such as are virtuous and of good reputation; shun and banish from you the vicious.

"'Make it your delight to hear profitable sermons and discourses of piety. Endeavour to gain the benefit of indulgences, and to get the prayers of others. Love all good, and abhor all evil. Wherever you are, never suffer any one to detract or to say anything sinful in your presence. Punish all who speak ill

of God or His saints. Give often thanks to God for all His benefits.

"'In the administration of justice be upright and severe; hear patiently the complaints of the poor, and in all controversies where your intentions are concerned, stand for your adversary against yourself till the truth be certainly found out. Whatever you find not to belong to you, restore it without delay to the owner, if the case be clear; if doubtful, appoint prudent men to examine diligently into it. Endeavour to procure peace and justice to all your subjects.

"'Protect the clergy and religious who pray for you and your kingdom. Follow the maxim of my grandfather King Philip, that it is sometimes better to dissemble certain things in ecclesiastics than to repress them with too great violence and scandal. Love and honour the queen your mother, and follow her counsels. Make no war, especially against Christians, without great cause and good advice. If necessity force you to it, let it be carried on without damage to those who are not in fault, and spare the innocent subjects of your enemy as much as possible. Use all your authority to hinder wars among your vassals. Be scrupulous in the choice of good magistrates and judges. Have always a great respect for the Roman Church and the Pope, and honour him as your spiritual father.

"'Hinder, to the utmost of your power, all

blasphemies, rash oaths, games of chance, drunkenness, and impurity. Never make any extravagant expenses, and never lay on your subjects any heavy or unjust burdens. After my death take care to have a great many masses and prayers said for me in all churches and religious communities in France; and give me a share in all the good works which you shall do. I give you my blessing with the most tender affection that any father can give to a son; and I pray our Lord Jesus Christ to protect and strengthen you in His service, and always to increase His grace in you that you never do anything against His holy will, and that He may ever be faithfully honoured and served by you. I beg this same grace for myself, that we may together see, laud, and honour Him for all eternity.'

"The holy king gave other instructions to his daughter, the queen of Navarre. Having settled his affairs, and acquitted himself of his duties to others, he desired that no more mention should be made to him of temporal concerns, and applied himself wholly to think only of that great affair which was to be decided betwixt himself and God alone. He scarce spoke any more to any one but to his confessor. He praised and thanked God for having placed him in his present situation; he prayed with many tears that He would enlighten and show mercy to infidels and sinners, and that his army might be conducted back

into their own country without falling into the hands of the enemy; that none of them might be tempted through weakness to deny Christ.

"His charity, zeal, compunction, humility, and perfect resignation increased in his last moments, and in the fervent exercise of these virtues he prepared his soul to go forth and meet his Judge and Redeemer. On the 24th of August, which was Sunday, he received first extreme-unction, according to the discipline of that age, and afterward the viaticum. It was his custom whilst in health, and as long as he was able in his sickness, to creep on his knees from his place in the church up to the altar when he went to communion; he was then too weak to do this, but he would needs get up, and he received the blessed sacrament kneeling by his bedside. He again that day called for the Greek ambassadors, and renewed, in a most pathetic manner, his exhortations to union with the Roman Church. He continued the rest of his time in ardent prayer, especially in acts of the divine love and praise.

"He lost his speech the next day from nine till twelve o'clock! then recovering it again, and lifting up his eyes towards heaven, he repeated aloud those words of the psalmist: Lord, I will enter into Thine house; I will adore in Thy holy temple and will give glory to Thy name. He spoke again at three in the afternoon, but only said, Into Thy Hands I commend

my soul. Immediately after which he breathed his last in his camp, on August 25th, in the year of Christ 1270, being fifty-five years and four months old, and having reigned forty-three years, nine months, and eighteen days.

"His brother Charles, king of Sicily, whose delays had thrown this expedition into the heats, arrived with his fleet a few minutes after the death of St. Lewis. The Christian army defeated again the Moors and the Saracens in two great battles, and on October 30th concluded a peace with the infidels on the following conditions :—That all prisoners should be released and the Christian slaves set at liberty ; that Christians should be allowed to build churches, and to preach the faith in the territories of these Mahometans, and that the Mahometans should be allowed to embrace it ; that the king of Tunis should pay a yearly tribute of five thousand crowns to the king of Sicily, and that the king of France and his barons should receive two hundred and ten thousand ounces of gold to defray their expenses in this war, which was a larger sum than St. Lewis had paid for his ransom."

Between the Punic and Roman portions of the Lavigerie Museum is a sort of waiting-room called the Salle de la Croisade. It is decorated with frescoes by the Abbé L'Alouette, a pupil of Picot. It was painted 1884-1886. The first fresco represents the

disembarkation of St. Louis. The king lands surrounded by ecclesiastics and knights and kneels to pray heaven to bless his sword. In the second St. Louis is caring for the sick and wounded, assisted in his duty by the legate and the pope, to whom the painter has given the features of Cardinal Lavigerie. The third is a picture of the Bey and his army giving battle to the army of the Crusaders in the plain which stretches below the hill and castle of Carthage. And the fourth shows St. Louis dying stretched on a bed of straw and ashes, surrounded by his son Philip and his daughter the Queen of Navarre and the principal nobles of his court. The fresco on the ceiling represents St. Louis mounting to heaven, supported and surrounded by angels.

I have already mentioned that the Arabs believe that St. Louis was converted to Mahometanism before he died, and have made him a Mahometan saint a nd show his tomb in the mosque of Sidi-bou-Said, the only considerable village on the site of Carthage. He is the saint from whom the village takes its name—the marabout of Carthage.

That St. Louis should have died and the last Crusade have ended in Hannibal's Carthage, at the moment when we last hear of it as a city of men, is the most eloquent sermon preached by history.

MYTHOLOGY

Photo by Garrigues, Tunis.

THE MAIN STREET IN SIDI-BOU-SAID, THE VILLAGE ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CARTHAGE OF VIRGIL

THE INTRODUCTION OF APPIAN TO HIS "PUNICK WAR"

"THE Phenicians built Carthage in Africa, fifty years before the sack of Troy. It was founded by Xorus, and Carchedon, or as the Romans, and indeed the Carthaginians themselves, will have it, by a Tyrian lady called Dido, who (her Husband being privily murdered by Pygmalion Tyrant of Tyre, which was revealed to her in a Dream) conveyed aboard all the Treasure she could, and shipping herself with some Tyrians that fled from the Tyranny, came to Lybia, to that place where now Carthage stands; and upon the people of that Countries refusal to receive them, they demanded for their Habitation only so much Land as they could compass with an Ox-hide.

"This proposition seemed ridiculous to the Africans, and they thought it a shame to refuse strangers a thing of so small consequence; besides, they could not imagine how any Habitation could be built in so

small a patch of ground, and therefore, that they might have the pleasure to discover the Phenicians subtilty, they granted their request. Whereupon the Tyrians, taking an Ox-hide, cut it round about, and made so fine a Thong, that they therewith encompassed the place where they afterwards built the Citadel of Carthage, which from thence was called *Byrsa*.[1] Soon after by little and little extending their limits, and becoming stronger than their neighbours, as they were much more cunning, they caused Ships to be built to traffick on the Sea after the manner of the Phenicians, by which means they built a City adjoining to their Citadel. Their power thus encreasing, they become masters of Lybia, and the circumadjacent Sea; and at last making War upon Sicily, Sardinia, and all the Islands of that Sea, and even in Spain itself, they sent thither Colonies, till at length from so small a beginning, they formed an Estate comparable in power to that of the Greeks, and in riches to that of the Persians."—Translated by J. D., 1679.

The scene of the first four books of Virgil's Æneid is laid at Carthage, though large portions of them are taken up with descriptions of Æneas's travels and adventures between his leaving Troy and arriving at Carthage.

The mention of Carthage commences in the 12th line, and the landing of Æneas in the 157th line

[1] *Byrsa*, in Greek, signifies a hide.

of the First Æneid, while the Fourth Æneid closes with his flight and the death of Dido.

Dr. Davis, who has given most attention to the subject in his *Carthage and its Remains*, considers that the landing took place in a little bay west of Cape Gamart, and that the "Gemini Scopuli" which towered to heaven referred not to any cliffs right over the water, but to the twin peaks of Bou-Cornein, the Vesuvius of the bay of Tunis. I must say that while I agree with him on this point, I cannot help thinking that the bay entirely shut off from the sea by the "insula," which cuts far into the land and has safe waters lying placidly under the peak of Bou-Cornein, sounds much more like the bay of Tunis than any little cove. And certainly, wherever Æneas landed, it would have been quite like Virgil to have selected the most noticeable feature of the neighbourhood for his landing, without any particular regard to history or topography. Knowing Virgil and knowing the lake of Tunis, one could almost bet on this. Dr. Davis, however, makes out his case ingeniously. He makes Æneas land west of Cape Gamart, and sees in the cape itself the cliff which Æneas climbed to spy for his missing vessels. He says there are miles of groves round this site.

The first view the hero had of Carthage, which was about four miles off, was on the next morning. "The hill that hangs over a great part of the town, and

which from above surveys its opposite towers," which Æneas, in obedience to his mother's commands, ascends, 240 lines lower down, is undoubtedly the lighthouse hill of Sidi-bou-Said. And if the Carthage described is the Carthage of Augustus, and not the Carthage of Dido, we may take it that the Byrsa, from which Æneas saw the citadel of Carthage rising, and which Virgil mentions as being built on as much ground as could be included by an ox-hide is the Byrsa upon which Cardinal Lavigerie impressed his heavy seal.

Virgil, who, it must be remembered, was really describing the rebuilding of Carthage by his patron Augustus, in 19 B.C., may now be left to tell his own tale. I have given the portion of the Æneid which relates to Carthage. The translation was published anonymously in the year 1816. Its grammar is not very sound, or its scholarship profound, but it has the advantage of reading less like a crib than other translations. It, however, makes no attempt to cope with Virgil's constant and abrupt transitions between the *historic present* and *past* tenses, but simply reproduces them:

"An ancient city there was, named Carthage, inhabited by a colony of Tyrians, fronting Italy and the mouth of the Tiber, but far remote; a city of vast riches, and yet extremely hard by warlike exercises; which city Juno is said to have honoured more than any other place of her residence, preferably even

to Samos. Here lay her arms, here stood her chariot: here then the goddess even then designs, and fondly hopes to establish the seat of universal empire, would the Fates permit. But she heard of a race to be descended from Trojan blood, that was one day to overturn the Tyrian towers; that hence a people of extensive regal sway, and renowned in war, would come to the destruction of Libya: so the Destinies ordained. This the daughter of Saturn dreading, and bearing still in mind the long-continued war which she had the principal hand in carrying on before Troy in behalf of her beloved Argos; nor as yet were the causes of her rage and keen resentment worn out of her mind; the judgment of Paris dwells deeply rooted in her soul, the affront offered to her neglected beauty, the detested Trojan race, and the honour confered on ravished Ganymede: she, by these invectives fired, having tossed on the whole ocean the Trojans, whom the Greeks and merciless Achilles had left, drove them far from Latium; and thus, for many years, they were forced by fate to roam around every sea; so vast a work it was to found the Roman state."

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ÆNEID I. 157—226

"In the meantime, the weary Trojans direct their course towards the nearest shores and make the coasts

of Libya. Here, in a long recess, a station lies; an island forms it into a harbour by her jutting sides, against which every wave from the ocean is broken, and, divided, runs into a remote, winding bay. On either side vast cliffs arise, and two twin-like rocks, towering above the rest, threaten heaven; under whose summit the waters all around are calm and still. Above, a sylvan scene appears with swaying woods, and a dark grove with solemn shade hangs over the flood. Under the opposite front a cave is formed of pendant rocks, within which are fresh springs,[1] and seats of living stone, the cool recess of nymphs. Here tempest-beaten ships ride safe, though neither cables hold, nor biting anchors moor them.

"To this retreat Æneas brings seven ships, collected from all his fleet; and the Trojans, longing much for land, now disembark, enjoy the much-wished-for shore, and stretch their brine-drenched limbs upon the beach. Then first Achates struck the latent spark from a flint, received the fire in leaves, round it applied dry combustible matter, and instantly blew up the fuel into flame. Then, spent with toil and hunger, they produce their grain injured by the brine, and the instruments of Ceres; and prepare first to dry over the fire, and then to grind with stones their corn saved from the wreck. Meanwhile, Æneas climbs a rock and takes a prospect of the wide

[1] Perhaps the medicinal springs of Hammam-Lif.

ocean all around, if, by any means, he can descry Antheus tossed by the wind, and the Phrygian galleys, or Capys, or the arms of Caicus on the lofty deck.

"He sees no ship, but three stags straying on the shore: these the whole herd follow, and are feeding through the valley in a long-extended train. Here he stopped short, and snatching his bow and winged arrows (weapons which the faithful Achates bore), first overthrows the leaders, bearing their heads high with branching horns; next the vulgar throng; and disperses the whole herd, persecuting them with darts through the leafy woods. Nor desists he from the chase till his conquering arm stretches seven huge deer on the ground, and equals their number with his ships.

"Hence he returns to the port, and shares the spoils amongst all his companions. Then the hero divides the wine which the godlike Acestes had stowed in casks on the Sicilian shore, and given them at parting, and with these words cheers their disconsolate hearts:

"O friends and fellow sufferers, who have sustained severer ills than these (for we are not strangers to former days of adversity), to these, too, God will grant a happy period. You have seen both Scylla's furious coast, and those hideous roaring rocks; you are acquainted even with the dens of the Cyclops;

resume then your courage, and dismiss your desponding fears: perhaps the day may come, when even these misfortunes shall be remembered with joy. Through various scenes of woe, through so many perilous adventures, we steer our course to Latium, where the fates give us the prospect of peaceful settlements. There Troy's kingdom is allowed once more to rise. With patience persevere, and reserve yourselves for prosperous days.

"So spoke the chief; and though oppressed with heavy cares, yet wears the look of well-dissembled hope, while he buries deep anguish in his breast.

"Now they address themselves to the spoil and future feast; tear the skin from the ribs, and lay the entrails bare; some divide the flesh into parts, and fix on spits the quivering limbs; others place the brazen caldrons on the shore, and prepare the fires. Then they repair their strength with food; and, stretched along the grass, regale themselves with generous old wine and choice venison.

"When the rage of hunger is appeased, and the tables are removed, in long discourse they explore the fate of their companions lost, hovering in suspense between hope and fear, whether to believe them yet alive, or that they had finished their destiny, and were now deaf to the last solemn invocation of departed ghosts. Above the rest, the pious Æneas, with himself, bemoans now the loss of active Orontes,

now of Amycus, and then the cruel fate of Lycus, with valiant Gyas, and no less valiant Cloanthus.

"And now the day and discourse were ended; when Jove, looking down from the lofty sky upon the navigable sea, and the lands lying at rest, with the shore and the nations dispersed abroad, thus, surveying all, stood on the battlements of heaven, and fixed his eyes on Libya's realms."

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ÆNEID I. 297 ad finem

"He spoke, and from on high sent down Maia's son, that the coasts of Libya and the new-built towers of Carthage might be open hospitably to receive the Trojans; lest Dido, ignorant of heaven's decree, should shut them out from her ports. He, on the steerage of his wings, shoots away through the expanded sky, alights on the coasts of Libya; and now he puts his orders in execution; and, at the will of the god, the Carthaginians lay aside the fierceness of their heart. The queen especially entertains thoughts of peace, and a benevolent disposition towards the Trojans.

"But the pious Æneas, by night revolving a thousand cares, resolved, as soon as cheerful day arose, to set out, in order to view the unknown country, to examine on what coasts he was driven by the wind, who are the inhabitants, whether men

or wild beasts (for he sees nothing but waste, uncultivated grounds), and inform his friends of his discoveries. Within the shelter of a winding grove, under a hollow rock, he secretly disposed his fleet, fenced round with trees and gloomy shades: himself marches forth, attended with Achates alone, brandishing in his hand two javelins of broad-pointed steel; to whom, in the midst of a wood, his mother presents herself, wearing the mien and attire of a virgin, and the arms of a Spartan maid; or resembling Thracian Harpalyce, when she tires her steeds, and in her course outflies the swift Hebrus: for, huntress-like, she had hung from her shoulders a commodious bow, and suffered her hair to wanton in the wind; bare to the knee, with her flowing robes gathered in a knot.

"Then first addressing them: Pray, gentle youths, she says, inform me, if by chance ye have seen any of my sisters wandering this way, equipped with a quiver, and the skin of a spotted lynx, or with full cry urging the chase of a foaming boar. Thus Venus spoke and thus her son replied: Of your sisters not one has been seen or heard by me. O virgin fair, by what name shall I address thee? for thou wearest not the looks of a mortal, nor sounds thy voice mere human accents. A goddess surely! are you the sister of Phœbus, or one of the race of the nymphs? O be propitious, and whoever you are, ease our anxious

minds, and inform us under what climate, on what region of the globe, we at length are thrown : for here we wander strangers both to the country and the inhabitants, driven upon this coast by furious winds and swelling seas. So shall many a victim fall a sacrifice at thine altars by our right hand.

" Then Venus replies : I, indeed, deem not myself worthy of such honour. It is the custom for us, Tyrian virgins, to wear a quiver, and bind the leg thus high with a purple buskin. You see the kingdom of Carthage before you, a Tyrian people, and Agenor's city. But the country is that of Libya, and the natives are a race invincibly fierce in war. The kingdom is ruled by Dido, who fled hither from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate : tedious is the relation of her wrongs, and intricate are the circumstances of her story ; but I shall trace the principal heads.

" Her husband was Sichæus, the richest of the Phœnicians in land, and passionately beloved by his unhappy spouse. Her father gave her to him in her virgin bloom, and joined her in wedlock with the first connubial rites ; but her brother Pygmalion then possessed the throne of Tyre—a prince who was atrociously wicked beyond all mortals. Between them an implacable hatred arose. He, impiously inhuman, and blinded with the love of gold, having taken Sichæus by surprise secretly assassinates him before the altar, regardless of his sister's love. Long he kept the horrid deed

concealed, and, forging many wicked lies, amused the love-sick queen with vain hope. But the ghost of her unburied husband appeared to her in a dream, lifting up his visage amazingly pale and ghastly; he opened to her view the bloody altars, and his breast transfixed with the sword, and detected all the hidden villainy of the family; then exhorts her to fly with speed, and quit her native country; and, to aid her flight, reveals a treasure that had been long hidden in the earth, an unknown mass of gold and silver.

"Dido, roused by this awful messenger, provided friends and prepared to fly. A select band assembles, consisting of those who either mortally hated or violently dreaded the tyrant; what ships by chance are ready they seize in haste and load with gold. The wealth of the covetous Pygmalion is conveyed over sea. A woman guides the whole exploit. Thither they came, where now you will see the stately walls and rising towers of a new-built Carthage, and bought as much ground as they could enclose with a bull's hide, thence called Byrsa, in commemoration of the action. But say now, who are you? or from what coasts you came or whither are you bound?

"To these her demands the hero, with heavy sighs, and slowly raising his word from the bottom of his breast, thus replies: If I, O goddess! tracing from their early source, shall pursue and you have leisure to hear the annals of our woes, the evening star will

shut heaven's gates upon the expiring day before my tale be finished. Driven over a length of seas from ancient Troy (if the name of Troy hath casually reached your ears), a tempest, by its usual chance, threw us on this Libyan coast. I am Æneas the pious, renowned by fame above the skies, who carry away with me on my fleet the gods I snatched away from the enemy. For Italy my course is bent; and my descendants sprang from Jove supreme. With twice ten ships I embarked on the Phrygian sea in quest of a settlement reserved for me by heaven's decree, my goddess-mother pointing out the way: seven with much ado are saved, and those too torn and shattered by waves and wind. Myself, a stranger, poor and destitute, wander through the deserts of Africa, banished from Europe and Asia.

"Venus, unable to bear his further complaints, thus interrupted him in the middle of his grief: Whoever you may be, I trust you live not unbefriended by the powers of heaven who have arrived at a Tyrian city. Fear nothing, but forthwith bend your course directly to the palace of the queen: for that your friends have escaped the dangers of the main, your ships are saved, and, by a favourable turn of the north wind, wafted into a secret harbour, I pronounce to thee with assurance, unless my parents, fond of a lying art, have in vain taught me divination. See these twelve swans now triumphing in a body, whom the bird of Jove, shooting

from the ethereal region, had chased through the open air: now in a long train, they seem either to choose their ground, or to hover over the place where they have already chosen to rest. As they, now out of danger, sportive clap their rustling wings, wheel about the heavens in a joyful troop, and raise their melodious notes; just so your ships and youthful crew, either are already possessed of the harbour, or enter the port with full sail. Proceed then, without further concern, and pursue your way where this path directs.

"She said, and turning about, gave a bright display of her rosy neck, and from her head the ambrosial locks breathed divine fragrance: her robe hung waving down to the ground, and by her gait the goddess stood confessed. The hero, soon as he knew his mother, with these accents pursued her as she fled: Ah, why so oft dost thou too cruelly mock thy son with borrowed shapes? Why am I not indulged to join my hand to thine, and to hear and answer thee by turns in words sincere and undissembled?—Thus he expostulates with her, and directs his course to the town. But Venus screened them in their way with dark clouds, and the goddess spread around them a thick veil of mist, that none might see, or touch, or give them interruption, or inquire into the reasons of their coming. She herself wings her way sublime to Paphos, and with joy revisits her happy seats; where, sacred to her honour, a temple rises,

and a hundred altars smoke with Sabean incense, and with fresh garlands perfume the air.

"Meanwhile they urged their way where the path directs. And now they ascended the hill that hangs over a great part of the town, and which from above surveys its opposite towers. Here Æneas admires the stately buildings, where cottages once stood: he admires the lofty gates, the hurry and bustle of the town, and the magnificence of the streets. The Tyrians warmly ply the work: some are extending the walls, and raising a tower, or pushing along unwieldy stones; some mark out the ground for a private building and enclose it with a trench. Some choose a place for the courts of justice, for the magistrates' halls, and the venerable senate. Here some are digging ports; there others are laying the foundations of lofty theatres, and hewing huge columns from the rocks, the lofty decorations of future scenes.

"Such their toil as in summer's prime employs the bees amidst the flowery fields under the warm sun, when they lead forth their full-grown swarms, or when they lay up the liquid honey, and distend the cells with sweet nectar; or when they disburthen those that come home loaded; or, in formed battalions, drive the inactive drones from the hives. The work is hotly plied, and the fragrant honey smells strong of thyme. O happy ye, Æneas says, whose walls now rise! and lifts his eyes to the turrets of the

city. Them, shrouded in a cloud (an amazing story), he passes amidst the multitude, and mingles with the throng, nor is seen by any.

"In the centre of the city was a grove, which yielded a most delightful shade, where first the Carthaginians, driven by wind and wave, dug up the head of a spirited courser, an omen which royal Juno showed: for by this she signified that the nation was to be renowned for war, brave and victorious through ages. Here Sidonian Dido built to Juno a stately temple, enriched with gifts and the presence of the goddess: whose brazen threshold rose on steps, the beams were bound with brass, and brazen gates turned on the creaking hinges.

"In this grove the view of an unexpected scene first abated the fear of the Trojans: here Æneas first dared to promise himself redress, and to conceive better hopes of his afflicted state. For, while he surveys every object in the spacious temple, waiting the queen's arrival; while he is musing with wonder on the happy fortune of the city; while he compares the hands of the artists and their elaborate works, he sees the Trojan battles delineated in order, and the war of Troy now blazed by fame over all the world[1]; he sees the sons of Atreus, Priam, and Achilles im-

[1] One may take it that Augustus had ordered the walls of the temple to be decorated with the story of Troy, and that Virgil is here describing a contemporary masterpiece.

placable to both. Amazed he stood! and, with tears in his eyes, says, What place, Achates, what country on the globe, is not full of our disaster? See where Priam stands! even here praiseworthy deeds are crowned with due reward: here tears of compassion flow, and the breasts of the people are touched with human misery. Dismiss your fears: this fame of our misfortunes will bring thee some relief.—This said, he feeds his mind with the shadowy representations, heaving many a sigh, and bathes his manly visage in floods of tears.

"For he beheld now, on one hand, the warrior Greeks were flying round the walls of Troy, while the Trojan youth closely pursues; on the other hand, the Trojans were flying, while plumed Achilles in his chariot thundered on their rear. Not far from that scene, weeping, he espies the tents of Rhesus, distinguished by their snow-white veils; which, betrayed in that first fatal night, cruel Diomede plundered, and drenched in blood, and led away his fiery steeds to the Grecian camp, before they tasted the pasture of Troy, or drank of the river Xanthus. In another part of the temple, Troilus, flying after the loss of his arms, ill-fated youth, and unequally matched with Achilles, is dragged by his horses, and from the chariot hangs supine, yet grasping the reins in death: his neck and hair trail along the ground, and the dusty plain is inscribed by the inverted spear.

"Meanwhile, the Trojan matrons were marching in solemn procession to the temple of adverse Pallas, with their hair dishevelled, and were bearing the consecrated robe, suppliantly mournful, and beating their bosoms with their hands. The goddess, in wrath, kept her eyes fixed on the ground. Thrice had Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Troy, and was selling his breathless corpse for gold. Then, indeed, Æneas sent forth a deep groan from the bottom of his breast, when he saw the spoils, the chariot, and the very body of his friend, and Priam stretching forth his feeble hands. Himself, too, he knew mingled with the Grecian leaders, and the eastern bands, and the arms of swarthy Memnon. Furious Penthesilea leads on her troops of Amazons, armed with shields of crescent form, and burns with martial rage amidst the thickest ranks. Below her naked breast the heroine had girt a golden belt, and the virgin warrior dares even heroes to the encounter.

"These wondrous scenes while the Trojan prince surveys, while he is lost in thought, and in one gazing posture dwells unmoved; Queen Dido, of surpassing beauty, advanced to the temple, attended by a numerous retinue of youth. As on the banks of Eurotas, or on Mount Cynthus' top, Diana leads the circular dances, round whom a numerous train of mountain nymphs play in rings; her quiver hangs graceful from

her shoulder, and moving majestic, she towers above the other goddesses, while with silent raptures Latona's bosom thrills: such Dido was, and such, with cheerful grace, she passed amidst her train, urging forward the labour and her future kingdom.

"Then at the gate of the sanctuary, in the middle of the temple's dome, she took her seat, surrounded with her guards, and raised on a throne above the rest. Here she administered justice, and dispensed law to her subjects, and, in equal portions, distributed their tasks, or settled them by lot; when suddenly Æneas sees, advancing with a vast concourse, Antheus, Segestus, brave Cloanthus, and other Trojans, whom a black storm had tossed up and down the sea, and driven to other far distant shores. At once amazement seized the hero, at once Achates was struck, and between joy and fear, both ardently longed to join hands; but the strangeness of the event perplexes their minds. Thus they carry on their disguise, and, shading under the bending cloud, watch to learn the fortune of their friends; on what coast they left the fleet, and on what errand they came: for a select number had been deputed from all the ships to sue for grace, and, with mingled voices, approached the temple.

"Having gained admission, and liberty to speak before the queen, Ilioneus, their chief, with mind composed, thus began: O queen, to whom it is

given by Jove to build this rising city, and to curb proud nations with just laws, we, Trojans forlorn, tossed by winds over every sea, implore thy grace. Oh, save our ships from the merciless flames; spare a pious race, and propitiously regard our distresses. We are not come either to ravage with the sword your Libyan gods (settlements) or with rapacious hands to bear away the plunder to our ships. We have no such hostile intention, nor does such pride of heart become the vanquished. There is a place, called by the Greeks Hesperia, an ancient land, renowned for martial deeds and fruitful soil; the Œnotrians possessed it once: now fame reports that their descendants call the nation Italy from their leader's name; hither our course was bent, when suddenly tempestuous Orion rising from the main, drove us on hidden shelves, and by violent, outrageous south-winds, tossed us hither and thither over waves, and over inaccessible rocks overwhelmed by the briny deep: hither we few have escaped from shipwreck to your coast.

"What a savage race of men is this, what country so barbarous to allow such manners? we are denied the hospitality even of the barren shore. In arms they rise, and forbid our setting foot on the first verge of land. If you set at nought the human kind, and the arms of mortals, yet know the gods will always have an unalterable regard to right and wrong.

We had for our king Æneas, than whom no one was more just in performing all the duties of piety, none more signalised in the art of war and in martial achievements; whom if the fates preserve, if still he breathe the vital air, and do not yet rest with the ruthless shades, neither we shall despair, nor you repent your having been the first in challenging him to acts of kindness and humanity. We have likewise cities and arms in Sicily, and the illustrious king Acestes is of Trojan extraction.

"Permit us then to bring to shore our wind-beaten fleet, and from your woods to choose trees for planks, and to refit our oars; that, if it be given us to bend our course once more to Italy, upon the recovery of our prince and friends, we may joyfully set out thither, and make the Latin shore. But if our safety has perished, and thou, O father of the Trojans, the best of men! now liest buried in the Libyan sea, and no further hope of Iulus remains, we may at least repair to the straits of Sicily, and the settlement there prepared for us (whence we were driven hither) and once more visit king Acestes.—So spoke Ilioneus; at the same time the other Trojans murmured their consent.

"Then Dido, with modest, downcast looks, thus in brief replies: Trojans, banish fear from your breasts, lay your cares aside. My hard fate and the infancy of my kingdom force me to take such measures, and to secure my frontiers, by planting

guards around. Who is a stranger to the Æneian race, the city of Troy, her heroes, and their valorous deeds, and to the devastations of so renowned a war? Carthaginian hearts are not so obdurate and insensible, nor yokes the Sun his steeds at such a distance from our Tyrian city. Whether therefore you be designed for Hesperia the greater and the country where Saturn reigned, or choose to visit Eryx' coast and King Acestes, I will dismiss you safe with proper assistance, and support you with my wealth. Or will you settle with me in this realm of mine? the city which I am now building shall be yours; draw your ships ashore: Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated by me as if they were both the same. And would to heaven the same wind had driven your prince Æneas, too, upon our coast, and that he were here present! however, I will send trusty messengers along the coasts, with orders to search Libya's utmost bounds, if he is thrown out to wander in some wood or city.

"Animated by these friendly words, brave Achates and father Æneas had long impatiently desired to break from the cloud. Achates first addresses Æneas: Goddess-born, what purpose now arises in your mind? you see all is safe; your fleet and friends are restored. One alone is missing, who sunk before our eyes in the midst of the waves: everything else agrees with your mother's prediction.—He had scarcely spoken, when the circumambient cloud splits asunder, and

dissolves into open space. Æneas stood forth and in bright day shone conspicuous, in countenance and form resembling a god: for Venus herself had adorned her son with graceful locks, flushed him with the radiant bloom of youth, and breathed a sprightly lustre on his eyes; such beauty as the artist's hand super-adds to ivory, or where silver or Parian marble is enchased in yellow gold.

"Then suddenly addressing the queen, he, to the surprise of all, thus begins: Behold the man you seek now present, Trojan Æneas snatched from the Libyan waves. O thou, who alone hast commiserated Troy's unutterable calamities! who deignest in thy town and palace to associate us, a remnant saved from the Greeks, who have now been tried to the utmost by woes in every shape, both by sea and land, and are in want of all things! to repay thee due thanks, great queen, exceeds the power not only of us, but of all the Dardan race, wherever dispersed over the wide world. The gods (if any powers divine regard the pious, if justice anywhere subsists, and a mind, conscious of its own virtue) shall yield thee a just recompense. What age was so happy as to produce thee? who were the parents of so illustrious an offspring? While rivers run into the sea, while shadows move round the convex mountains, while heaven feeds the stars; your honour, name and praise with me shall ever live, to whatever climes I am called.—This said, he embraces his friend

Ilioneus with his right hand, and Serestus with his left; then the rest in their turns, the heroic Gyas, and equally heroic Cloanthus.

"Sidonian Dido stood astonished, first at the presence of the hero, then at his signal sufferings, and thus her speech addressed: What hard fate, O goddess-born, pursues thee through such mighty dangers? Are you the great Æneas, whom, by Phrygian Simois' stream, fair Venus bore to Trojan Anchises? And now indeed I call to mind that Teucer, expelled from his native country, came to Sidon in quest of a new kingdom, depending on the aid of Belus. My father Belus then reaped the soil of wealthy Cyprus, and held it in subjection to his victorious arms. Ever since that time I have been acquainted with the fate of Troy, with your name, and the Grecian kings. The enemy himself extolled the Trojans with distinguished praise, and with pleasure traced his descent from the ancient Trojan race. Come then, heroic youths, enter our walls. Me too, through a series of labour tossed, a fate, resembling that which you have sustained, hath at length doomed to settle in this land. Being not unacquainted with misfortune in my own person, I have learned to succour the distressed.

"This said, she forthwith leads Æneas into her royal apartments, and at the same time ordains due honours for the temples of the gods. Meanwhile, with no less care, she sends presents to his companions

in the ships, twenty bulls, a hundred huge boars with bristly backs, as many fat lambs, with the ewes, and the joys of the god Bacchus. But the inner rooms of state are splendidly furnished with regal pomp, and banquets are prepared in the middle of the hall. Here are carpets wrought with art, and of the richest purple; the tables shine with massy silver plate, and embossed in gold appear the brave exploits of her ancestors, a lengthened series of history traced down through so many heroes, from the first founder of the ancient race. Æneas (for paternal affection suffered not his mind to rest) with speed sends Achates before to the ships, to bear those tidings to Ascanius, and bring the boy himself to the city.

"All the care of the fond parent centres in Ascanius. Besides, he bids him bring presents for the queen, saved from the ruins of Troy, a mantle stiff with gold and figures, and a veil woven round with saffron-coloured flowers of brank-ursine, the ornaments of Grecian Helen, which she had brought with her from Mycenæ, when bound for Troy and her lawless marriage, her mother Leda's curious gift; a sceptre, too, which once Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, bore; a necklace strung with pearl, and a crown set with double rows of gems and gold. This message to dispatch, Achates directs his course to the ships.

"But Venus revolves in her breast new plots and new designs; that Cupid should come in place of

sweet Ascanius, assuming his mien and features, and by the gifts kindle in the queen all the rage of love, and convey the subtle flame into her very bones; for she dreads the false equivocating race, and the double-tongued perfidious Tyrians. Fell Juno's rage torments her, and with the night her care returns. To winged Love therefore she addresses these words: O son, my strength, my mighty power; my son, who alone defiest the Typhœan bolts of Jove supreme, to thee I fly and suppliant implore thy deity. Thou knowest how round all shores thy brother Æneas is tossed from sea to sea by the complicated malice of partial Juno, and in my grief hast often grieved. Him Phœnician Dido entertains, and amuses with smooth speech; and I fear what may be the issue of Juno's acts of hospitality: she will not be idle in so critical a conjecture. Wherefore I propose to prevent the queen by subtile means, and to beset her with the flames of love, that no power may influence her to chance, but that with me she may cherish a great fondness for Æneas.

"How this thou mayest effect, now hear what I advise. The royal boy, my chief care, at his father's call, prepares to visit the Sidonian city, Carthage, bearing presents for Dido saved from the sea and flames of Troy. Him having lulled to rest, I will lay down on Cythera's tops, or in some sacred retreat above Idalium, lest he should discover the plot, or,

intervening, mar its success. Do you artfully counterfeit his face but for one night, and, yourself a boy, assume a boy's familiar looks; that when Dido shall take thee to her bosom in the height of her joy, amidst the royal feasts, and Bacchus' cheering liquor, when she shall give thee repeated embraces, and press thee with sweet kisses, thou mayest breathe into her the secret flame, and by stealth convey the poison.

"The god of love obeys the dictates of his dear mother, lays aside his wings, and joyful trips along in the gait of Iulus. Meanwhile Venus pours the dews of balmy sleep on Ascanius' limbs, and in her bosom fondling, conveys him to Idalia's lofty groves, where soft amaracus, perfuming the air with flowers and fragrant shade, clasps him round.

"Now, in obedience to his instructions, Cupid went along, and bore the royal presents to the Tyrians, pleased with Achates for his guide. By the time he arrived, the queen had placed herself on a golden couch,[1] under a rich canopy, and had taken her seat in the middle. Now father Æneas, and now the Trojan youth, grace the assembly, and plant themselves on the purple beds. The attendants supply the guests with water for their hands, dispense the gift of Ceres from baskets, and furnish them with the smooth towels. Within are fifty handmaids, whose task it

[1] Virgil is here describing one of the luxurious banquets of the Augustan Age.

was to prepare and marshal the entertainments in due order, and burn incense to the household gods. A hundred more, and as many servants of equal age, are employed to crown the boards with dishes and place the cups.

"In like manner the Tyrians, a numerous train, assemble in the joyful courts, invited to fill the embroidered beds. They view with wonder the presents of Æneas, nor with less wonder do they view Iulus, the glowing aspect of the god, his well-dissembled words, the mantle, and veil figured with leaves of the acanthus in saffron colours. Chiefly the unhappy queen, henceforth devoted to love's pestilential fever, gazes with unwearied delight, and is inflamed with every glance, and is equally captivated with the boy and with his gifts. He on Æneas' neck having hung with fond embraces, and fully gratified his fictitious father's ardent affections, advances to the queen. She fixes her eyes, her whole soul, on the boy, and sometimes fondles him in her lap, not thinking what a powerful god there sits plotting her ruin. Meanwhile he, mindful of his mother's instructions, begins insensibly to efface the memory of Sichæus, and with a living flame tries to prepossess her languid affections, and her heart by long disuse grown cold to love.

"Soon as the first banquet ended, and the tables were removed, they place large goblets, and crown

the sparkling wine. The roofs resound with bustling din, and the guests roll through the ample courts the bounding voice. Down from the golden ceilings hang the flaming lamps, and blazing torches overpower the darkness of the night. Here the queen called for a bowl, ponderous with gems and gold, and with pure wine filled it to the brim, a bowl which Belus, and all her ancestors from Belus, used; then, having enjoined silence through the palace, she thus began: O Jove, (for by thee, it is said, the laws of hospitality were given), grant this may be an auspicious day both to the Tyrians and my Trojan guests, and may this day be commemorated by our posterity. Bacchus, the giver of joy, and propitious Juno, be present here; and you, my Tyrians with benevolent hearts, solemnize this meeting.—She spake, and on the table poured an offering to the gods; and, after the libation, first gently touched the cup with her lips, then gave it to Bitias with friendly challenge: he quickly drained the foaming bowl, and laved himself with the brimming gold. After him the other lords drank. Long-haired Iopas next tunes his gilded lyre to that the mighty Atlas taught. He sings of the wandering moon, and the eclipses of the labouring sun; whence the race of man and beasts, whence showers and fiery meteors arise: he sings of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern cars; why winter suns make so much haste to set in the ocean,

or what retarding cause detains the slow summer nights. The Tyrians redouble their applauses in praise of the song, and the Trojans concur.

"Meanwhile unhappy Dido, with varied converse, spun out the night, and drank large draughts of love, questioning much about Priam, much about Hector; now in what arms Aurora's son had come; now what were the excellencies of Diomede's steeds; now what figure Achilles made. But this will not suffice, my guest, she says; begin, therefore, and from the first origin, relate to us the stratagems of the Greeks, the adventures of your friends and your own wanderings; for now the seventh summer brings you to our coasts, through wandering mazes tossed on every land and every sea."

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Æneid III. 716—719

"Thus father Æneas, while all sat attentive, he the only speaker, recounted the destiny allotted to him by the gods, and gave a history of his voyage. He ceased at length, and, having here finished his relation, retired to rest."

* * * * *

Æneid IV

"But, long before Æneas had concluded his narrative, the queen, pierced with love's painful darts, feels a

wound in every vein and consumes by slow degrees in flames unseen. The many virtues of the hero, the many honours of his race, still to her thoughts by frequent starts recur: his looks and words dwell fixed in her soul: nor does care allow one moment's rest to her weary limbs. Returning Aurora now illuminated the earth with the lamp of Phœbus and had chased away the dewy shades from the sky, when thus the love-sick queen addresses her affectionate and sympathizing sister: Sister Anna, what visionary dreams terrify and distract my mind! What think you of this wondrous guest now lodged within our walls? In mien how graceful he appears! in manly fortitude and warlike deeds how great, how god-like! I am fully persuaded (nor is my belief groundless) that he is the offspring of the gods. Fear argues a mind ignoble and degenerate. Ah, by what fatal disasters has he been tossed! what toils of war he sang, with invincible fortitude endured to the last! Had I not been fixed and steadfast in my resolution, never to join myself to any in the bonds of wedlock, since my first love by death mocked and disappointed my fond hopes of happiness; had I not been sick of the marriage-bed and nuptial torch; to this one frailty I might perhaps give way. Anna (for I will frankly own it), since the decease of my unhappy spouse Sichæus, and since the household gods were stained with his blood shed by a brother, this stranger alone has warped my

inclinations, and interested my wavering mind: I feel the symptoms of my former flame. But sooner may earth from her centre open to swallow me up, or Almighty father Jove hurl me by his thunder to the shades, the pale shades of Erebus, and deepest night, than I violate thee, O sacred modesty! or break thy laws. He who first linked me to himself, hath borne away my heart; may he possess it still, and retain it in his grave. This said, she filled her bosom with trickling tears.

"Anna replies: O dearer to your sister than the light, will you thus in mournful solitude waste all your bloom of youth, nor know the dear delights of children, and joys of love? Think you that cold ashes and the buried dead regard these your vows and promises? What though no lovers moved you before, when your sorrows were green, either here in Libya or before in Tyre? what though you slighted Iarbas and other princes, whom Afric, fertile in triumphs, maintains? Will you also resist the flame which you approve? Will you not reflect in whose country you now reside?" Here, Getulian cities, a race invincible in war, fierce, untamed Numidians and inhospitable quicksands, enclose you round; there, a region by thirst into a desert turned, and the Barcæans, who stretch their fury wide over the land. What occasion is there to mention the kindling wars from Tyre, and the menaces of your incensed brother? It

was surely, I think, by the auspicious influence of the gods, and by the particular favour of Juno, that the Trojan ships steered their course to this our coast. O sister, how flourishing shall you see this city, how potent your kingdom rise from such a match! By what high exploits shall the Carthaginian glory be advanced, when the Trojan arms join your own! Wherefore, be this your sole concern; supplicate the favour of the gods, and having by sacred rites rendered the heaven propitious, freely indulge yourself in acts of hospitality, and devise one pretence after another for detaining your guest, while winter's fury rages on the seas, and Orion charged with rain; while his ships are scattered and the weather is intolerably severe.

"By this speech she fanned the fire of love kindled before in Dido's breast, buoyed up her wavering mind with hope, and banished her modesty. First to the temple they repair, and, by sacrifice the peace of heaven explore: to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phœbus, and to father Bacchus, they offer ewes of the age of two years, as the manner was; above all to Juno, whose province it is to bind the nuptial tie. The queen herself, in all her beauty, holding in her right hand the consecrated cup, pours it between the horns of a white heifer; or before the images of the gods in solemn pomp, around the loaded altar walls, renews one offering after another all the day long, and,

prying into the disclosed breasts of the victims, consults their panting entrails.

"But ah! the blind credulity of augurs and diviners! what can prayers, what can temples avail a raging lover? The gentle flame preys all the while upon her vitals and the secret wound rankles in her breast. Unhappy Dido burns, and frantic roves all over the town; like a wounded deer whom, heedless of her fate, a shepherd pursuing with his darts has pierced at a distance among the Cretan woods, and in the wound left the winged steel unknown, she flying bounds over the Dictæan woods and lawns; the fatal shaft sticks in her side. Now she conducts Æneas through the midst of her fortifications; shows him both what treasures she has brought from Tyre, and all the magnificence of her new city. She begins to speak and stops short in the middle of a word. When day declines, she longs to have the same banquets renewed; and, fond even to madness, begs again to hear the Trojan disasters, and again hangs on the speaker's lips.

"Now, when all have retired, while the fading moon in her alternate course withdraws her light, and the setting stars invite to sleep, Dido mourns alone in the desert hall, presses the couch which Æneas has left, and in fancy hears and sees the absent hero; or, captivated with the father's image in the boy, hugs Ascanius in her bosom, if possibly she may divert

the unutterable pangs of love. Her begun towers cease to rise, her youth neglect their warlike exercises, and the preparation of ports and bulwarks of defence for war: the works and the huge battlements on the walls are discontinued, and the engines that mate with the skies are idle and unemployed.

"When Jove's beloved wife perceives her to be thus stung with the poisonous darts of love, and that even her sense of honour cannot resist its rage, she thus artfully addresses Venus: Distinguished praise, no doubt, and ample spoils, you and your boy have won, high and signal renown, if one poor woman is conquered by the wiles of you two deities. Nor am I quite ignorant, that you apprehend danger from these our walls, and view the structures of lofty Carthage with a jealous eye. But where will all this end? or what do we now propose by such hot contention? Why do we not rather promote an eternal peace, and firm nuptial contract? You have accomplished your whole soul's desire; Dido burns in the flames of love, and has sucked the fury into her bones. Let us therefore rule this people in common, and show them equal favour: let Dido be at liberty to bind herself in wedlock to a Trojan lord, and into thy hand deliver over the Tyrians by way of dowry.

"To whom Venus (for she perceived that Juno spoke in the craftiness and insincerity of her heart,

with a design to transfer the seat of empire from Italy to the Libyan coasts) thus in her turn began: Who can be so absurd as to reject these terms, and rather choose to engage in war with you, would fortune but concur with the scheme which you mention? But by reason of the decrees of heaven, I am driven to an uncertainty, not knowing whether it be the will of Jupiter that the Tyrians and Trojans should dwell in one city, or if he will approve the union of the two nations, and the formation of an incorporative alliance. You are his consort: to you it belongs by suppliant address to work upon, or try to bend his mind. Lead you the way; I will follow.

"Then imperial Juno thus replied: That task be mine: meanwhile (mark my words) I will briefly show by what means our present design may be accomplished. Æneas and unhappy Dido are preparing to hunt together in the forest, soon as to-morrow's sun shall have brought forth the early dawn, and enlightened the world with his returning beams. While the horsemen scamper over the plains, and enclose the lawns with toils, I will pour on them from above a blackening storm of rain with mingled hail, and with peals of thunder make heaven's whole frame to shake. Their retinue shall fly different ways for shelter, and be covered with a dark night of clouds. Dido and the Trojan prince shall repair to the same cave: there will I be present, and, if I have your firm consent, I will

join them in the lasting bonds of wedlock, and consecrate her to be his sole property; this deed of mine Hymen himself shall ratify.

"Venus, without any opposition, agreed to her proposal and smiled at the fraud she discovered. Meanwhile Aurora, rising, left the ocean. Soon as the beams of day shot forth, the chosen youth issue through the gates: the wide nets, the toils, the broad-pointed hunting spears, the Massylian horsemen, and a pack of quick-scented hounds, pour forth together. Before the palace-gate the Carthaginian nobles wait, the queen lingering in her alcove: her steed, richly caparisoned with purple and gold, ready stands, and fiercely champs the foaming bit.

"At length she comes, attended by a numerous retinue, having a mantle of Tyrian dye, fringed with gold and embroidery, thrown round her shoulders; she has a quiver of gold, her tresses are tied in a golden knot, a golden buckle binds up her purple robe. The Trojan youth, too, and sprightly Iulus accompany the procession. Æneas himself, distinguished in beauty from all the rest, mingles with the retinue, and adds his train to hers; as when Apollo, leaving Lycia, his winter seat, and the streams of Xanthus, revisits his mother's island Delos, and renews the religious dances; the Cretans, Dryopes, and painted Agathyrsi, mingle their joyful acclamations round his altars. The god himself moves majestic on the peaks of Cynthus, and

adjusting his waving hair, crowns it with a soft wreath and infolds it in gold; his arrows rattle on his shoulders.

"With no less manly active grace Æneas moved: such comeliness shone forth in his matchless mien. Soon as they reached the high mountains, and pathless haunts of the savage beasts, lo! from the summit of the craggy cliff the wild goats, dislodged, skip down the rocks; on the other side the stags scour along the open plain, and flying thickened, their mingled troops are involved in clouds of dust, and forsake the mountains. Now the boy Ascanius, exulting, drives his sprightly courser through the enclosed vales; and now these, now those he out-rides, and devoutly wishes that a foaming boar would cross his way amidst the feeble flocks, or a tawny lion descend from the mountain.

"Meanwhile, the air begins to be overturned with a loud roaring tempest; a deluge of rain with mingled hail succeeds. And now here and there the Tyrian train, the Trojan youth, and Venus, grandchild of Dardanian line, for fear seek different shelters through the fields, while whole rivers from the mountains come pouring down. Dido and the Trojan prince repair to the same cave. Then first the Earth, and Juno, who presides over marriage, gave the signal: lightnings flashed, the sky brightened as conscious of the alliance, and nymphs were heard to moan on the mountain-

tops. That day to Dido first proves the source of death, the souree of all her woes; for now she is neither influenced by conscious worth, nor sense of shame, nor is she now studious to carry on clandestine love; what she has done she openly avows, and calls it marriage; she has concealed her guilt under that specious name.

"Forthwith Fame through the populous cities of Libya runs: Fame, than whom no friend is more swift, by exerting her agility grows more active, and acquires more strength by progressive motion. Small at first through fear; soon she shoots up into the skies, and stalks upon the ground, while she hides her head among the clouds. Parent Earth, enraged by the vengeance of the gods on her gigantic race, produced her, the youngest sister, it is said, of Cœus and Enceladus, swift to move with feet and persevering wings; a monster hideous and enormous; who (wondrous to relate!) for as many plumes as are in her body, numbers so many wakeful eyes beneath, so many tongues, so many babbling mouths, pricks up so many listening ears.

"By night, through the mid region of the air, and through the shades of earth, she flies buzzing, nor ever inclines her eyes to balmy rest. Watchful by day, she perches either on some high house-tops, or on lofty turrets, and fills mighty cities with dismay as obstinately bent on falsehood and iniquity as on

reporting truth. She then with various rumours filled the people's ears, pleased with her task, and uttered fictions and matters of fact indifferently; namely, that one Æneas, sprung from Trojan blood, had arrived, whom Dido, with all her charms, vouchsafed to wed; that now, revelling with each other, they enjoyed all the long winter, unmindful of their kingdoms and enslaved by a base passion.

"With such news the cruel malignant goddess fills the mouths of the people. To King Iarbas straight she turns her course; inflames his soul by her rumours, and aggravates his rage. This Iarbas, begotten by Ammon of Garamantis, a nymph whom he ravished, raised to Jove a hundred spacious temples within his extensive realms, with as many altars; and there had he consecrated wakeful fire, with a sacred watch to keep eternal guard, a piece of ground fattened with victim's blood, and gates adorned with wreaths of various flowers.

"He, inflamed even to madness by the bitter tidings, is said, as he stood before the altars, in the awful presence of the gods, to have thus importunately addressed Jupiter in suppliant form with uplifted hands: Almighty Jove, to whom the Moorish race, feasting on painted beds, now offer a libation of their choicest wine, seest thou these things? or do we vainly tremble and adore thee, when thou, O father! dartest thy thunderbolts? and are those lightnings in

the clouds that terrify our minds blind and fortuitous, and are we disturbed by mere idle sounds? A wandering woman, who hath built in our dominions a small city on a spot she purchased;—to whom we assigned a barren tract of land for tillage, and upon whom we imposed the laws of the country;—hath rejected our proffered match, and hath taken Æneas into her kingdom for her lord and husband; and now this other Paris, with his effeminate unmanly train, having his Lydian bonnet bound under the chin, and his locks bedewed with odours, enjoys the ravished prize; this we have deserved, forsooth, because we bring offerings to thy temples and please ourselves with the vain name of being thy offspring.

"While in such haughty terms he addressed his prayer, and grasped the altar, the Almighty heard, and turned his eyes towards the royal towers of Carthage, and the lovers regardless of their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him these instructions: Fly quick, my son, call the Zephyrs, and on thy pinions glide to the Trojan prince, who now loiters in Tyrian Carthage, nor regards the cities allotted to him by the fates, address yourself; and bear to him this my message swiftly through the skies. Not such a prince did fair Venus promise us in her son, nor was it for this she saved him twice from the Grecian sword; but her views were directed to a hero who should rule Italy, a land big with future

empire and fierce in war, who should evince his descent from Teucer's noble blood; and bring the whole world under his subjection. If he is not to be fired by the glory of such heroic deeds, nor will attempt any laborious enterprise for his own personal renown, is it consistent with his paternal affection to envy Ascanius the glory of founding Rome's imperial towers? What does he propose? or with what prospect lingers he so long among an unfriendly race, nor once regard his future Ausonian offspring, and the destined Lavinian fields? Bid him set sail. No more; be this our awful message.

"He spake. The god prepared to give obedience to his high father's will; and first to his feet he binds his golden sandals, which by their wings waft him through the air sublime, whether over sea or land he soars, swift as the rapid gales. Next he takes his wand; with this he calls from hell pale ghosts, dispatches others to gloomy Tartarus, gives sleep, or takes it away, and opens the eyes which death had sealed. Aided by this, he manages the winds, on whose wings he flies, and skims along the thick condensed clouds.

"And now in his flight he espies the top and lofty sides of flinty Atlas, who with his summit props the sky—Atlas, whose head, crowned with waving pines, is always encircled with black clouds, and lashed with wind and rain; large sheets of snow enwrap his

shoulders; from his aged chin headlong torrents roll, and stiffening icicles hang from his grisly beard. Here first Cyllenius poising himself on even wings alighted; hence with the weight of his whole body he flings himself headlong to the floods; like the fowl, which, hovering about the shores, about the fishy rocks, flies low near the surface of the seas: just so Maia's son, shooting from his maternal grandsire between heaven and earth, skimmed along the sandy shore of Libya, and cut the winds.

"As soon as he touched the huts of Africa with his winged feet, he views Æneas founding towers, and raising new structures; at his side the hero wore a sword sparkling like stars, with gems of yellowish jasper, and a robe which glowed with Tyrian purple hung waving from his shoulders; presents which wealthy Dido had given him, and whose hands had interwoven the fabrics with threads of gold. Forthwith he sharply accosts him: Is it for you to waste these important moments in laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and, the fond slave of a wife, raise a city for her? regardless, alas, of your kingdom and nearest concerns! Know, then, I am sent down to you from the bright ethereal mansions by the sovereign of the gods, who governs heaven and earth by his awful nod. The same exalted personage ordered me to bear these his instructions swiftly through the air. What dost thou propose, or with what prospect

dost thou waste thy peaceful hours in the territories of Libya? If thou art to be wrought upon by none of these so glorious incentives, and wilt attempt no laborious enterprise for thy own personal renown; yet have some regard at least to the rising Ascanius, and the hopes of thine heir Iulus, for whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman territories are destined by fate.—When thus the god had spoken, he dropped his visionary human form in the midst of the conference, and far beyond the hero's sight vanished into thin air.

"Meanwhile, Æneas was by the vision struck dumb, entranced in fear and wonder: his hair with horror stood erect, and his tongue cleaved to his jaws. He burns with impatience to be gone, and leave the dear enchanting land, awed by the thundering message and dread command of the gods. But ah! what can he do? In what terms can he now presume to solicit the consent of the raving queen? With what words shall he introduce the ungrateful discourse? And now this way, now that, he swiftly turns his wavering mind, snatches various purposes by starts, and rolls his shifting soul on every side.

"Thus fluctuating, he fixed on this resolution as the best: he calls to him Mnestheus, Segestus, and the brave Cloanthus; and bids them with silent care equip the fleet, summon their comrades to the shore, furnish themselves with arms, and artfully conceal

the cause of this sudden change: adding, that he himself, in the meantime, while indulgent Dido was ignorant of what they were about, and had no apprehension that their loves so well confirmed were to be dissolved, would explore the avenues to her heart, watch the softest moment of address, and discover what means might most conduce to their design. With joyful speed they all obey their prince's commands and put his orders in execution.

"But the queen (who can deceive a lover?) was beforehand in perceiving the fraud, and the first who conjectured their future motions, dreading danger even where all seemed to be safe: the same malignant fame conveyed the news to her frenzied ears, that they were equipping the fleet, and preparing to set sail. She rages even to madness, and, with soul inflamed, wildly roams through all the city, like a Bacchanal wrought up into enthusiastic fury in celebrating the sacred mysteries of her god, when the triennial orgies stimulate her rage at hearing the sacred name of Bacchus, and the nocturnal howlings on Mount Cithæron invite her.

"At length in these chiding accusations she first accosts Æneas: And didst thou hope, too, perfidious traitor, to be able by dissembling arts to conceal from me this thy wicked purpose, and steal away in silence from my coasts? Can neither our love, nor thy once plighted faith, nor the prevention of Dido's cruel

untimely death, detain thee? Such, indeed, is your impatience to leave me, that you prepare your fleet even in the rigorous wintry season, and haste to launch into the deep amidst the roaring north-winds! Ah, barbarous man! what excuse can you plead? Suppose you were not bound for a foreign land and settlements unknown, say old Troy was still remaining; should you set sail even for Troy on this tempestuous sea?

"Do you fly from me? By these my flowing tears, by that plighted right hand of thine (since I have left nothing else to myself now, a wretch forlorn), by our nuptial rites, by our conjugal loves just begun; if I have deserved any thanks at thy hand, or if you ever saw any charms in me, pity, I implore thee, a falling race, and, if yet there is any room for prayers, lay aside your cruel resolution. For thy sake have I incurred the hatred of the Libyan nations, of the Numidian princes, and made the Tyrians my enemies; for thy sake have I sacrificed my honour, and, what alone raised me to the stars, my former fame: to whom dost thou abandon dying Dido, my guest! since instead of a husband's endearing name only this remains? What wait I for? is it till my brother Pygmalion lay this city of mine in ashes, or till Iarbas, the Getulian prince, carry me away his captive? Had I but enjoyed offspring by thee before thy flight; had I a young Æneas to play in my hall, were it but to give

me the image of your person and features, I should not indeed have thought myself quite a captive and forlorn.

"She spake. He, overawed by the commands of Jove, held his eyes unmoved, and with hard struggles suppressed the anxious passion in his heart. At length he briefly replies: That you, O bounteous queen, have conferred on me numerous obligations, which you may recount at large, I never shall disown; and I shall always remember Elisa with pleasure, while I have any remembrance of myself, while I have a soul to actuate these limbs. But to the point in debate I shall briefly speak; believe me, I neither thought by stealth to have concealed from you this my flight, as you call it; nor can you charge me with breach of faith, since I never coloured over our loves with the name of lawful nuptials, nor came I hither to make such a contract.

"Had the fates left me free to conduct my life by my own direction, and ease my cares by means of my own choosing, my first regards had been shown to Troy and the dear reliques of my country; Priam's lofty palace should now remain, and with this hand I had repaired the walls of Pergamus, raised again from ruin. But now to famed Italy Apollo who is worshipped at Grynium, to Italy the Lycian oracles have commanded me to repair. This is now by necessity become the object of my love, this my country. If

you, a Phœnician born, have left your native home, and here fondly dote upon the towers of Carthage, and are captivated with the sight of a Libyan city, why need you be dissatisfied if we Trojans settle in the land of Ausonia?

"Let us too have the privilege to go in quest of foreign realms. Whenever the night overspreads the earth with humid shades, as often as the sparkling stars arise, the pale troubled ghost of my father Anchises visits me in my dreams and with dreadful summons urges my departure; my son Ascanius calls me hence, and the injury done my darling boy, whom I defraud of the Hesperian crown and his destined dominions. Even now the messenger of the gods, dispatched from Jove himself (I call them both to witness!) swift gliding through the air, bore to me his high commands. I myself beheld the god in conspicuous brightness entering your walls, and with these ears I received his voice. Cease then to torment yourself and me by your vain complaints: the Italian coasts I pursue, not out of choice, but from the impulse of fate.

"Thus, while he spake, the queen views him all along from the beginning with looks of distaste and aversion, rolling her eyes hither and thither, and with silent glances surveys his whole person; then thus inflamed with wrath breaks forth: No goddess gave thee birth, perfidious monster! nor is Dardanus the

founder of thy race, but frightful Caucasus on rugged flinty cliffs brought thee forth, and Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck. For why should I dissemble? or for what greater injuries can I be reserved? Did he so much as sigh at my distress? did he once bend his eyes this way? Did he, overcome with pity, shed a tear, or compassionate me in the anguish of my love? Where shall I begin my complaint? Now neither Juno, our mighty protectress, will listen to me, nor does Jove himself, the common father of the world, consider these my wrongs with due regard. Firm faith nowhere subsists.

"I received him an outcast on my shores, an indigent wretch, and, fool that I was, settled him in partnership of my crown: his wrecked fleet I renewed, his friends from death I saved. Ah! I am all on fire, I am distracted with fury to hear him thus impudently allege: 'Now the prophetic voice of Apollo warns me away; now the Lycian lots admonish me; and now the messenger of the gods, dispatched from Jove himself, through the air conveys to me the horrid mandate.' A worthy employment, no doubt, for the powers above, a weighty concern to disturb them in their peaceful state! It is easy to confute you; but I neither detain you, nor argue against what you have said. Go, speed your way for Italy with the winds, pursue this kingdom of yours over the waves.

"I hope, however (if the just gods have any power),

thou mayst suffer the punishment thy crimes deserve, by being shipwrecked on the intervening rocks, and there often call on injured Dido's name. I, though absent, will pursue thy guilty mind like a fury, armed with black vengeful flames; and, when cold death shall separate these limbs from the soul, my ghost shall haunt thee in every place. Vengeance, miscreant! awaits thee: I shall hear it; even in the deep infernal shades these glad tidings will reach me.—With these words she breaks off in the middle of the conference, and sickening, shuns the light: suddenly she turns about, and flings away out of the hero's sight, leaving him greatly perplexed through fear, and preparing to make a thousand apologies. Her maids lift her up, bear her fainting limbs into her marble bedchamber, and gently lay her on the royal couch.

"Meanwhile the pious prince, though by all solacing means he is solicitous to ease her grief, and by soothing words to divert her anguish, heaving many a sigh, and staggered in his mind by the mighty power of love, yet gives obedience to the commands of the gods, and revisits his fleet. Then, indeed, the Trojans fall to their work vigorously, and launch the ships all along the shore. The pitchy keel now floats; through eager haste to sail, they bring from the woods oars not cleared of leaves, and unhewn timber. You might have seen them removing to the shore, and pouring from all quarters of the town: as when a

swarm of ants, mindful of approaching winter, plunder a large granary of corn and hoard it up in their cells; the black battalion marches over the plains, and along the narrow track they convey their booty through the meadows; some, shoving with their shoulders, push forward the cumbrous grains; some rally the struggling bands, and chastise those that lag behind; the whole path is in a fever with their operations.

"Unhappy Dido, how wast thou then affected with so sad a prospect? What groans didst thou utter, when from thy lofty tower thou beheldest the shore in its wide extent filled with bustling crowds, and didst also observe, full in thy view, the whole watery plain resounding with such mingled shouts of the departing crew? Imperious, unrelenting love, how irresistible is thy sway over the mind of mortals! She is constrained once more to have recourse to tears, once more to assail his heart by prayers, and in a suppliant strain to subject all the powers of her soul to love, lest, by leaving any means unattempted, she should throw away her life rashly and without cause: Anna, thou seest over all the shore, how they are hastening to be gone: the whole bands are drawn together; the hoisted canvas now invades the gales; and the joyful mariners have crowned their sterns with garlands. O, sister, had I been able to foresee this fatal blow, I could also have borne it; and even as it is, I shall be able to bear it. Yet, my dearest Anna,

deny not this one request to your wretched despairing sister: for that perfidious man made you the sole object of his esteem, and even entrusted you with the secrets of his soul; you alone know the fair occasions and soft approaches to his heart. Go, sister, and in suppliant terms bespeak the haughty foe: I never conspired with the Greeks at Aulis to extirpate the Trojan race, or sent a fleet to Troy; nor did I disturb the ashes and *manes* of his father Anchises. Why does he stop his unrelenting ears to my words? Whither does he fly? Let him grant but this last favour to his unhappy, disconsolate lover: to defer his flight till it be safe, and till the winds blow fair. I plead no more the sacred, venerable name of wedlock, which he has betrayed; nor that he should deprive himself of fair Latium and relinquish his hopes of a kingdom. I ask but a few trifling, insignificant moments; a short respite and interval from distracting pain, till, subdued by fortune, I learn to sustain my woes. This favour I implore as the last (pity thy sister!), which when he has granted, I shall send him away completely happy in my death.

"To this effect she prayed; and her sister, deeply distressed on her account, bears once and again the mournful message to Æneas; but by none of her mournful messages is he moved, nor listens with calm regard to any expostulations. The fates stand in his way; and heaven renders him deaf to all intreaty.

"And as the Alpine north-winds by violent blasts, now on this side, now on that, strive with joint force to overturn a sturdy ancient oak; its howlings pierce the skies, and the leaves strew the ground in heaps, while the trunk bends to the shock; the tree itself cleaves fast to the rocks; and as high as it shoots up to the top in the ethereal regions, so deep it descends with its roots towards the Tartarean shades: just so the hero on this side and on that side is plied with importunate remonstrances, and thence feels deep pangs in his mighty soul; but his mind remains unmoved; only a few vain, useless tears roll down his cheeks.

"Then, indeed, unhappy Dido, struck to the heart by her untoward fate, longs for death; she hates the sight even of the canopy of heaven. The more to prompt her to execute her purpose, and to part with the light of life, while she was presenting her offerings upon the altar that smoked with incense she beheld, horrid to relate! the sacred liquors grow black, and the shed wine turn into loathsome, inauspicious blood. This vision she revealed to none, not even to her sister. Besides, there was in the palace a marble shrine in honour of her former husband, to which she paid extraordinary veneration, having it encircled with snowy fillets of wool and festival garlands. Hence voices were heard, and the words of her husband calling her seemed to sound

in her ears, when the darksome night shrouded the earth; and on the house-tops the solitary owl often complained in doleful ditty, and spun out his long notes in a mournful strain. Besides, many predictions of pious prophets terrify her with dreadful forebodings. Æneas himself, now stern and cruel, disturbs her raving fancy in her sleep; and still she seems to be abandoned in solitude, still to be going a long, tedious journey, with no attendance, and to be in quest of her Tyrians in some desert country; as frantic Pentheus sees troops of Furies, two suns, and Thebes appearing double; or like Orestes, Agamemnon's son, with distraction tossed on the stage, when he flies from his mother armed with fire brands and black snakes, and the avenging furies are planted in the temple-gate.

"When, therefore, overpowered with grief, she has taken the Furies into her breast, and determined on death, she ponders the time and manner with herself; and thus accosting her sister, the partner of her grief, covers her intention in her looks and puts on a serene air of hope: Rejoice, O sister, with a sister! I have found an expedient, which will either restore him to me, or set my love-sick soul at liberty from him. Near the extremity of the ocean and the setting sun, the utmost boundary of Æthiopia lies, where mighty Atlas on his shoulder whirls about the celestial globe, spangled with refulgent stars: hence

lately appeared to me a priestess of the Massylian nation, the guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, who supplied the dragon with food, and watched the sacred branches on the tree, infusing liquid honey and soporiferous poppy. She undertakes, by charms, to release any souls, whom she will, from the power of love, and to entail on others a load of irksome amorous cares; to stop the course of rivers, and turn the stars backward; she summons up ghosts by night. You shall see the earth bellowing under her feet, and the wild ashes from the mountains descend.

"My dear sister, I call the gods, and you, and that sweet life of yours to witness, that it is against my will I set about these magic arts. Do you in secrecy erect a funeral pile in the inner court, under the open air, and lay upon it his arms, which he, impiously base, left fixed in my bedchamber, with all his clothes, and the nuptial bed in which I was undone. The priestess orders and directs me to destroy every monument of that execrable man.—Having thus said, she ceases: at the same time, paleness overcasts her whole complexion. Yet Anna imagines not that her sister aimed at death under pretext of these unusual rites; nor once suspects that she had formed such a desperate purpose, nor dreads anything worse than had happened at the death of Sichæus. Therefore she makes the desired preparations.

"But the queen, as soon as the vast pile was erected

under the open air in the inner court, consisting of torches and faggots of oak, encircles the ground with garlands, and crowns it with funeral boughs: upon the bed she lays his clothes, the sword he left and his image, well knowing what was to happen. Altars are raised around; and the priestess, her hair dishevelled, with thundering voice, invokes three hundred gods, and Erebus, and Chaos, and three-fold Hecate, Virgin Diana's triple form. She sprinkled also water counterfeiting that of the lake Avernus: ripe full-grown herbs, cut by moonlight with brazen sickles, are searched out, together with black poisonous juice: the knots of love too, torn from the forehead of a new-foaled colt, and snatched away from the mother, are sought out. The queen herself, now resolute on death, having one foot bare and her robe ungirt, standing by the altars, with the salt cake and pious hands, makes her last appeal to the gods, and to the stars, conscious of her fate; then, if any deity, just, and mindful of human affairs, regards lovers unequally yoked, him she invokes.

"It was night, and weary bodies over the earth were enjoying a peaceful repose; the woods and raging seas were still; when the stars roll in the middle of their gliding course; when every field is hushed; the beasts, and speckled birds, both those that far and wide haunt the liquid lakes, and those that possess the fields with rough bushes overgrown, all stretched under

the mantle of silent night, allayed their cares with sleep; and every heart forgets its toil. Not so the soul-distressed queen; not one moment is she lulled to rest, nor enjoys the blessing of the night with eyes or mind. Her cares redouble: and love, again arising, rages afresh and fluctuates with a high tide of tumultuous passions.

"Thus then she persists, and revolves these secret reflections in her breast: What shall I do? Baffled as I am, shall I, in my turn, apply to my former suitors? Shall I humbly sue for a match with one of the Numidians, whom I have often disdained to wed? Shall I then attend the fleet of Ilium, and submit to the basest commands of the Trojans? and that, because I am well rewarded for having lent them my assistance, and their grateful hearts retain a just sense of my former kindness? But, if I had the will, who will put it in my power, or receive into their proud ships me, the object of their hate? Ah, undone Dido, art thou acquainted with, art thou still to learn, the perfidiousness of Laomedon's race? What is then to be done? Shall I steal away by myself to accompany the triumphant crew? or, attended by my Tyrians and all my people in a body, shall I pursue them, and again lead out to sea, and order those to spread their sails to the wind, whom, with much ado, I forced from Tyre?

"Nay, rather die, as you deserve, and end all your

woes at once with the sword. You, sister, subdued and softened by my tears, you first oppressed my distracted mind with these woes, and exposed me to the mockery of this insulting enemy. Might I not have led an innocent unwedded life, like a savage of the field, and have avoided all such cares? Alas, I have violated the faith I plighted to the *manes* of Sichæus.

"These heavy complaints she poured forth from her heart. Meanwhile Æneas, determined to depart, was enjoying sleep in his lofty stern, all things being now in readiness. That divine form, which he had seen before, returning with the same aspect, appeared to him in his sleep, and thus again seemed to summon him away; in every thing resembling Mercury, in voice, in complexion, golden locks, and comely youthful limbs: 'Goddess-born, can you indulge yourself in sleep at this conjecture? Infatuated! not to see what dangers in a moment may beset you, nor listen to the breathing of the friendly Zephyrs. She, bent on death, is hatching guileful purposes and horrid wickedness in her breast, and fluctuates with a tide of various passions. Will you not fly hence with precipitation, while thus to fly is in your power? Forthwith you shall behold the sea all in commotion with her oars, and torches fiercely blaze; forthwith the shore lights up with flames, if the morning reach you lingering in these coasts. Come then, quick, break off delay; woman is a fickle creature, and always

changeable.' Thus said, he mingled with the sable night.

"Then indeed, Æneas, in dreadful consternation with this sudden apparition, springs from his bed, and rouses up his companions: Awake, my mates, in haste, and plant yourselves on the benches; instantly unfurl the sails; lo, a god, dispatched from the high heavens, once more prompts me to hasten my departure, and cut the twisted cables. We follow thee, O holy power, whoever thou art, and once more with joy obey thy commands. Ah, be present, lend us thy propitious aid, and light up friendly stars in the heavens. He spake, and snatches his keen flashing sword from the sheath, and cuts the halsers with the drawn steel. The same eagerness at once seizes them all; they hale, they hurry away; and now they have quitted the shore; the sea lies hidden under the fleet; they with exerted vigour vex the foaming billows, and sweep the azure deep.

"And now Aurora, leaving Tithonus' saffron bed, first sowed the earth with new-born light; soon as the queen from her watch-towers marked the whitening dawn, and the Trojan fleet setting forward with blanched sails, and perceived the shore and vacant port without one rower; with repeated strokes beating her fair bosom, and tearing her golden locks: Oh, Jupiter! shall he go? she says; and shall the stranger thus mock my kingdom? Will they not bring forth

arms and pursue from all the city? and will not others tear my ships from the docks? Run, quick, fetch flames, unfurl the sails, ply the oars.

"What am I saying? or where am I? what madness turns my brain? Unhappy Dido! art thou then at length stung with the sense of his foul impious deeds? Then it had become thee so to act, when thou impartedst to him thy sceptre. Is this honour? is this faith? this the man, who, they say, carries with him his country's gods! who bore on his shoulders his father spent with age? Might I not have torn in pieces his mangled body, and strewn it on the waves? Might I not with the sword have destroyed his friends, Ascanius himself, and served him up for a banquet at his father's table?

"But the fortune of the fight was dubious. Grant it had been so: thus resolute on death, whom had I to fear? I might have hurled firebrands into his camp, filled the hatches with flames, extirpated the son, the sire, with the whole race, and flung myself upon the pile. Thou Sun, who with thy flaming beams surveyest all works on earth, and thou, Juno, the interpreter of these my cares, and conscious to my wrongs; Hecate, with howlings invoked through the cities in the crossways by night; and ye avenging Furies and gods of dying Elisa! receive these my words; in justice to my wrongs, turn to me your divine regard, and hearken to my prayers.

"If it must be and Jove's decrees so require, if this be his fixed determination, that the execrable traitor reach the port, and get safe to land; yet, persecuted, at least by war and the hostilities of an audacious people, expelled from his own territories, torn from the embraces of Iulus, may he sue to others for relief, and see the ignominious deaths of his friends; and, after he shall have submitted to the terms of a disadvantageous peace, let him neither enjoy his crown, nor the wished-for light of life, but die before his time, and lie unburied in the midst of the sandy shore. These are my prayers; these the last words I pour forth with my blood. You too, O Tyrians, with irreconcilable enmity pursue his offsprings and all his future race, and present these grateful offerings to my shade; let no amity of leagues between the two nations subsist. Arise some avenger from my ashes, who may persecute these Trojan fugitives with fire and sword, now, hereafter, at whatever time power shall be given. Let them take this curse from me, that their shores, their waves, their arms, and ours, may still be opposed to one another; and may their posterity too and ours be still in wars engaged.

"She spake, and every way turned her soul, seeking, as soon as possible, to bereave herself of the hated light. Then briefly thus she bespoke Barco, the nurse of Sichæus (for the dark grave lodged her own

in her ancient country): Dear nurse, call hither to me my sister Anna; bid her make haste to sprinkle her body with running water, and bring with her the victims and the things for expiation of which I told her: thus let her come; and you yourself cover your temples with a holy fillet. I have a mind to finish the sacrifice begun with proper rites, which I have prepared for Jupiter Stygius, to put a period to my miseries, and commit to the flames the pile of the Trojan. She spake; the other quickened her pace with an old woman's officiousness.

"But Dido, fearfully perplexed, and wildly outrageous on account of her horrid purpose, rolling her blood-red eyeballs, her throbbing cheeks streaked with spots, and all pale with approaching death, bursts into the gates of the inner palace, in frantic disorder mounts the lofty pile, and unsheaths the Trojan sword; a present not provided for such purposes as these. Here, after she had viewed the Trojan vestments and the guilty bed, having wept and mused a while, she threw herself on the bed, and spoke her last words: Ye remains, so dear to me, while these gods and fate permitted, receive this soul, and set me free from my cares. I have lived, and finished the race which fortune gave me. And now my ghost shall descend illustrious to the shades below: I have raised a glorious city, have seen the walls of my own building, have avenged my husband, and punished

an unnatural brother; happy, ah, too happy, had but the Trojan ships never touched my shores!

"She spoke thus, and pressing her lips to the bed, cries: Shall I then die unrevenged? but let me die: thus, thus with pleasure I descend to the shades below. Let the cruel Trojan from the sea feed his eyes with these flames, and bear within him the ominous signs of my death.—She finished speaking; and while she spoke, her attendants saw her fallen on the sword, and the weapon stained with foaming gore, and her hands therewith besmeared. The outcry is darted to the lofty palace; fame wildly flies through the alarmed city; the houses ring with lamentations, groans, and female yells, and the sky resounds with loud shrieks; just as if all Carthage, or ancient Tyre, in the hands of the invading enemy, were tumbling to the ground, and the furious flames were rolling over the tops of houses and temples.

"Her sister was struck to the heart at the news, and with trembling haste, all aghast, tearing her face with her nails, and beating her bosom with her hands, rushes through the middle of the crowd, and calls her dying sister by name: O sister, was this then your meaning? did you practise this to deceive me? was this what I had to expect from that pile, those fires and altars? Abandoned! Where shall I begin to complain? Did you disdain a sister for your companion in death? Had you invited me to share

the same fate, one distress and one hour had snatched us both away by the same sword. Was it for this I raised that pile with these very hands, and with my voice invoked our country's gods, that I should cruelly absent myself from you thus stretched on the funeral pile? Ah, sister, you have involved yourself and me, your people, your Tyrian nobles, and your city, in one common ruin. Let me bathe your wounds with water, and catch with my mouth, if there be yet any, straggling remains of breath about your lips. This said, she mounted the high steps, and in her bosom embracing cherished her expiring sister with deep sighs and dried up the black blood with her robe. She then, essaying to lift her eyes, again sinks down. The wound deep fixed in her breast hisses. Thrice leaning on her elbow, she made an effort to raise herself up; thrice she fell back on the bed, and with swimming eyes sought the light of heaven, and having found it, heaved a deepening groan.

"Then all-powerful Juno, in pity to her lingering pain and uneasy death, sent down Iris from heaven to separate her struggling soul and united limbs: for, since she neither fell by fate nor by a deserved death, but unhappily died before her time, and stung with sudden rage, Proserpina had not yet cropped the yellow hair from the crown of her head, and condemned her to Stygian Pluto; therefore dewy Iris, drawing a thousand various colours from the rays of the sun,

shoots downwards through the sky on saffron wings, and alights on her head: I by command bear away this hair, sacred to Pluto, and disengage you from that body, she said, and cut the lock with her right hand: at once all the vital heat was extinguished, and life vanished into air."

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Almost the most interesting thing to me about the story of Dido at Carthage is the chapter that St. Augustine, who was taught and taught himself in the University of Carthage, has to say about his reading of the story at Carthage itself[1]:

"For certainly the first lessons, which formed in me the enduring power of reading books and writing what I chose, were better because more solid than the latter, in which I was obliged to learn by heart the wanderings of Æneas, forgetting my own wanderings, and to weep for the death of Dido, who slew herself for love, while I looked with dry eyes on my own most unhappy death, wandering far from Thee, O God, my Life. For what is so pitiful as an unhappy wretch who pities not himself, who has tears for the death of Dido, because she loved Æneas, but none for his own death, because he loves not Thee?

"O God, the light of my heart, Thou hidden

[1] From the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, translated by the Rev. C. Bigg, D.D., in Methuen's Library of Devotion.

bread of my soul, Thou mighty husband of my mind and of the bosom of my thought, I loved Thee not. I lived in adultery away from Thee, and all men cried unto me, Well done! well done! For the friendship of this world is adultery against Thee. Well done! well done! men cry, till one is ashamed not to be even as they. For this I had no tears, but I could weep for Dido, 'slain with the sword and flying to the depths,' while I was myself flying from Thee into the depths of Thy creation, earth returning to earth. And if I was forbidden to read these tales, I grieved; because I might not read what caused me grief. Such lessons were thought more elevating and profitable than mere reading or writing. What madness is this!

"But now let Thy truth, O my God, cry aloud in my soul, and say unto me, Not so, not so; the earlier teaching was the better. For lo, I would far rather forget the wanderings of Æneas, and everything of the kind, than how to read and write. Truly over the door of the grammar school there hangs a curtain, yet is that curtain the shroud of falsehood, not the veil of mysteries. Let not those, whom no longer I fear, cry out against me, while I confess unto Thee, O my God, the promptings of my soul, and acquiesce in the condemnation of my evil ways, that I may love Thy good ways. Let not the buyers or sellers of grammar cry out against me. Because if I were to

ask them whether the poet speaks the truth, when he says that Æneas came to Carthage, the unlearned would answer that they do not know, the learned that he does not.

"But, if I were to ask how the name of Æneas is spelled, all who have learned spelling would answer rightly, in accordance with the convention by which men have regulated the use of the alphabet. And again, if I were to ask which it would be most inconvenient to forget, the art of reading or writing, or these poetic fictions, who does not see what answer a man would have to give, unless he had wholly forgotten himself."

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To the Carthaginians of Augustine's time, at any rate, Dido was a woman, not a goddess. And how much more precious is the humanness of Augustine than his homilies, even if they did teach the Church her own mind.

END OF VOL. I

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